

Oct. 11, 1976

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller... A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Monday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

DAYS IN THE TREES—Marguerite Duras provides a glimpse of French family life that is sometimes harsh and sometimes touching. Very well acted by Mildred Dunnock and Joseph Maher. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—The marvelous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GOING UP—A toy musical from the Goodspeed Opera House. The original version was seen on Broadway in 1917, which is a long time ago. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HOME BOY—A mixture of songs, dances, and dramatic episodes that slip in and out of chronology. Taken together, they record the growth of two young blacks in a small Southern town and elsewhere back in the fifties. This charming show is the fifth in Ed Bullins' series of plays, the Twentieth-Century Cycle. Choreography by Judy Dearing, set and lighting by Clarke Dunham, music by Aaron Bell, and lyrics by Mr. B. Patricia Golden directed. With Jeffrey V. Thompson, Rodney Hudson, and Thommie Blackwell, among others. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 10.)

I HAVE A DREAM—Billy Dee Williams in a pious recitation of the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. There is also some singing, but the evening cannot be said to be a lively one. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JACK GELBER'S NEW PLAY: REHEARSAL—It's all in the title. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

LOVESONG—A musical entertainment, with music by Michael Valenti set to the words of, among others, Thomas Moore, Sir Walter

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Raleigh, James Agee, Lord Byron, and Dorothy Parker. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MY FAIR LADY—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

THE PHILANDERER—An early (1893) comedy of Bernard Shaw's, done, with some measure of success, as a farce. The title character be-

comes engaged to a widow in order to escape the unwelcome attentions of the woman he has just abandoned, and then arranges to marry her off to a fool. The spirit of Ibsen dominates the proceedings, and Shaw has a high old time teasing the half-baked Ibsenites of the New Order. Donald Madden is impressively crisp and professional in the lead, and Cara Duff-MacCormick is funny but allowed no dignity as his castoff. The treat of the evening, though, is Pamela Brook, in the supporting role of a New Woman. Stephen Hollis is the capable director. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

PORGY AND BESS—Gershwin's opera, as close as possible to the form in which he wrote it. A torrent of seductive words and music, elegantly sung. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman), with Barry Bostwick, Rhonda Coultet, and Barbara Lang. Gerald Freedman directed the production, which was presented here briefly last season by The Acting Company. Pre-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

views through Friday, Oct. 8. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 9. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE RUNNER STUMBLES—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO and DUCK VARIATIONS—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazaukas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 980-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A TEXAS TRILOGY—Preston Jones' three independent plays, being presented in repertory. Directed by Alan Schneider. **THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE**, with Fred Gwynne and Henderson Forsythe: Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 9, and Monday, Oct. 11, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 14, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2. **THE LAST MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE MAGNOLIA**, with the Messrs. Gwynne and Forsythe: Thursday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 12, and Friday, Oct. 15, at 8. **LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER**, with Diane Ladd: Friday, Oct. 8, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2:30 and 7; Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME... BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WHEELBARROW CLOSERS—A play by Louis LaRusso II, with Danny Aiello in the leading role. Paul Sorvino directed. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 9. Opens officially on



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Monday, Oct. 11. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 869-1537. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BOY MEETS BOY: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **CHICAGO**: A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **EQUUS**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Marian Seldes. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,849 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by

Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) **ME AND BESSIE**: The gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins in a vigorous attempt to recreate Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs. Howlett Smith leads the onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) **PIPPIN**: A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Barry Williams play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **SHENANDOAH**: Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **THE WIZ**: An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

MARTIAL ARTS OF KABUKI—A company of ten male performers from the National Theatre Institute of Japan in a program of combat scenes (with swords, spears, daggers, and halberds) from the centuries-old Kabuki repertoire. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

DANCE

BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 7-8, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:30 and 8.)

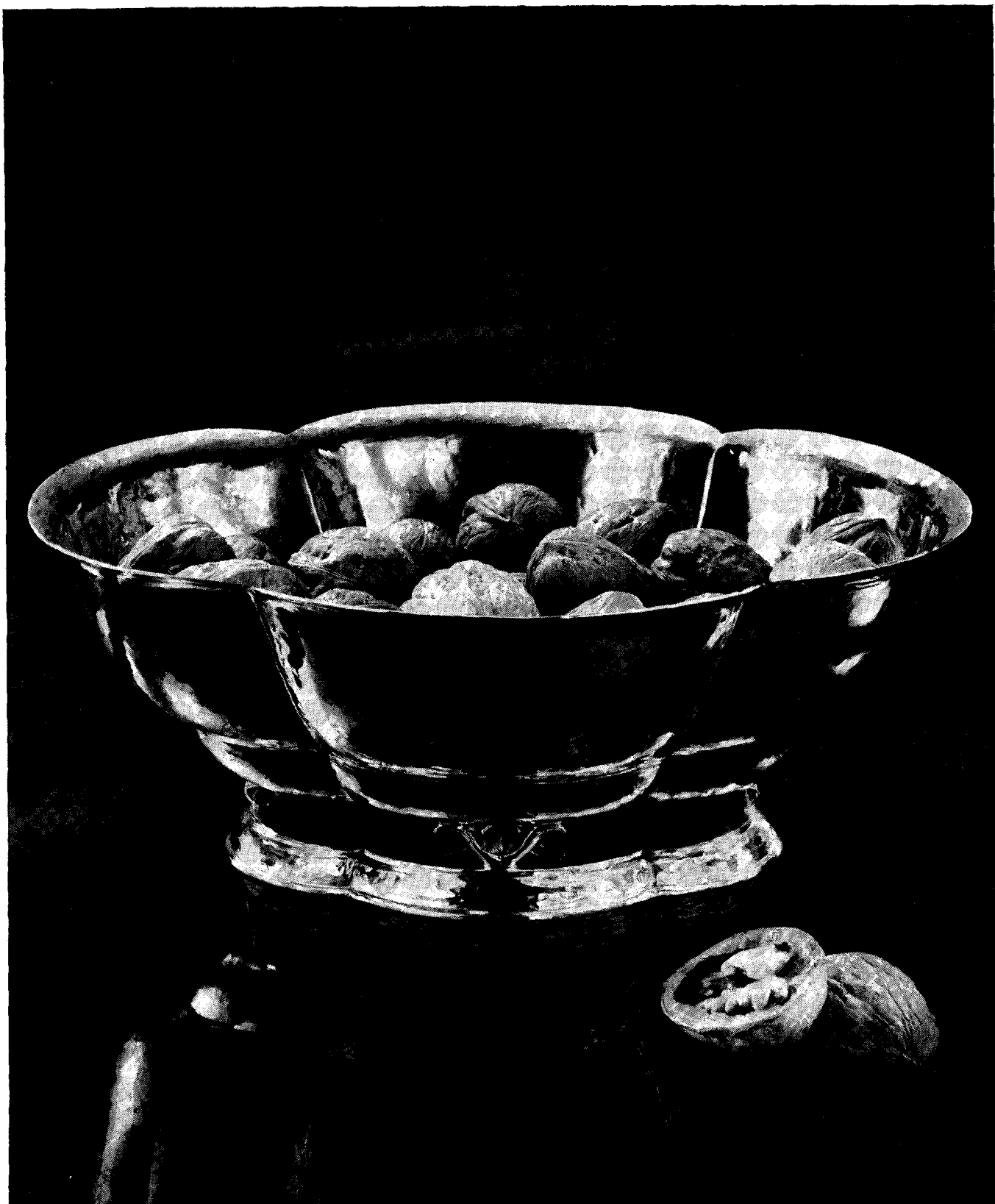
JOHN CULLUM AND EMILY FRANKEL—"Kings," an evening of dance and drama ("Oedipus," "Medea," and "Theseus and Hippolyta"), performed by this husband-and-wife team, with others in support. The third in a series of four Monday-evening performances. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Monday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 7—Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Cakewalk." **Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8**: "Olympics," "Sea Shadow," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Cakewalk." **Friday, Oct. 15, at 8**: "Square Dance," "Sea Shadow," "Fanfarita," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos." **Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2**: "Reflections," "The Moor's Pavane," "Fanfarita," and "Deuce Coupe II." **Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8**: "Olympics," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—By his own definition, **HUGH SHANNON** is a "saloon singer," and he is right—to a point. He sits at the piano ajar, his left foot a jackhammer, playing minimal, plunging, comfort chords and singing in a cheerful, unplanned baritone. But, though he teeters on the edge of heedlessness, there are no bare spots in his songs. His lyrics are three-dimensional, his melodies pour, and he often uncovers qualities in a "Down in the Depths on the 90th Floor"



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

or a "Baltimore Oriole" that their composers (Porter and Carmichael) were possibly unaware of. He is a salty, distinguished, dapper man, whose genial elegance fills this dark-castle room with humor and life and motion. A typical Shannon set may include twenty-five songs, among them "You Fascinate Me So" (Coleman), "A Room with a View" (Coward), "Poor Butterfly" (Raymond Hubbell), "The Great Indoors" (Porter), "Just Disgustingly Rich" (Rodgers and Hart), "Days Gone By" (Jerry Bock), and "Send In the Clowns" (Sondheim). Shannon is not often visible in New York, but he will be here well into the fall. He starts at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Intermissions are taken up by pianist Murray Grand. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Known previously as Studio 77, this ground-floor loft space has reopened and been transformed into an unpretentious but comfortable, very high-ceilinged bar. The proprietor is **RASHIED ALI**, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes into his club. Alto saxophonist Jameel Moon-doe and his band, Muntu, are here through Thursday, Oct. 7; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 8-10, saxophonists Earl and Carl Grubbs will bring in their group, the Visitors, from Philadelphia; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 12-14, bassist Bob Reid will head up his band; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, loose, gutsy, fire-breathing vocalist **JOE LEE WILSON** and Bond Street, his backup band, will take over the bandstand. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER**, who sat in the Basie band in the fifties and arranged much of the band's material, will direct his seventeen-piece aggregation, the Loud Minority. Music from about ten.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is the place to hear outstanding, if not yet famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. Some of the others: guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and a quartet, through Saturday, Oct. 9; on Sunday, Oct. 10, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, bassist **SAM JONES**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**; on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 11-12, bassist and disc jockey **MICKEY BASS** and his quintet; and, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 13, **CEDAR WALTON**, **SAM JONES**, **BILLY HIGGINS**, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**, and trumpeter **BLUE MITCHELL**. Music from nine-forty-five to three.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone. Singer, pianist, and songwriter Peter Allen, the Elton John of the cabaret circuit, performs his wry and world-weary compositions opposite Cathy Chamberlain's Rag 'n' Roll Revue through Sunday, Oct. 10. Miss Chamberlain, who has an ample, crusty voice, does old songs, such as "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?", and revivalist originals written in a similar forty-year-old mode; her backup band usually includes Freddie Moore on drums and Howard Johnson on tuba. On Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 11-12, Dion (yup, "Runaround Sue"), in the midst of another comeback, will be on hand; singer and guitarist **Richie Furay** and his country-rock band will come in on Wednesday, Oct. 13; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, a reed section all by himself, will lead his sextet; and on Saturday, Oct. 16, Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, an Asbury Park, N.J., cult band in the tradition of Bruce Springsteen, will arrive. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abun-

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dance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist compete with the talkers Mondays through Saturdays. Hugh Lawson is the Sunday pianist. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. He's supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper. . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow rustic bar—it has the feel of a small college-town gathering place—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling and lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hanging around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Heartbreakers, the Dictators, Tuff Darts, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, and Susan, perform nightly. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO'S, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** is back, and everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, and her regal good looks. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of it. **MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, who has been going strong since 1925, takes command of that piano Mondays through Saturdays. Bassist Milton Suggs helps her out. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** joins the band through Saturday, Oct. 9; on Sunday, Oct. 10, at eight, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will drop by with his moving, youthful quintet; and on Tuesday, Oct. 12, cornettist

RUBY BRAFF will sit in with the regulars. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinetist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, vibraphonist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** work with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. On Sunday, Oct. 10, Chiasson and Little will team up with pianist Bill Rubenstein from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. The New York Jazz Quartet—its altered personnel includes pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, saxophonist **FRANK WESS**, bassist **VICTOR GASKIN**, and drummer **RICHIE PRATT**—and vocalist **Marlena Shaw** finish up on Wednesday, Oct. 13. On Thursday, Oct. 14, Les McCann will come in to begin some solo piano work. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** has rejoined the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinetist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**EARL HINES** assembled his first big band in Pittsburgh more than fifty years ago, when he was nineteen. Today he's leading a quintet that features Marva Josie, a bluesy, bubbly vocalist. Hines and company appear Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Movies, a cute, fluffy, and smiling pop-rock quartet, sings Top Forty classics such as "Come and Go with Me" and their own originals, which sound very much like Top Forty classics. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein devote themselves to Brecht and Weill through Sunday, Oct. 10. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, Friends, a group of singers and dancers, will take over the stage. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist and flutist **Eddie Daniels** fronts a lively quartet; and pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ** heads up two worthwhile, gemlike ensembles—a quartet on Wednesdays and a nonet on Thursdays. Music weeknights from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **Lyn Christie**, guitarist **John Scofield**, and pianist **Jim McNeeley** get together nightly through Sunday, Oct. 10. On Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 11-12, singer **Denise Delapenha** and her backing crew will take over. Bassist **RON CARTER** will bring in a quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and another bassist, **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—on Wednesday, Oct. 13. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A place that draws both tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and, on Fridays and Saturdays, comedian **DICK GREGORY**, too. Guitarist **Earl Klugh's** band alternates with **Gregory**. Music from ten. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-5011)—Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** and hard-bop-and-beyond drummer **LOUIS HAYES** co-pilot a very fine quintet through Sunday, Oct. 10. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will guide his quintet down the murky staircase. Monday nights, beginning with Oct. 11, have been reclaimed by **THAD JONES**, **MEL LEWIS**, and seventeen or so of some of the most talented studio musicians in town. Music from ten.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—**PEGGY LEE** and the 1976 version of her airtightly produced show will move into the Empire Room on Tuesday, Oct. 12. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner, supper, and dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter **Franc Williams** is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays, to ex-Basie-ites like **Buddy Tate** and **Earle Warren**, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

STEVE GOODMAN and **PROCTOR AND BERGMAN**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.

JEFF BECK, **JAN HAMMER BAND**, and **HEART**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE, **THE VOLUNTEERS**, and **FALCON**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8.

JACKIE MCLEAN and **CARLOS GARNETT**—Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 8, at midnight.

NORMAN CONNORS, **GATO BARBIERI**, and **THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8 and 11:30.

JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS—Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8.

BILLY COBHAM-GEORGE DUKE BAND and **THE NEW TONY WILLIAMS LIFETIME**—Palladium, Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8.

DR. HOOK and **THE ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION**—Beacon Theatre. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8.

JACKSON BROWNE and **ORLEANS**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 16-17, at 7:30 and 11:30.

PETER TOSH—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.

RALPH STANLEY and **THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—This artist is deeply concerned with what he terms the mechanism of meaning, and the six large acrylic paintings in this exhibition—diagrammatic compositions that might be taken for engineering worksheets—illustrate clearly how difficult it is to grasp his concepts. Through Nov. 6. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ANNA BAK—Small clay-colored ceramic pieces—vases, saucers, jars, and vials, plus representations of figs, leaves, loaves of bread, and so on—arranged in altarlike settings that might have just been discovered in some archeological dig. In fact, a sort of Pompeian aura pervades the whole show. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

WILL BARNET/WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN—"Waiting" is the theme of the Barnett exhibition, in which the artist, who was born in New England and spends his summers in Maine, has stylized the classic sea captain's wife at her lonely vigil on the widow's walk, and shows her in brooding groups, sometimes in pine groves but usually nearer the water. Crisp, colorful studies of birds, mostly waterfowl, that seem to transcend mere authenticity and to capture something of their spirit. Through Oct. 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JOE BASCOM—Wall pieces—constructions, really—involving turpentine cans, tableware, paint brushes, and so on, fixed to the canvas and painted a uniform funereal bronze to serve as memorial tablets to Hart Crane, whose poetry is this artist's main inspiration. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Opens at noon.)

ALEXANDER BROOK—A selection of representational paintings (landscapes, still-lives, interiors) from throughout his working career. Through Oct. 30. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Mobiles and graphics. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Loose, free-hand drawings by this eighty-year-old artist, who does them as a relief from the rigors of abstraction that she goes through as a painter. They date from the thirties, and some of them are self-portraits. Through Oct. 23. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

FRANK FAULKNER—Abstract works formed by layering paint on nylon; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Thirty-nine etchings illustrating Grimm Brothers fairy tales and all done in the elegant, effortless-looking line this draftsman is noted for. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

PIERRE JACQUEMON—Mysterious discs and tablets covered with ideographic messages from an imaginary civilization, painted in thick strokes by an artist who mixes silver or bronze pigments into oil paint to obtain a metallic surface. Through Friday, Oct. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

BUFFIE JOHNSON—Oil-on-linen realist paintings of details of plants and fruit. Through Oct. 30. (Zarte, 20 E. 69th St.)

SUSAN KAHN—Portraits and paintings of people in groups, including one with **Moses Soyer** surrounded by art students and models. Through Oct. 23. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER—Large figure paintings, several of which pay noticeable homage to **Picasso**, by a young Swiss-born artist who has returned full-time to his easel after a hiatus as a critic and art-magazine editor. Through Wednesday, Oct. 13. (Deitcher-O'Reilly, 35 E. 67th St.)

JERRY OKIMOTO—Large geometric canvases that are joined to smaller canvases and painted in vivid colors. Through Oct. 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

KAY REYNAL—Surrealist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GABRIELE ROOS—Abstract geometrical paintings. Through Oct. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES SAXON—Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and sketches made on a recent European visit. Through Oct. 30. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

BARBARA SCHWARTZ—Sculptured wall pieces, done in pairs and painted in two contrasting colors, that have some of the effect of simple pagan masks and icons; these look like ceramics but are made of plaster caked on wire mesh and painted. Through Oct. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

RICHARD SEGALMAN—Exceptionally fluent watercolors, mostly of friends and members of the family taking their ease in pastoral Woodstock settings, but also including some rather dramatic scenes of fall foliage, which to a watercolorist of his accomplishments must be like shooting fish in a barrel. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

FRANK STELLA—Half a dozen large works—shaped-canvas paintings and constructions—in this artist's characteristic stripes, some of which seem to have been done in Day-Glo colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.) Recent paintings. Through Oct. 28. (Knodler, 21 E. 70th St.)

CY TWOMBLY—Quotations from **Spenser** are hand-scrawled at the top of large sheets of white paper, and beneath them are areas of cloudy watercolor washes, accented here and there with pasted-on postcards and occasional streaks done with a pencil or crayon. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

ANTON VAN DALEN—This artist uses two methods to convey an aspect of city life (abandoned cars, dogs, broken glass): black-pen-on-white-paper drawings, and three-sided, mounted boxes that incorporate a city-intersection tableau. Through Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

PAUL WIESENFELD—Sharply detailed paintings and drawings of living-room interiors—coffee tables, Oriental rugs, avocado plants, and so on. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: A small show of works by artists new to the gallery includes three prim drawings on a fine-screen grid by **Eva Hesse**; a painted floral offering framed in a swirl of plastic drapery, in memory "Of Previous Dissipations," by **Ree Morton**; and a canvas shaped and painted to resemble a medieval shield by **Ron Gorchov**. Through Thursday, Oct. 14. ... **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: An Anne Ryan collage dated 1953 is the most recent work in a show of American paintings that also includes works by **William Merritt Chase**, **George Inness**, and others. Through Oct. 27. ... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by **Matta**, **Dubuffet**, **Steinberg**, and others. Through Nov. 3. ... **FINDLAY**, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Three artists of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. ... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: A joint exhibition of three American painters, two of them—**Robert Motherwell** and **Richard Diebenkorn**—well known, and the third, **Stephen Edlich**, a relative newcomer, whose collages usually include large areas of sacking. Through Oct. 30.

SCULPTURE—Indoor and outdoor pieces in a va-

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riety of mediums by Alexander Archipenko, Bruno Lucchesi, Doris Caesar, Laura Ziegler, and others. Through Oct. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

FRANK BOWLING—Large abstract paintings, each incorporating a thickly painted column of color. Through Oct. 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JACK BUSH—A new set of color-field paintings. Through Oct. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

SHLOMO CASSOS—Sparse, geometric abstract paintings reflective of desert scenes by a Morocco-born Israeli artist. Through Thursday, Oct. 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

TOM FORRESTALL—Highly realistic glimpses of Nova Scotia—a rude woodpile, a farmhouse that has been gutted by fire, a freighter seen in the distance—painted in egg tempera on shaped canvases. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

RUTH GIKOW—Paintings and drawings, mostly of people of the street and the theatre, done with warm affection by an artist whose draftsmanship is exceptional and who knows her way around the areas she focusses on. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Paintings, drawings, collages, constructions, and ceramics by a multiple-threat artist from California who reflects a pronounced American Indian influence in his works. Some of them seem to have been the outgrowth of a happy scavenger hunt, since they are bedecked with feathers, sticks, cigar-box labels, Cracker Jack prizes, bones, plastic cutlery, horns (both musical and animal), bits of machinery, cowboy hats, and so on. Through Oct. 22. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

ED KERNS—Collage paintings made of cut cardboard covered with painted fabric. Through Oct. 23. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

VINCENT LONGO—Small paintings representing nearly ten years of work. Through Oct. 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—Graphics of New York City scenes. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

JOHN PEARSON—Each painting in this show of what the artist has chosen to call his "Mondrian Linear Series" is a combination of five grids in five colors. Through Oct. 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AD REINHARDT (1913-67)—Three of his latter-day black ones, staring at one another from the walls of a stark-white gallery room with such intensity that one hesitates to step between them, are on view at the Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ An entirely different side of the man, represented by cartoons full of funny comments about himself and the contemporary art "scene" and by bright, fanciful collages, is on view a couple of doors away at the Truman, a new gallery, at 38 E. 57th St. Both through Oct. 30.

SAM RICHARDSON—A floor piece twenty-two feet square, sloping gently upward toward the center on all sides and consisting of a white muslin lawn with a sandy square in the middle, where two skinned and lonesome-looking pine saplings five feet high, with a taut nylon line strung between them, are embedded. The work was built on the site to fit the gallery space. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

BILL TAGGART—Bright-colored, happy-go-lucky abstracts in which flags seem to be waving, confetti flying, and a carnival spirit loose in the land. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MARGIT VARGA—Potato farms, waterfront scenes, and other familiar Eastern Long Island subjects, painted by an artist who is about two jumps ahead of the primitives and the naïfs and has a certain style of her own. Through Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the PARSONS-DREYFUSS, 24 W. 57th St.: "Torn, Folded, and Crumpled," a show of works in various mediums by Susan Weil, Allan Hacklin, Sibyl Weil, and Richard

Tuttle. Through Oct. 23. . . . **PEARL**, a new gallery, at 29 W. 57th St.: A show of drawings by the seventeen members of the faculty of the Yale School of Art includes a realist, apolitical study of peanuts by Bernard Chaet; a colorful collage of fragmented letters of the alphabet by Norman Ives; and several constructions done in heavy, raw-looking hand-made paper by Winifred Lutz. Through Oct. 30. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Precisionist drawings by Louis Lozowick along with photographs by Berenice Abbott, Ralston Crawford, and Ralph Steiner make up an exhibit that takes its subject matter from urban structures. Through Oct. 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

FRANCES BARTH—This showing of new works by a young artist who teaches at Princeton centers on three very large abstracts (one is six feet high and seventeen and a half feet long) made up of basic geometrical forms painted in strong acrylic colors and locked together in an arrangement that imparts an unusual sense of solidity. Also, sixteen oil paintings on paper, some of them preparatory for the big ones. Through Oct. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

JON BOROFKY—Outsize drawings, the largest nine or ten feet high, which the artist projected on the gallery walls from small sketches, a few inches square, and filled in with ink, some of them against a Day-Glo background. The subjects are things he has dreamed about or experienced or read about. Through Oct. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

DAN FLAVIN—Six fluorescent works by this artist, whose sense of color and shadow and of the general fitness of things can transform a wall or a corner of a room. Through Friday, Oct. 15. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

DENISE GREEN—Isolated everyday objects—a writing table, a bridge, a house, a trapdoor—painted in flat, relatively thin colors and silhouetted against a field of the same color but much deeper in intensity. Through Oct. 23. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

JUDITH NELSON—A screen-like field in which rounded forms, painted in soft, delicate colors, can be discerned. Through Oct. 20. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—A dozen outsize, hyper-realist oil paintings of flowers (especially water lilies and hydrangeas), gravely stratifications of rock, and pebbles seen through the water in a clear, bubbling stream. Through Nov. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO/MARYANN HARMON—Doilies and lace handkerchiefs, arranged in a grid pattern and splotted with enough paint to keep the effect from becoming monotonous, account for most of the pieces in this show, but the main event is a fifty-six-foot mural that goes around a corner of the gallery and is made up of multicolored cuttings of heavy, often brocaded fabric. / Sweeping panoramas of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia done in acrylics and oil on canvas in a manner that suggests ancient Japanese landscapes. Through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

THERESE SCHWARTZ—Grid patterns of blurred, colored squares, some of the mistier compositions done with chalks and the more discrete ones done with oils. Through Friday, Oct. 15. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

ALEX SIBURNEY/CHARLES HOOT—Last time around, this Photo-Realist artist was making big enlargements of other people's vacation postcards. Now he is painting, in loving detail, souvenir plates picked up in various states of the Union. (He dropped the one from Florida and broke it, so we must make do with a painting of the collected fragments.) / Photographic glimpses of the Heartland—small-town parades, a motorcycle patrol of Shriners, and vignettes of a carnival midway. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

CAROLEE THEA—Snapshots of Westchester County train stations and graphite-on-paper drawings are the starting-off point for this Conceptualist's work. Through Wednesday, Oct. 13. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

PAUL TSCHINKEL/FRANK YOUNG—A skeletal floor

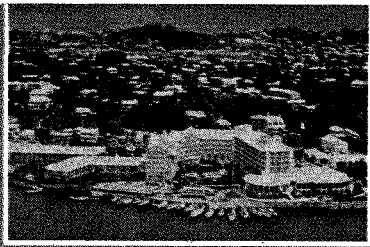
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piece made of metal rods, and blank-faced wall pieces made of hard-surface industrial materials. Photographs, including a large black-and-white of babies learning to swim before they can walk (they're floating contentedly on their backs), and a series in color devoted to a yellow doll's head. Scattered on the gallery floor are thirty thick books, flung open at random, which contain a total of forty thousand pages showing the same single, deliberately androgynous face. Through Wednesday, Oct. 13. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

LAWRENCE WEINER—Videotapes, printed matter, and a wooden structure are the bare bones of a new work by this Conceptual artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

HELEN WILSON—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lives (melons). Starts Saturday, Oct. 9. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALESSANDRA**, 489 Broome St.: Works by ten artists are on exhibition, including a painting of a nicely balanced sort of maze, made up of concentric arcs and segments of rectangles, done with metallic pigments in a polymer emulsion by Valerie Jaudon and entitled "Jackson" (the artist comes from Mississippi and names her works after communities there); pairs of boxlike wall pieces, painted a glossy black and trimmed with jet-black bugle beads and metallic thread, by Jane Kaufman; and a Moroccan-inspired abstract in which is inset a field of arabesques more energetic than its surroundings by Joyce Kozloff. Through Oct. 19. ... **GIBSON**, 392 West Broadway: The works of Joseph Beuys, Christo, and Jean Le Gac are part of an exhibit marking the gallery's fifteenth year. Through Oct. 30. ... **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Duane Hanson's six vinyl figures, four male and two female, dressed in workaday clothes and so lifelike that they might be flash-frozen people (when spectators are around, it is hard to tell who is real and who isn't), are the main attraction of a group show that also includes painted aluminum panels by Fred Spratt and a collection of thirty-two old-timey sheet-music covers assembled by Gary Kuehn. Through Saturday, Oct. 9.

OTHER GALLERIES

RICHARD FLEISCHNER—An outdoor piece built on the site and consisting of a trestlelike wooden ramp a hundred feet long, rising from ground level to a height of ten feet and covered with a thick green layer of growing sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

FRANÇOISE GROSSEN—Abstract sculptural pieces made of braided fibres, mostly sisal, and inspired to some extent by Peruvian ceremonial garments. One work, nine feet tall, entitled "Five Rivers" and done in sombre lavenders and blues, captures something of riverine movement, and smaller pieces, resembling American Indian rattles, turn out to be made of rope interlaced with the kinds of electronic components one finds in the surplus stores on Canal Street. Through Oct. 30. (Hadler, 35 E. 20th St.)

GROUP SHOW—About seventy-five items from the New York University collection of paintings and sculptures. Among the artists whose works can be seen are Cornell, Frankenthaler, and Nevelson. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RICHARD BENSON—Photographs of the Shaw Memorial (sculpted in 1897 by Augustus Saint-Gaudens in honor of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who led the first black volunteer regiment in the Civil War) on Boston Common. Also related work. Through Oct. 30. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

BRASSAI—More than a hundred and fifty photographs of Parisian bistro and cabaret life in the thirties by the renowned Hungarian-born photographer. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

ALFRED EISENSTADT—A show of a hundred and

eleven photographs by the veteran *Life* photographer. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

W. EUGENE SMITH/ELLI MARCUS—Ninety-two photographs, many made during his years as a *Life* staff photographer. Portraits taken in Berlin in the twenties and thirties, and in this country after 1941. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANN MCGOWAN—Color photographs. Through Monday, Oct. 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show (admission \$1) of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. A smaller group of pictures of Brazil by the same photographers is on view at the Neikrug Gallery (see below). (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) ... **HELIOS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Nudes and still-lives are the theme of this historical exhibit of more than a hundred prints, with earliest examples by W. H. Fox Talbot and Eadweard Muybridge, and the latest examples by Lilo Raymond and Joseph Sudek. The works of Strand, Weston, and Man Ray are, of course, included. Through Nov. 6. ... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of photographs by Andreas Feininger; a group of still photos by cinematographer Karl Struss (he filmed the 1932 version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"); and photographs of French decorative arts taken between 1925 and 1939 by Thérèse Bonney. Through Nov. 7. (Open Sundays.) ... **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: "E Pluribus Unum/From Many One" is an exhibit of photographs by amateurs and professionals, participants in a nationwide competition marking this country's two-hundredth birthday. Through Sunday, Oct. 10. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) ... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: A group of prints by Rosalind Solomon that includes a series of doll heads. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. Pictures of Brazil, these taken from the larger collection on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Through Nov. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists, including Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Helen Frankenthaler, and James Rosenquist. Through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise," a show that examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteenth century to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Nov. 30. ... A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14. ... Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument to Balzac," which is permanently located in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Nov. 16. ... A show of twenty-five flags that won a recent nationwide flag competition. Through Oct. 24. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A single large-scale work, by Horia Damian, of styrofoam covered with luminous yellow paper spheres, plus related drawings. Through Sunday, Oct. 10. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, from 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays,



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11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by artists who use nontraditional mediums. For instance, Don Celender exhibits documents that give the results of a survey of attitudes toward the arts, and Gordon Matta-Clark shows a film of underground structures in New York City. Through Oct. 20. (Mondays, except Oct. 11, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A selection of natural-history books (on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), along with examples of the Chelsea china and contemporary wallpapers whose motifs were derived from the books' illustrations. Through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, from 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Starts Thursday, Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design is a collaborative effort of an international group of artists, architects, and designers headed by Austrian architect Hans Hollein, and is devoted to nothing less (*parbleu!*) than the function of design. Starts Thursday, Oct. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition, called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays, except Oct. 11, through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) A complement to this show is a display of Morris's wallpaper patterns at the Reinhold-Brown Gallery, 26 E. 78th St.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Starts Thursday, Oct. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of realist paintings depicting contemporary Indians, by Paul Collins. Through Sunday, Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 16—Monday evening, Oct. 11: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scottò, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni. (A nonsubscription performance.)... Tuesday evening, Oct. 12: "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and

James Morris; Kazimierz Kord... Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Die Meistersinger," with Gabriela Benackova, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; Sixten Ehrling... Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, Justino Diaz, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager... Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine... Saturday matinee, Oct. 16: "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Kazimierz Kord... Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scottò, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7. Matinee Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:30.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—At the time of going to press, labor negotiations involving the musicians were in progress, so you would do well to check by telephone to make certain of the schedule—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, John Sandor, James Billings, David Holloway, and David Griffith; conducted by John Miner... Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Betty Jones, Barbara Conrad, Glenys Fowles, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli... Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Kathleen Hegierski, William Harness, and Dominic Cossa; Kurt Klippstatter... Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Giuseppe Morelli... Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Glenys Fowles, Samuel Ramey, and John Darrenkamp; David Effron... Sunday, Oct. 10, at 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Ilona Simon, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, James Billings, and David Rae Smith; Imre Pallo... Sunday, Oct. 10, at 7: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel... Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Guillermo Sarabia, Kenneth Collins, and Mark Munkittrick; Julius Rudel... Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel... Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mariana Niculescu, Eleanor Bergquist, Lando Bartolini, Dominic Cossa, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli... Friday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Patricia Craig, Elizabeth Hynes, Kenneth Collins, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo... Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel... Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carole Farley, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, Charles Roe, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, four in a "Mahlermonth" of nine concerts—Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: James Levine conducting the Fourth Symphony, as well as selections from the Rückert lieder and "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano... Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30: James Levine directing the Eighth Symphony, with Carol Neblett, Teresa Zylis-Gara, and Kathleen Battle, sopranos; Lili Chookasian and Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-sopranos; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Donald McIntyre, baritone; Michael Devlin, bass; the Westminster Choir; the Little Church Around the Corner Choir; the Trinity School Choir; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus... Monday, Oct. 11, at 8:30: James Levine conducting the first movement from the Tenth Symphony and the First

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Symphony; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30: Pierre Boulez conducting the Seventh Symphony; no soloists.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here, with Leonid Kogan, violin; Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

ORCHESTRE DE PARIS—Daniel Barenboim conducting the first two in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8, no soloists; and Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8, an all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Barenboim acting as piano soloist.)

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Antal Dorati conducting, with William Conrad, narrator. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Oct. 10, at 3.)

ORPHEUS—A chamber orchestra of twenty-four players who perform without a conductor. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

RECITALS

FLORENCE SOONKIN WONG—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider, violin, in a program of Bach partitas. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 581-5197. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 11 A.M.)

JEROME ROSE—Piano, in the first in a series of three Beethoven-Liszt recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—The first in a series of five all-Mozart programs, this one three quintets, with Charles Russo, clarinet, and Gerard Schwarz, flugelhorn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

NOËL LEE—Piano. (La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 5. For free tickets, which must be applied for by Tuesday, call 598-2161.)

JANOS STARKER AND SHIGEO NERIKI—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen, Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2:15.)

BASEBALL—**AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS**: Yankees vs. Kansas City. The first two games will be played in Kansas City, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 9-10, and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games at Yankee Stadium, Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:15; Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 3:15; and Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:15. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Saturday, Oct. 16, in the home park of the National League champion.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Exhibition games at Madison Square Garden: Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7:30. . . . Philadelphia vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 6. . . . Philadelphia vs. Washington and Boston vs. Knicks, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 6.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 9 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence. . . . Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton. . . . Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field. . . . Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge. . . . Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick. . . . Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown. . . . Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 16**: Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . Dartmouth

vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Oct. 10: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1. . . . Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, Oct. 12. . . . Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, Oct. 16.

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Ruffian, Saturday, Oct. 9; the Man o' War, Monday, Oct. 11; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **BOWIE, Md.**: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Oct. 21.

TROTTERING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

YACHTING—The tenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 9 (rain date Sunday, Oct. 10). A spectator boat will embark from the Whitehall Ferry Terminal, foot of Whitehall St., at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 766-9020.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

POETRY READINGS—At ST. MARK'S IN-THE-BOUWERIE: Reza Baraheni and Joel Oppenheimer reading from their own works, Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:30. . . . Clayton Eshleman and Robert Kelly reading from their own works, Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Admission by contribution.) . . . **92ND STREET Y**: Anthony Hecht reading a selection of poetry in concert with pianist Frank Glazer. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 11, at 8.) . . . **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AUDITORIUM**: Six English poets—Patricia Beer, Adrian Henri, Pete Morgan, Peter Porter, Charles Tomlinson, and Kit Wright—reading from their own works. (1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

NATIONAL ARTS AND ANTIQUES FESTIVAL—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays will be a selection of daguerreotypes and rare cameras from Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Sprung's collection, American Indian artifacts and beadwork, several examples of signed John Henry Belter furniture (1840-60), and a broad sampling of French Art Nouveau. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 9, through Sunday, Oct. 17. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2: English and American nineteenth-century fiction, from the collection of Katharine de B. Parsons. . . . Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, at 2: English and French and other Continental furniture and decorations, plus paintings and drawings; from the collection of Marietta Peabody Tree and the late Ronald Tree. . . . Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13-14, at 2: Jewelry, belonging to Bernice Chrysler Garbisch and the estate of Joan Whitney Payson. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 9.

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EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Adventures of Robin Hood" and "Captain Blood."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 12: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

12TH ST. CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Oct. 12: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 12: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From Oct. 13: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Where's Poppa?"

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 9: "America at the Movies" ("All About Us").
From Oct. 10: "Small Change."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 12: To be announced.
From Oct. 13: "Sounder, Part 2."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 9: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
From Oct. 10: "Barry Lyndon."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alex & the Gypsy."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sunday Woman."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"America at the Movies" ("All About Us").

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bugsy Malone."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Idi Amin Dada."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Spirit of the Beehive."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Small Change."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 9: "The Pom Pom Girls."
From Oct. 10: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Burnt Offerings."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 9: "America at the Movies" ("All About Us"). (The theatre will be closed all day on Sunday, Oct. 10.)
From Oct. 10: "The Memory of Justice."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Keetje Tippel."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave at 71st. (879-1313)
"Marathon Man."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 12: "The Shootist."
From Oct. 13: "End of the Game."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Burnt Offerings."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Norman... Is That You?"

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 7: "Diamonds."
From Oct. 8: "Scorey."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th (289-8932)
"Black Emmanuelle" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Obsession."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Idi Amin Dada."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Burnt Offerings."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 12: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella." From Oct. 13: "Kings of the Road."



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Theatre 2: "The Clockmaker."
Theatre 3: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."
Theatre 4: "Misty Beethoven" (X-rated).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Where the Red Fern Grows."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Oct. 6: "Paper Tiger."
From Oct. 7: "A Matter of Time."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Solaris."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Edvard Munch."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 12: "Logan's Run" and "Rollerball."
From Oct. 13: "St. Ives" and "Night Moves."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"America at the Movies" ("All About Us").

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 12: "Obsession" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Kings of the Road."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 12: "Shadow of the Hawk." From Oct. 13: "Sounder, Part 2."
Theatre 2: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 12: "Obsession" and "Robin and Marian." From Oct. 13: "Let's Talk About Men."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 7: "A Delicate Balance" and "The Homecoming."
Oct. 8-10: "The Man in the Glass Booth" and "Luther."
Oct. 11-12: "Butley" and "Rhinoceros."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 12: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Wizard of Oz."
From Oct. 13: "King of Hearts" and "Son of Kong."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Oct. 6: "Paisan" (1946), in English, French, Italian, and German, directed by Roberto Rossellini, a six-episode film; and "A Walk in the Sun" (1945), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Dana Andrews, John Ireland, and Richard Conte.

Oct. 7: "Savages" (1972), directed by James Ivory; and "The Guru" (1969), directed by James Ivory, with Rita Tushingham and Michael York.

Oct. 8: "It Came from Outer Space" (†) and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon." (†)

Oct. 9: "Stolen Kisses" (†); and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.

Oct. 10: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Albert Finney, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman; and "Love from a Stranger." (†)

Oct. 11: "Broken Blossoms" (†) and "True Heart Susie." (†)

Oct. 12: "Sun's Burial" (1960) and "Pleasures of the Flesh" (1965), both films in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.

Oct. 13: "La Terra Trema" (1974), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti.

Oct. 14: "Darling" (1965), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Laurence Harvey, and Dirk Bogarde; and "Billy Liar." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Oct. 6: "The Eagle" (1925), directed by Clarence Brown, with Rudolph Valentino, Louise Dresser, and Vilma Banky; and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (1939), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, and Olivia de Havilland.

Oct. 7: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (1955) and "Crucified Lovers" (1954; "Chikamatzu Monogatari"), both films in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

Oct. 8: "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Oct. 9: "It Came from Outer Space" (†) and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon." (†)

Oct. 10: "Romeo and Juliet" (1966), performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and the Royal Ballet; and "First Position." (†)

Oct. 11: "The River and Death" (1954; "El Rio y la Muerte"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz." (†)

Oct. 12: "The Happiness Cage" (1972), directed by Bernard Girard, with Christopher Walken and Joss Ackland; and "The Offence." (†)

Oct. 13: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg; and "Sweet Movie" (1975), in French and English, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure.

Oct. 14: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (†); and "Sadko" (1953), in Russian, directed by Alexander Ptushko.

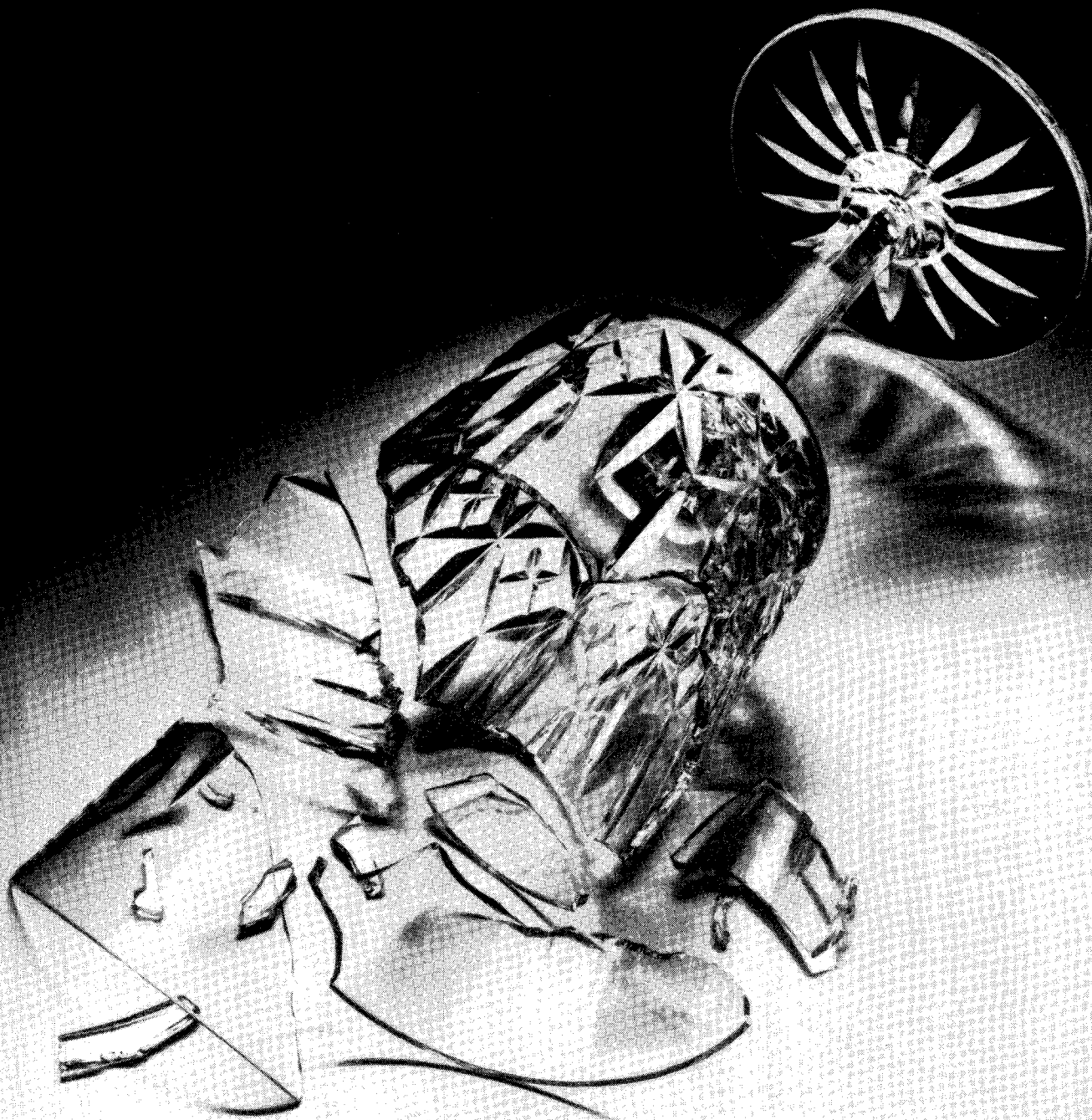
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 9: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Oct. 10-12: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

From Oct. 13: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 6: "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori; and "Sword of Justice" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi.

Oct. 7: "The Fortune" (1975), directed by Mike Nichols, with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and



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- "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.
- Oct. 8: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†); "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Soylent Green." (†)
- Oct. 9: "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dunning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles; "The Magic Christian" (1970), directed by Joseph McGrath, with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr; and "Heavy Traffic" (1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an animated cartoon (X-rated).
- Oct. 10: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The White Dawn" (1974), directed by Philip Kaufman, with Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett.
- Oct. 11: "Traffic" (1971) and "Playtime" (1968), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
- Oct. 12: "The Earrings of Madame De..." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophüls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Maria Casarès.
- Oct. 13: "The Wolves" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Goshia; and "Illusion of Blood" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.
- Oct. 14: "Greetings" (1968), directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro; and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
- REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)**
Through Oct. 9: "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne; and "Quality Street" (1937), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Franchot Tone, and Cora Witherspoon.
- Oct. 10-12: "Mary of Scotland" (†); and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore.
- From Oct. 13: "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.
- R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)**
Oct. 6: "Diamonds." (†)
- Oct. 7-9: "King of Hearts" (†) and "How I Won the War." (†)
- Oct. 10-11: "Sleuth" (1972), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Albert Finney, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman.
- Oct. 12-13: "Traffic" (1971) and "Playtime" (1968), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
- From Oct. 14: "Greaser's Palace" (1972) and "Putney Swope" (1969), both films directed by Robert Downey.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)**
Through Oct. 7: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945), directed by Albert Lewin, with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
- Oct. 8-9: "Hold Your Man" (†); and "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.
- Oct. 10-11: "Royal Wedding" (†) and "Dancing Lady." (†)
- Oct. 12-13: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (†) and "Rasputin and the Empress." (†)
- From Oct. 14: "The Women" (†) and "Dinner at Eight." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 7 at 2:30: "Breathless" (1960), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg; English subtitles. ... Oct. 7 at 6: "The Marrying Kind" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, and Madge Kennedy. ... Oct. 7 at 8:30: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956), directed by Richard Quine, with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, and Fred Clark. ... Oct. 8 at 2:30: "The Moon Is Blue" (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with William Holden, David Niven, and Maggie McNamara. ... Oct. 8 at 6: "Breathless." ... Oct. 9 at noon: "The Perils of Pauline" (1947), directed by George Marshall, with Betty Hutton, John Lund, Billy De Wolfe, and William Demarest. ... Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Champagne for Caesar" (1950), directed by Richard Whorf, with Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm, and Vincent Price. ... Oct. 9 at 5:30: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell. ... Oct. 10 at noon: "Jalopy" (1953), directed by William Beaudine, with the Bowery Boys, including Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall. ... Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Court Jester" (1954), directed by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, with Danny Kaye, Angela Lansbury, Basil Rathbone, and Glynis Johns. ... Oct. 10 at 5: "The Kid" (1921), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Jackie Coogan, Italian inter-titles only; and three Chaplin shorts ("Tango Tangles," 1914; "In the Park," 1915; and "Easy Street," 1917). ... Oct. 11 at noon: "Dreamboat" (1952), directed by Claude Binyon, with Ginger Rogers, Clifton Webb, Jeffrey Hunter, and Anne Francis. ... Oct. 11 at 2:30: "The Mating Season" (1951), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Gene Tierney, John Lund, Miriam Hopkins, and Thelma Ritter. ... Oct. 11 at 6: "Where Do We

Go from Here?" (1945), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie, June Haver, and Anthony Quinn. ... Oct. 12 at noon: "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Gina Lollobrigida, Jennifer Jones, Peter Lorre, and Robert Morley. ... Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Where Do We Go from Here?" ... Oct. 14 at 2:30: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), in French, directed by René Clair, with Raymond Cordy and Henri Marchand; English subtitles. ... Oct. 14 at 6: "Take Me to Town" (1953), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Ann Sheridan and Sterling Hayden. ... Oct. 14 at 8:30: "Callaway Went Thataway" (1951), directed by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, with Fred MacMurray, Dorothy McGuire, and Howard Keel. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 10: "Video Trans Americas," directed by Juan Downey. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. ... Starting Oct. 12: A program of six films by Bruce Conner. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Rivers, Molinari, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Jacobs, Jordan, Frampton, and others. Showings Oct. 6-7 at 7 and 9; Oct. 8 at 8 and 10; Oct. 9 at 2:30 and 8; Oct. 10 at 8; and Oct. 12-14 at 7 and 9.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (362-1911)—Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Rites of Passage," a three-part film consisting of "Bernice Bobs Her Hair," Joan Micklin Silver; "In the Region of Ice," Peter Werner; and "Sunday Funnies," Ray Harp. (United States). ... Oct. 6 at 9:30 and Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Cadaveri Eccellenti (Illustrious Corpses)" (Francesco Rosi; Italy). ... Oct. 7 at 9:30 and Oct. 8 at 6:15: "The Story of Sin" (Walerian Borowczyk; Poland). ... Oct. 8 at 9:30: "Sérail (Surreal Estate)" (Eduardo de Gregorio; France). ... Oct. 9 at 2:30: "The Memory of Justice" (Marcel Ophüls; United States and West Germany). ... Oct. 9 at 6: "Strongman Ferdinand" (Alexander Kluge; West Germany). ... Oct. 9 at 9: "Rites of Passage." ... Oct. 10 at 2: "Touch of Zen" (King Hu; Hong Kong). ... Oct. 10 at 6: "Sérail (Surreal Estate)." ... Oct. 10 at 9: "Strongman Ferdinand." ... Oct. 11 at 6:15: "Touch of Zen." ... Oct. 12 at 6:15: "Osseessione" (Luchino Visconti; Italy, 1942). ... Oct. 12 at 9:30 and Oct. 13 at 6:15: "The Middleman" (Satyajit Ray; India). ... Oct. 13 at 9:30 and Oct. 14 at 6:15: "Duelle" (Jacques Rivette; France). ... Oct. 14 at 9:15: "Nana" (Jean Renoir; France, 1926).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost impossibly pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (Art.)

ALEX & THE GYPSY—With Jack Lemmon and Genevieve Bujold, directed by John Korty. (Sutton.)

AMERICA AT THE MOVIES (ALL ABOUT US)—A two-hour compilation of films prepared by the American Film Institute. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza, and Paramount. ... Murray Hill; through Oct. 9. ... Beekman; through Oct. 9. The theatre will be closed all day on Sunday, Oct. 10.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world

of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 12.)

BARRY LYNDON—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/75.) (Eastside Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

BILLY LIAR (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14.)

BROKEN BLOSSOMS (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but perhaps his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 11.)

BUFFALO BILL AND THE INDIANS—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buf-

falo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (Quad Cinema.)

BUGSY MALONE—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and, among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Baronet.)

BURNT OFFERINGS—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (Columbia II, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich.)

BUTLEY (1974)—From Simon Gray's play. With

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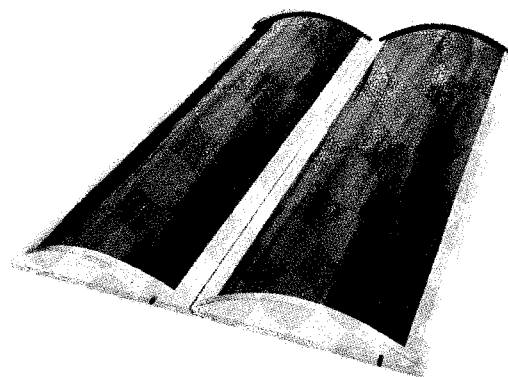
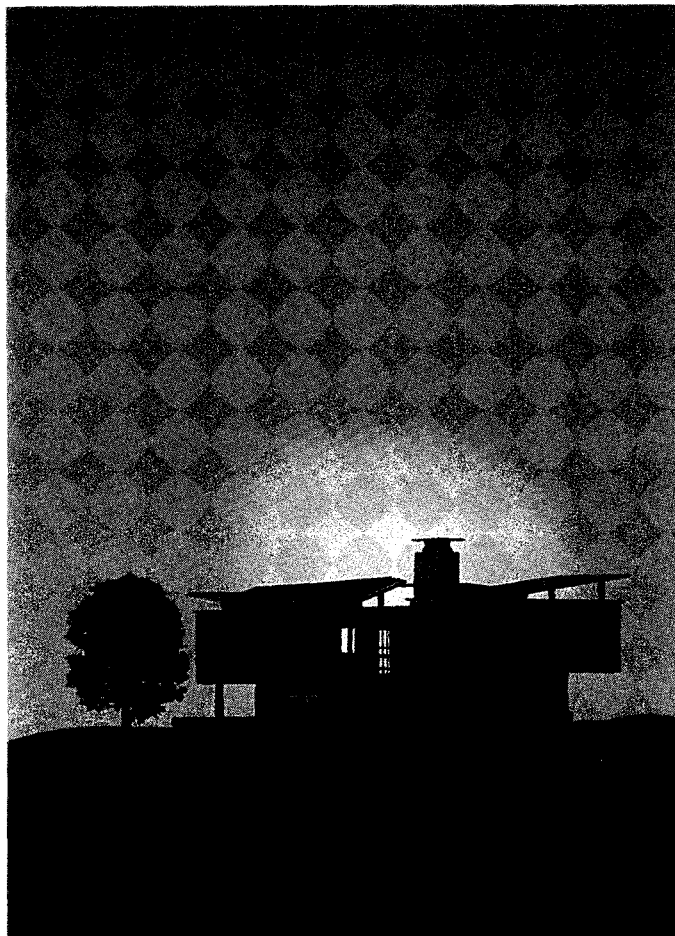
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alan Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Richard O'Callaghan, directed by Harold Pinter. (New Yorker; Oct. 11-12.)

CAPTAIN BLOOD (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Art.)

THE CLOCKMAKER—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grown-up son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This third-rate horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. Jack Arnold directed; with Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, and Whit Bissell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 8....) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11.)

DANCING LADY (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10-11.)

A DELICATE BALANCE (1973)—From Edward Albee's play. With Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair, directed by Tony Richardson. (New Yorker; through Oct. 7.)

DIAMONDS—Robert Shaw and Richard Roundtree, directed by Menahem Golan. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Oct. 6....) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 7.)

DINNER AT EIGHT (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 14.)

EDVARD MUNCH—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now, like his BBC film about the Battle of Culloden. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his strength of feeling about the intimacy he fiercely longed for but thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Festival.)

END OF THE GAME—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 13.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized

as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Little Carnegie.)

FIRST POSITION (1973)—William Richert's film about the daily lives of several students and teachers at a ballet school. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

THE FRONT—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet.)

HOLD YOUR MAN (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8-9.)

THE HOMECOMING (1973)—From Harold Pinter's play. With Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers, directed by Peter Hall. (New Yorker; through Oct. 7.)

HOW FUNNY CAN SEX BE?—With Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

HOW I WON THE WAR (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Oct. 7-9.)

IDI AMIN DADA (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Elgin; Oct. 8.)

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of S.F. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 8....) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

KEETJE TIPPEL—With Monique van de Ven, directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (68th St. Playhouse.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Oct. 7-9....) (Olympia; starting Oct. 13.)

KINGS OF THE ROAD—With Rudiger Vogler and Hanns Zischler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Embassy 72nd St....) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 13.)

LET'S TALK ABOUT MEN (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. An Italian film, dubbed in English. (8/16/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 13.)

LOGAN'S RUN—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Playboy; through Oct. 12.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—A neat little thriller, featuring Basil Rathbone as a cold-eyed killer with charming drawing-room manners. This variation on the Landru theme is taken from Frank Vosper's play, based on Agatha Christie's "Philomel Cottage." The opening is stage-bound and too leisurely, but by the time the killer's bride (Ann Harding) realizes what she has married, and sits down to dinner with her husband knowing that the servant has been sent off, the doors are locked, and they are alone together in a remote cottage, it is very scary. Made in England, with Rowland V. Lee directing. (A remake in 1947 featured John Hodiak.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 10.)

LUTHER (1974)—From John Osborne's play. With Stacy Keach, Hugh Griffith, and Robert Stephens; screenplay by Edward Anhalt, directed by Guy Green. (New Yorker; Oct. 8-10.)

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH (1975)—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. (New Yorker; Oct. 8-10.)

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 12.)

MARATHON MAN—With Dustin Hoffman and Laurence Olivier, directed by John Schlesinger. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of the three flops she had that year. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Regency; Oct. 10-12.)

A MATTER OF TIME—With Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, and Charles Boyer; directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Music Hall; starting Oct. 7.)

THE MEMORY OF JUSTICE—Marcel Ophüls' four-hour-and-thirty-eight-minute documentary on the Nuremberg Trials. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman; starting Oct. 10.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

NIGHT MOVES (1975)—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own

character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/75) (Playboy; starting Oct. 13.)

NORMAN... IS THAT YOU?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (86th St. East.)

OBSESSION—An homage to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Genevieve Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Genevieve Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Waverly... Cinema Studio, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 12.)

THE OFFENCE (1973)—Sidney Lumet directs a psychological thriller set on an English common in Buckinghamshire, with Sean Connery and Ian Bannen as the two halves of a man whose ambitions are split between his desire to do well in the police force and his urges as a rapist of children. The script, which has very interesting, clipped dialogue, is by John Hopkins. Trevor Howard is fine, as always, commanding a marvellous ebb and flow of gesture. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 12.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 13.)

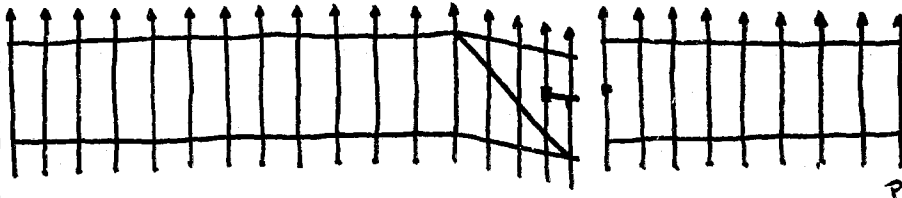
PAPER TIGER—With David Niven, Toshiro Mifune, and Hardy Krüger, and with Ivan Desny and Jeff Corey. Directed by Ken Annakin. (Music Hall; Oct. 6.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 12.)

THE POM POM GIRLS—With Robert Carradine and Jennifer Ashley, directed by Joseph Ruben. (Columbia I; through Oct. 9.)

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Svengali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavski directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12-13.)

RHINOCEROS (1974)—From Eugene Ionesco's



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play. With Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Karen Black; screenplay by Julian Barry; directed by Tom O'Horgan. (New Yorker; Oct. 11-12.)

THE RITZ—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I.)

ROBIN AND MARIAN—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the revisionist approach to legends of the scriptwriter, James Goldman, is a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 12.)

ROLLERBALL (1975)—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (Playboy; through Oct. 12.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY (1930)—Fredric March in one of his best comedy roles—a flamboyant burlesque of great-lover actor John Barrymore. The gossipy, thinly disguised satire of the Barrymore-Drew clan was a Broadway hit in 1927; Herman J. Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell adapted (and improved) the Kaufman-Ferber play, and the young George Cukor (co-directing with Cyril Gardner) had the right theatrical instincts for the material. The film presents actors as childishly vain and narcissistic; as Cukor has said, "It represented what people at that time liked to believe about the theatre." The picture is stagebound and awkward, but good fun anyway. As Ethel Barrymore, the expert, sophisticated stage comedienne Ina Claire doesn't come through fully on screen (she did only once—in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"), but some of her legendary technique is in evidence. With Henrietta Crosman, as the family matriarch, Frank Conroy, Mary Brian, and the stodgy juvenile Charles Starrett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12-13.)

ROYAL WEDDING (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10-11.)

ST. IVES—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Playboy; starting Oct. 13.)

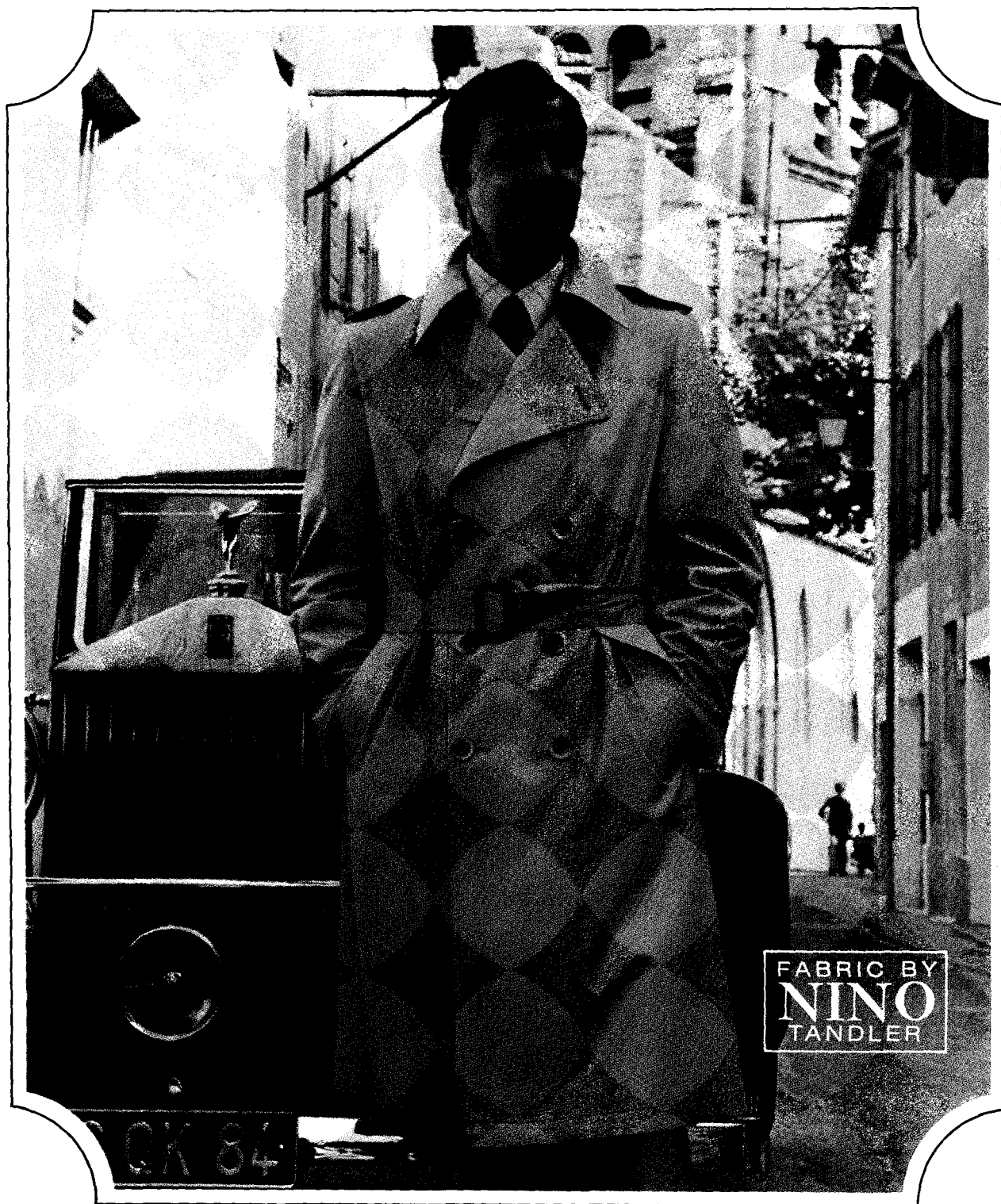
SCORCY—With Connie Stevens, Cesare Danova, and William Smith; directed by Hikmet Avedis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 8.)

SEVEN BEAUTIES—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Oct. 12.)

SHADOW OF THE HAWK—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Marilyn Hassett, directed by Daryl Duke. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 12.)

THE SHOOTIST—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (72nd Street East; through Oct. 12.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd



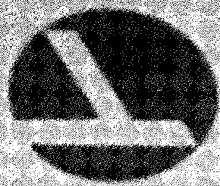
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Olympia; through Oct. 12.)

SMALL CHANGE—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Cinema 11)... Murray Hill; starting Oct. 10.)

SOLARIS—A sci-fi film, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. In Russian. (Ziegfeld.)

SON OF KONG (1933)—Papa looked like a colossal, terrifying gorilla, but Sonny—a white gorilla—though big enough, is rather cuddly. The effects are still ingenious, but this sequel is disappointing. (Olympia; starting Oct. 13.)

SOUNDER, PART 2—With Harold Sylvester, Ebony Wright, and Taj Mahal; directed by William Graham. (34th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 13.)

SOYLENT GREEN (1973)—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (Elgin; Oct. 8.)

THE SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE—Directed by Victor Erice. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith.)

STOLEN KISSES (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9.)

SUNDAY WOMAN—With Marcello Mastroianni, Jacqueline Bisset, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Fine Arts.)

SWEPT AWAY (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Oct. 12.)

TRUE HEART SUSIE (1919)—A lovely, simple pastoral romance—one of the most charming of all D. W. Griffith films. Close to perfection, on a small scale. Lillian Gish is Susie, Robert Harron is William, and Clarine Seymour is Bettina, William's pleasure-loving bride, who sneaks out to a party and can't get back into her house. Scott Fitzgerald must have seen this film before he wrote "Babylon Revisited." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 11.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Gramercy; starting Oct. 13.)

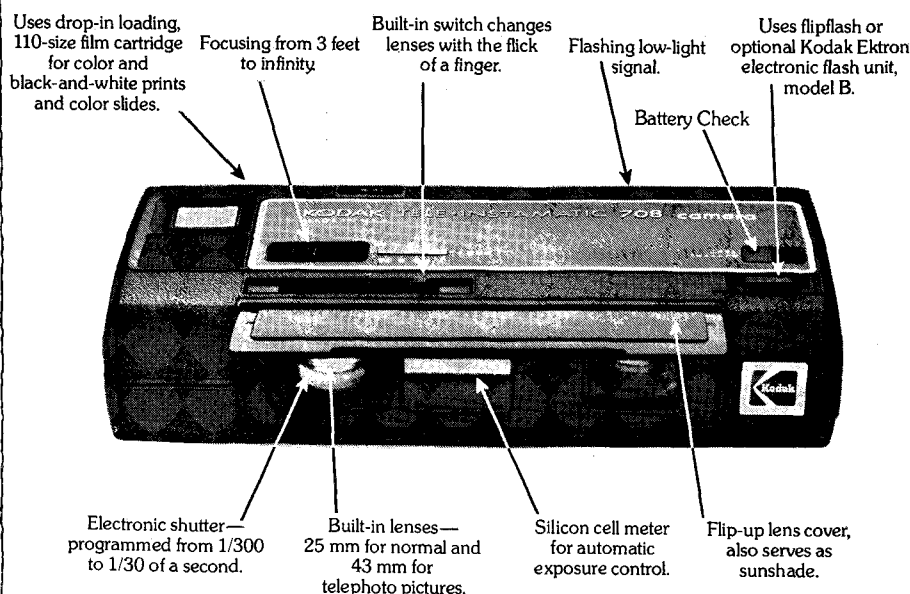
WHERE THE RED FERN GROWS—With James Whitmore and Beverly Garland, directed by Norman Tokar. (Guild.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Olympia; through Oct. 12.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 14.)

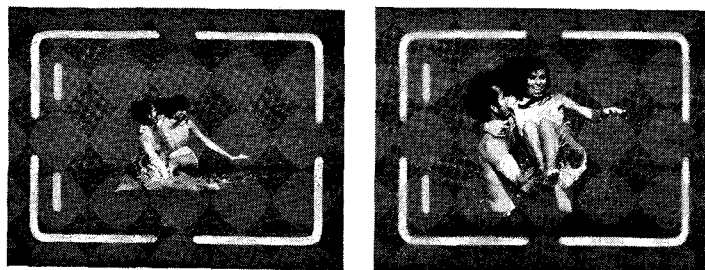
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:
I went last week to see Madam Cherokee, my Reader and Spiritual Advisor, who maintains premises on Orchard Street devoted, as it were, to pulling the teeth of the future. Madam Cherokee is one of the classiest mages in the business (bandannas by Hermès, interiors by Knoll International), and whenever I am sore troubled and pressed by many woes I seek out the solid silver of her sooth and the pure, sparkling Baccarat of her clear-seeing. When I entered, Madam Cherokee was shuffling a deck of punched cards (she is hooked into an I.B.M. 950 on a time-sharing basis) and looking over the latest issue of *Barron's*. "Good day, Hector," she said. "There is something on your mind." She was right, as always, and I wasted no time laying the matter before her.

"Madam Cherokee," I said, "how do I get in on the questionable-payments bonanza? As you know, our great American corporations are just falling all over themselves to make questionable payments to people. Hardly a day goes by without new questionable-payments announcements of ever-escalating grandeur. Why, just a fortnight ago R. J. Reynolds, the old-line tobacco company, announced questionable payments of twenty-five million dollars to various parties since 1968, thus topping the Lockheed Corporation's total, which is just under twenty-five million, but scarcely threatening Exxon's all-time record of forty-six million. The energetic Gulf Oil Corporation has proclaimed questionable

payments of some twelve-point-three million dollars, and there are promising new entrants—like International Minerals & Chemical, with over three million in questionable payments just revealed. The S.E.C. calculates that at least two hundred titans of American business are into questionable payments, in addition to the industry leaders cited. What I want to know, dear Madam Cherokee, is how do I position myself near to the wide end of this great cornucopia? For my rag-and-bone shop is faltering, and once again I have been nixed for membership in my local Macramé Collective."

Madam Cherokee rose and ripped a few yards of the latest from the A.P. machine chattering cozily to itself in the corner.

"First off," she said, "you got to be able to do one of these giant conglomerations a little service. Some little beneficence. For instance, you got any use for one hundred F-whatever-it-is fighter aircraft with auxillary systems and the appropriate training and maintenance contracts?"

"Not this week," I said. "Were I to purchase same, would I then be in line for a questionable payment?"

"Not automatically," said Madam Cherokee, "but you'd be standin' on the right street corner. Well, let's see. There's Rebatin', Short-Weightin', Rate-Settin', and six different flavors of Fixin'. All with questionable payments attached." She paused. "And, of course, you could run for office."

"But if successful," I pointed out, "I would then be exposed to the city of Washington, D.C., and concomitant moral dangers so hideous as to

make a mere little inconsequential questionable payment—"

"I know, I know," she said. "I didn't say it was going to be *easy*." Then the seer abruptly closed her eyes and began a kind of chant. "With a few ragged men, Francisco Pizarro conquered Peru. With a few ragged men, Sam Houston whipped Santa Anna at San Jacinto. With a few ragged men, André Malraux cleaned up Paris. With a few ragged men, A. P. Giannini founded the Bank of America. With a few ragged men—"

"I understand!" I exclaimed. "You mean that I should incorporate. Then I myself, possibly with a few ragged vice-presidents, would be a corporation. Fit to deal in and to be dealt these wondrous subventions which today energize, activate, inspirit, spur, rouse, and rally our American system of enterprise."

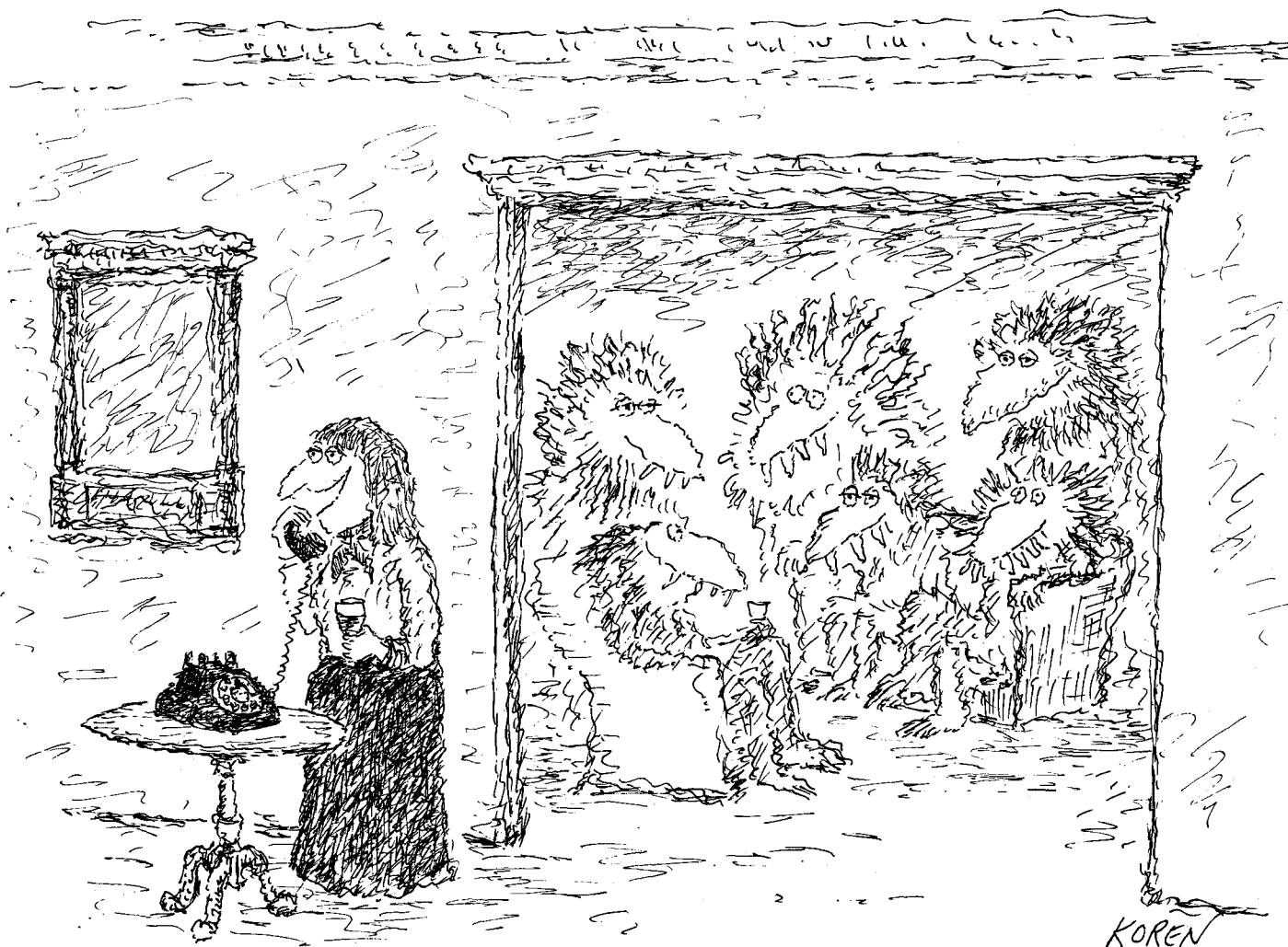
"I suggested nothing," said Madam Cherokee. "You draw your own conclusions." She gazed for a long moment into a flask of L'Air du Temps, by Nina Ricci, Paris. "I see here early repeal of the 1971 Wild Free-Roaming Horse and Burro Act. You might look into horsemeat. That'll be two hundred, Hector. And make the check out to my Guatemalan subsidiary."

Plimpton Revisited

WORD of Francis T. P. Plimpton's latest pro-bono-publico job—head of the city's newly created Commission for Distinguished Guests, a reorganized version of a protocol section of the former Department of Civic Affairs and Public Events—prompted



Richard Edes Harrison



"I'm sorry, I can't talk. I've got company."

us to look up this distinguished lawyer and former Ambassador to the United Nations after an interval of several years. We found him in his law office, Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons & Gates—as ruddy, crinkly-eyed, gleamingly steel-rim-spectacled, and limber as ever, clad in his usual Brooks Brothers special-order suit (one of several, that is), button-down-collar shirt, and striped tie. "It's a question of going out to Kennedy Airport to greet people," he said. "Not as glamorous as in the old Grover Whalen days, when visitors came in on boats and he went out with the pilot to get on the boat, and there were ticker-tape parades. The Mayor swore me in the other day, and next week I'm swearing in, as honorary commissioners, Marietta Tree, who used to be a United States representative on the Trusteeship Council of the U.N., and Carter Burgess, chairman of the Foreign Policy Association and former Ambassador to Argentina. We work out of Mayor Beame's office for an unpaid dollar a year. I haven't greeted anyone yet, and the Queen of Holland's visit is apparently not ma-

terializing, but the Shahbanou, the wife of the Shah of Iran, is scheduled to come here in December for a dinner given by the Asia Society."

We mentioned Mr. Plimpton's other municipal post, chairman of the Board of Ethics of the City of New York, and he said, "That's a somewhat unusual operation. The city has a Code of Ethics, which, in general, forbids conflicts of interest on the part of city employees. They may not appear in behalf of private interests before any city agency. They may not represent private interests in the courts. They may not do business with the city. And so on. The board meets about once a week—usually here in this office—to prepare its opinions. There are three lay members—besides myself, Powell Pierpoint, a lawyer, and Barbara Scott Preiskel, also a lawyer, and a delightful person—and, ex officio, the city's Corporation Counsel and its Director of Personnel. The board's own counsel—and founder—is S. Stanley Kreutzer. City employees ask us questions, such as whether a public-school teacher who publishes educational books may sell

them directly to the Board of Education. The answer is no. We have no subpoena power, power of investigation, or power of punishment, but we do have an effect. We ask people to appear. It's a friendly operation. Unpaid dollar a year, like the Distinguished Guests job. The only talent I have in this world is for the acquisition of non-salaried jobs. Oh. My son George, who is the city's honorary Commissioner of Fireworks, just had a son, Taylor Ames Plimpton, named after one of our ancestors, Edward Taylor, who was the first Colonial poet. I've got the two editions of his lugubrious and funeral verses which were published in the last few years."

We went down to City Hall for the Tree-Burgess swearing in and were directed to the Blue Room, a handsome chamber lined with portraits of former mayors. There we re-greeted Mr. Plimpton, who was accompanied by his wife, Pauline. He introduced us to Mr. Kreutzer, who was also there as a spectator. "What a beautiful building this is!" Mr. Plimpton said. "Finished in 1812. Full of 1814 chairs. Look at

that chandelier! Originally lit by gas. I once brought some Russian officials here and showed them this room and the Board of Estimate room. I told them that every person had the right to address the mayor. 'You mean the privilege,' one of them said. 'No, the right,' I said. He looked astonished. 'Every citizen has this right?' he asked. 'Every person,' I said. 'Not just every citizen.' He looked even more astonished."

Mrs. Tree came in, with her brothers George L. and Samuel P. Peabody (grandchildren of Groton's Endicott Peabody). She is a partner in Llewelyn-Davies Associates, city planners, and describes herself in *Who's Who* as a city planner. She lists her birth date as 1917. Her looks belie her years. The Burgesses came in. Arlene Wolff, the city's first Deputy Commissioner of Civic Affairs and Public Events, came in and whispered something to Mr. Kreutzer. "Mr. Ambassador," he said to Mr. Plimpton, "the Mayor has offered his private office for the ceremony." We all adjourned to the nearby room, and shook hands with the Mayor. He looked younger than seventy-one. He looked *cute*. He almost made us forget about those New York City bonds. Mr. Plimpton, availing himself of a Bible supplied by Commissioner Wolff, gracefully swore in Mrs. Tree and Ambassador Burgess. He pledged them to fealty to the Constitutions of the United States and the State of New York and to the New York City Administrative Code.

"I really feel we're awfully lucky to get these people on the commission, Mr. Mayor," Plimpton said.

Beame beamed. "I've known Marietta a long time," he said. "New York certainly in the last two and a half years has been host to the greatest combination of leading citizens of the world." He shook hands all around again.

John E. Zuccotti, the First Deputy Mayor, rushed in, said something to the Mayor, flung a merry "You'll never get the dollar" to the Distinguished Guests Commissioners, and left, with the Mayor.

On our way out, we asked Mr. Burgess what his new responsibilities were, and he said, "I will expect a variety of duties—maybe at odd times."

We've since had a talk with Mr. Kreutzer about the Board of Ethics. It was started in 1960, and Mr. Plimpton has headed it

since 1972. "We are fortunate to have so fine and distinguished a citizen as Francis to head our Board," its counsel said. "All our cases are different. We've delivered four hundred opinions. Some time ago, in the Lindsay administration, the city gave a party at Lincoln Center for the U.N. delegates. The press criticized the party because it was being paid for by Pan American, which was negotiating with the city for a renewal of a permit to operate a helicopter from the top of the Pan American Building. We considered the question of appropriate and inappropriate gifts. We decided that contributions of money and services to the city itself from the private sector were acceptable—indeed, admirable. We went on to say that contributions to public services should be encouraged. Our code has been copied by thousands of municipalities all over the country."

Mr. Kreutzer presented us with the four hundred opinions, in the form of eight pamphlets adding up to three hundred and thirty-six pages and weighing a pound and five ounces, which we hope to read next summer.

Floorcraft

MARY MOLAGHAN, the chairperson of the American Ballroom Company, which sponsored the United States Ballroom Championships at the Waldorf-Astoria some days ago, thinks that the general public should know that "touch dancing"—that is, dancing in which two partners actually touch

each other—is enjoying a renaissance. One of Miss Molaghan's current projects is to sell the annual Ballroom Championships to network or public television for home viewing, like the Olympics. We happen to like the thought that a few of the stars of wedding receptions and Elks' dinners around the country might get some occasional coast-to-coast video exposure. Before the Ballroom Championships are broadcast, however, the judging criteria could stand a bit of refinement. The existing contest rules offer specific information about such things as the length of a female participant's skirts, the technical soundness of a dancer's footwork, and the mandatory hip movements and measures per minute in a mambo, but while we watched the action during a matinée session in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, other considerations occurred to us: Shall dancers who conspicuously move their lips to keep time with the music be penalized? Does the contestant in the professional English-Latin championships who during a spirited paso doble whacks another contestant with a flying elbow behind the ear deserve to be arrested for assault or should he merely lose points for faulty floorcraft?

The person best suited to adjudicate these issues is probably Miss Molaghan, an irreverent blue-eyed, white-haired woman, whose dispassion in technical matters is rooted in the fact that she doesn't actually dance herself. "I don't know what's so unusual about that. My father owned a liquor store, and he didn't drink," she explained when we spoke with her during the practice session that preceded the waltz, tango, cha-cha, and bolero-rumba championships for competitors older than forty-five. "Originally, I became involved in the dance business when I worked for Katherine Dunham, the great dancer. One time, she fired me— Actually, she fired me several times, but this particular time I happened to hear that Fred Astaire was opening a chain of dancing schools, and I became a partner in a franchise. I gave that up ten years ago, and six years ago, with a partner— John Monte, who's on the microphone today—I set up the American Ballroom Company. This contest designates the representatives at the World Championships in Tokyo next year. We have about five hundred individuals competing this year,



from all over the country, and the categories are broken down into amateur couples, professional couples, and pro-am couples—that is, students dancing with their instructors. We also have a rising-star category, for young professionals. We separate the pro-am category into two sections, according to the age of the amateur—the A group, forty-five years and younger, and the B group, the over-forty-five crowd. I wrote to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare for advice on where to draw the upper and lower age limits. They wrote back, ‘The aging process begins at birth.’ Terrific. Just the answer I was looking for. But look at what great shape these people are in. Dancing is the best thing that has ever happened to some of them. Now, this woman doing the tango here in the purple dress used to be a Rockette—oh, who knows how long ago? Then she got married, stayed married thirty-nine years, her husband died, and she started dancing again. And now our rules committee—people from the national dance-teacher organizations—have to decide whether she’s a professional or an amateur.”

As Miss Molaghan spoke, a small delegation from Peter Duchin’s orchestra played songs like “The Shadow of Your Smile” and “Adiós Muchachos,” and contestants warmed up by cha-chaing, fox-trotting, tangoing, and quickstep-waltzing their way around the Grand Ballroom. Because the *matinée* primarily featured pro-am competition, most of the male dancers were young and most of the women were their pupils. They danced touching. The men wore tuxedos and the women wore bright-colored dresses made of silk and satin, supported by petticoats, and, in many cases, embroidered with sequins and fringed with the expropriated plumage of large populations of ostriches.

When the actual elimination heats began, the dancers in the wings started pacing like nervous horses in a paddock, and the crowd that surrounded the dancing area behaved with

slightly more restraint than floor traders at the Stock Exchange. Each male competitor wore a number on his back, and the ballroom filled with shouts of “Let’s go, 186!” and “C’mon, 241!” The judges stood by with scorecards and huddled at the end of each number to tabulate their verdicts. By the time the *matinée* had ended, some of the professionals had danced more than twenty times. Win or lose, all the dancers managed to appear happy. In fact, with the exception of the judges, practically everyone in the Grand Ballroom spent the afternoon smiling. As the pro-am B group of American-style rumba competitors were leaving the dance floor, one young man rustled a woman’s crinoline and told her, “Honey, a lot of people say I don’t know what I’m talking about when it comes to the rumba, but I do, sugar, and you were just *marvellous*. Bee-yoo-tiful! I mean it, honey, and Beverly said the same thing.” Beverly was nowhere in sight, but as we circumnavigated the dance floor we found Miss Molaghan,

who looked contented. “Call me Kissinger,” she announced. “I just introduced the president of the Fred Astaire Dance Studios to the president of Arthur Murray.”

Two Joyous Collectors

HOW many people have been the hero of the Morgan Library *twice*? Such is the enviable distinction of John M. Crawford, a quiet but enthusiastic collector who in 1962 showed his great assemblage of Chinese painting and calligraphy—a hundred and seven pieces, which the Morgan’s president, Henry S. Morgan, referred to as “Mr. Crawford’s incomparable collection of Chinese art”—at the library, and who is now back there wearing a very different hat. He is the inspirer of and the major individual contributor to the Library’s current show, “William Morris and the Art of the Book,” which features over a hundred medieval manuscripts and printed books from William Morris’s library, together with calligraphic manuscripts executed by Morris himself and drawings, engravings, proofs, catalogues, order forms, prospectuses, and so forth produced by his celebrated Kelmscott Press—a private printing outfit named after Morris’s country home, Kelmscott Manor, near Oxford—whose masterpiece is known in bibliophile circles as the Kelmscott Chaucer. Mr. Crawford helped to select the exhibition and create a splendidly illustrated and researched book about it, for which he wrote an easygoing essay on “Memories of Collecting,” and whose preface, by Mr. Charles Ryskamp, the Morgan’s director, says of Morris, “It is hard to think of anyone since the Renaissance who excelled in so many fields: poet, novelist, translator; designer and decorator of stained glass, tapestries, wallpapers, carpets, furniture; leader in social and political causes; printer, typographer, illustrator, calligrapher; and equally distinguished as a collector.”

Crawford was born in 1913 in Parkersburg, West Virginia, the son of a manufacturer of oil-well supplies. His collecting of Morrisana



“It’s not your yin, David—I never had any trouble with your yin—it’s your yang.”

antedates his Oriental interest by six or seven years. It began in 1939, when, two years out of Brown, he made a trip to New York (he settled here two years later) and visited the shop of the late book dealer Philip C. Duschnes. "I really went there to buy better editions of the classics than those I had," he told us at lunch recently. "Let me show you some modern fine printing," Phil said, and a few months later I bought from him a copy of the Chaucer. Five hundred dollars—I suppose it's worth more than ten times that today. I don't go in for completeness in collecting. I don't like lists. I never wanted all fifty-three of the Kelmscott books. I like association copies."

Mr. Crawford has just given his entire Morris collection—several hundred items—to the Morgan. "They fitted in with the early Morris manuscripts and illustrated incunabula from the Morris library which the Morgan already had," he said. "I got most of my Morris material in the forties and fifties, when few were interested in him. He's now reaching a peak of interest. I gave up collecting books for collecting painting fourteen years ago. It's good to restrict yourself. I still collect Chinese art. My Chinese collection has doubled since the 1962 show."

He smiled, and said, "The Morgan has made me a Fellow in Perpetuity—its highest category of benefactor. My name is on the wall of its entrance hall. I've given things to other museums and libraries—including Brown's. They gave me an honorary degree in 1964, and last June, to my astonishment, they made me an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa. I stood in line with a bunch of undergraduates, who looked at me in astonishment."

We attended the show's Fellows' preview a few nights later, mingling easily with an orderly crowd. "No talk tonight," Mr. Ryskamp said. "Too much to see." This included the printing press used for the Chaucer, a magnificent instrument over six feet high at its highest point. A broadly smiling Crawford was surrounded by broadly smiling friends. "John, like William Morris, is an exemplar of a man who



"Could you step in here a moment, Miss Little? Something in the middle drawer seems to have me by the necktie."

collects joyously and gives away joyously," one of them—Robert Nikirk, the librarian of the Grolier Club—said to us. "He adores what he's involved in."

Walk on Broadway

EARLY fall, a workaday season, a season of cheerful acceptance of limitation—when many men realize that even though watching "Monday Night Football" is probably the greatest thing that will happen to them in the next several months, it is probably not much greater than the worst thing that will happen to them in the next several months—is a good time to take a walk. On Friday night at around a quarter to seven, midtown was empty, still panting with the breath of all the people who had just finished passing through it, and massage-parlor hand-outs collected on the windward side of many structures. We shot up to 125th Street on the A train, walked west on 125th to Broadway, and began to walk down Broadway. At each block, the view at the west end of the cross street was another rectangular section of

the spoiled-watermelon-red sunset. We walked all the way down Broadway to Canal Street, and in the course of those eight miles or so we discovered that we take an average of eighty-five steps per block, that "WALK" signs are not synchronized to any human walking speed, and that about one out of five of the sentences you hear on the street in Manhattan is in a foreign language. Other items of interest: At Eighty-ninth Street, a man standing on the corner was singing, "Give me your heart to rely on," repeating the phrase several times, and then saying, "Remember that one, huh?" At Seventy-sixth Street, a man wearing a plaid golf hat was walking up the street backward. In the Village, a man in a leather jacket was trying to teach his two Chihuahuas how to climb onto the curb, and a woman walked by saying to herself, "I worked for a manufacturer. It's no secret—I worked for Colgate-Palmolive." The best thing was in Times Square. A transvestite was standing near a newsstand talking to two policemen. "Oh, no, I'm already married," the transvestite said. "My husband's a newscaster."

APARTMENT 6-A: AFTER THE FALL

IT has been over a year now since, in the wake of demoralizing setbacks, I finally abandoned my West Village apartment to the North Vietnamese. It was a time of great chaos. In my haste I had no choice but to leave behind hundreds of dollars' worth of appliances, clothing, and plants. The panic, the loss of my security deposit, getting my phone turned off, packing my small travelling bag, grabbing a taxi—all that seems like a dim nightmare to me now. But as the painful memories have lost some of their sharpness, my curiosity has grown. How has my apartment changed in the past year and a half? What have the Communists managed to make of the place where I sustained a free and democratic life for the better part of two years? I, of course, have not been allowed to visit my old pied-à-terre, but from accounts of Taiwanese businessmen and Belgian journalists who have been allowed in I have managed to piece together a picture of the new Apartment 6-A at 226 Waverly Place.

More than a year after its fall, 6-A appears to be an apartment still in transition. In the living room, the Communists have retained much of my furniture, including my stereo and my portable color-TV. All the furniture and appliances that used to belong to me

have been registered and given identity cards. My two end tables have been removed, under the Communists' Return to Deco Shop of Origin program. My terra-cotta fish poacher and horseshoe-crab-shell lamps have been relocated out into the country. My couch has submitted to voluntary reupholstering. The Communists have kept all my record albums, and I am told that they play them a lot. My cat, Bill, who likes to watch pigeons, seems perfectly happy with his new name, Ho Chi Minh Domestic Animal. My clippings of "Ziggy" and "Today's Chuckle" are no longer taped to the refrigerator, and in their place are Communist maxims: "Advance in the Flush of Victory with New Vigor and Remember to Get an Extra Set of Keys Made!," "Strive Resolutely to Pick Up the People's Laundry Before Five!," and "Work for a Striking Development of Our Sunny Breakfast Nook!" In general, the kitchen has a more functional, lived-in look than before, when I mainly used it to prepare cans of Campbell's Chunky Beef Soup.

Among the more important dynamics at work in the redesign of my apartment is a division between two schools of thought in the Politburo of the Workers' Party. One school, the moderates, maintains that illiterate peasants who have only recently emerged from the

jungles and paddies after a twenty-year period of war and apartment-hunting cannot be expected to have any sense of design, style, color, or fabric, and that the new government should not be afraid to hire interior decorators who may be foreign-born or who even may not hold to the strict Communist Party line. The hard-liners, on the other hand, believe that coming up with a decorating scheme is well within the powers of the North Vietnamese Army, and that all they really have to do is put a couple of coats of barn-red deck paint on the floor, paint the walls and ceiling off-white, buy a couple of nice rugs and some hanging plants and some big pillows, and then get a wheel of Brie and throw a party to break the place in. A similar theoretical split exists among the members of the Phong-trao Phu-nu Giai-phong, or Freed Women Movement, whose efforts to fix the bathroom so that the cold-water pipe under the sink doesn't leak on the physical therapist in 5-A have been beset with problems. The moderates advocate trying Liquid-plumr or an Epoxi-Patch, while the hard-liners believe it is the landlord's problem, and if he doesn't do something about it pretty soon they favor going after the windshield of his Mercury Montego with a Volkswagen jack. At present, the moderates hold sway in most areas of the renovation of Apartment 6-A, and the success of their efforts over the next few months will very likely determine whether they or the hard-liners will continue to formulate apartment policy in such unresolved areas as the potentially divisive matchstick versus traditional-plastic-venetian window-blind issue.

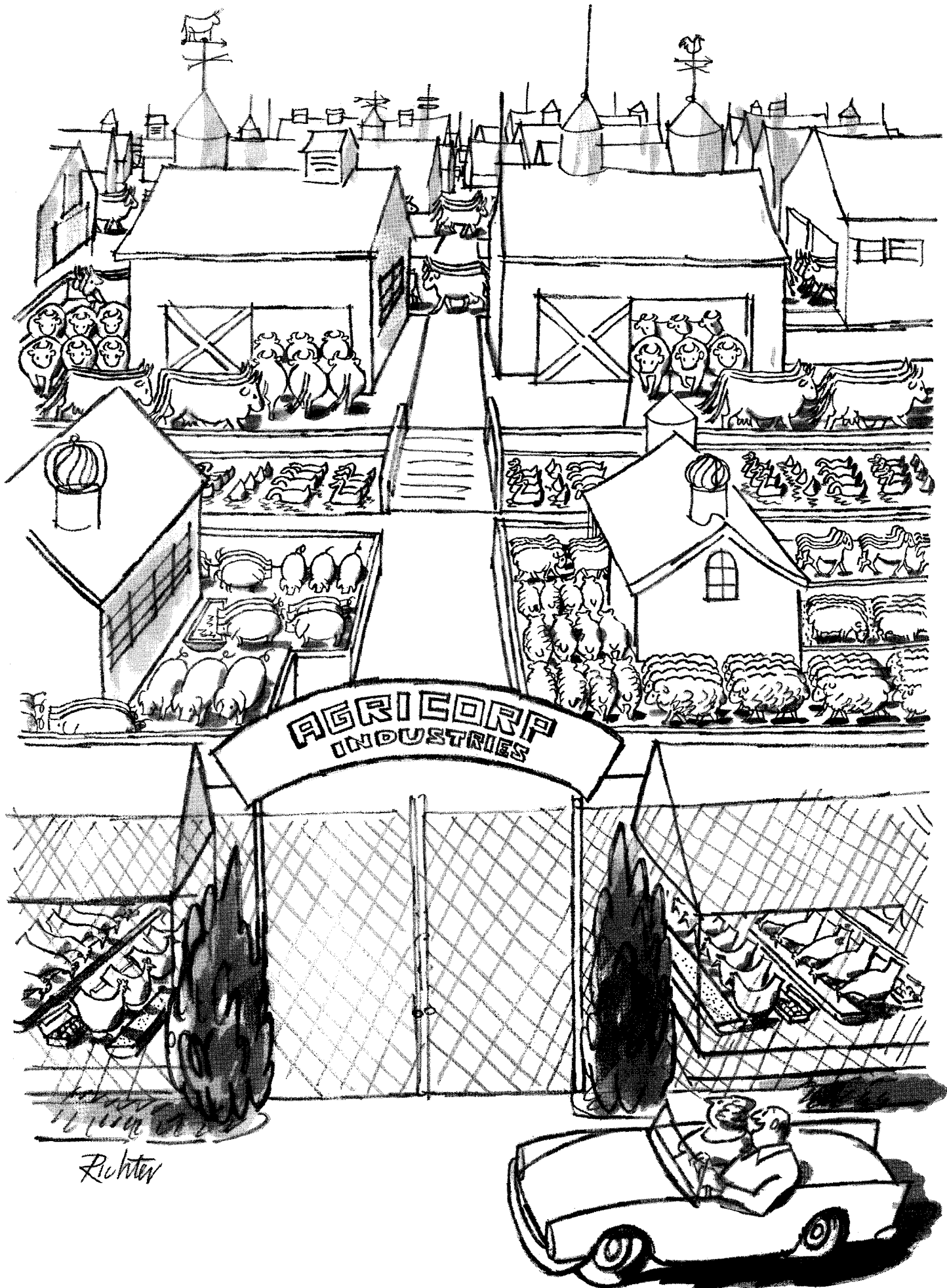
In recent months, the Communists have been entertaining more—having more people over at Plenteous Rice Harvest Brunches and Revere Progressive Elders At-Homes, and guests have remarked that they notice a new atmosphere of hope in my former residence. After all, it's in a nice neighborhood, and it's convenient—right on the I.R.T.—and there are lots of things to do in the area, and the Communists have my list of sitters. They have a two-year lease on the place, so unless rent control is repealed the rent won't go up right away, and they also have a sublet clause, just in case they ever want to move on. It's a fairly safe part of town, and just a couple of blocks away there's a delicatessen that's open until two, where they sell Pepperidge Farm cookies, and there are some terrific new courses they can take at The New School, and things just might turn out to be not all that bad.

—IAN FRAZIER



WEBER

*"If you read the 'Trenton Times-Advertiser,'
you probably know who I am."*



"Now, that's a corporate farm."

HERE COME THE MAPLES

THEY had always been a lucky couple, and it was just their luck that, as they at last decided to part, the Puritan Commonwealth in which they lived passed a no-fault amendment to its creaking, overworked body of divorce law. By its provisions a joint affidavit had to be filed. It went, "Now come Richard F. and Joan R. Maple and swear under the penalties of perjury that an irretrievable breakdown of the marriage exists." For Richard, reading a copy of the document in his Boston apartment, the wording conjured up a vision of himself and Joan breezing into a party hand in hand while a liveried doorman trumpeted their names and a snow of confetti and champagne bubbles exploded in the room. In the two decades of their marriage, they had gone together to a lot of parties, and always with a touch of excitement, a little hope, a little expectation of something lucky happening.

With the affidavit were enclosed various frightening financial forms and a request for a copy of their marriage license. Though they had lived in New York and London, on islands and farms and for one summer even in a log cabin, they had been married a few subway stops from where Richard now stood, reading his mail. He had not been in the Cambridge City Hall since the morning he had been granted the license, the morning of their wedding. His parents had driven him up from the Connecticut motel where they had all spent the night, on their way from West Virginia; they had risen at six, to get there on time, and for much of the journey he had had his coat over his head, hoping to get back to sleep. He seemed in memory now a sea creature, boneless beneath the jellyfish bell of his own coat, rising helplessly along the coast as the air grew hotter and hotter. It was June, and steamy. When, to-

ward noon, they got to Cambridge, and dragged their bodies and boxes of wedding clothes up the four flights to Joan's apartment, on Avon Street, the bride was taking a bath. Who else was in the apartment Richard could not remember; his recollection of the day was spotty—legible patches on a damp gray blotter. The day had no sky and no clouds, just a fog of shadowless sunlight enveloping the bricks on Brattle Street, and the white spires of Harvard, and the fat cars baking in the tarry streets. He was twenty-one, and Eisenhower was President, and the bride was behind the door, shouting that he mustn't come in, it would be bad luck for him to see her. Someone was in there with her, giggling and splashing. Who? Her sister? Her mother? Richard leaned against the bathroom door, and heard his parents heaving themselves up the stairs behind him, panting but still chattering, and pictured Joan as she was when in the bath, her toes pink, her neck tendrils flattened, her breasts floating and soapy

and slick. Then the memory dried up, and the next blot showed her and him side by side, driving together into the shimmering noontime traffic jam of Central Square. She wore a summer dress of sun-faded cotton; he kept his eyes on the traffic, to minimize the bad luck of seeing her before the ceremony. Other couples, he thought at the time, must have arranged to have their papers in order more than two hours before the wedding. But then, no doubt, other grooms didn't travel to the ceremony with their coats over their heads like children hiding from a thunderstorm. Hand in hand, smaller than Hänsel and Gretel in his mind's eye, they ran up the long flight of stairs into a gingerbread-brown archway and disappeared.

CAMBRIDGE CITY HALL, in a changed world, was unchanged. The rounded Richardsonian castle, red sandstone and pink granite, loomed as a gentle giant in its crass neighborhood. Its interior was varnished oak, pale and gleaming. Richard seemed to remember receiving the license at a

grated window downstairs with a brass plate, but an arrow on cardboard directed him upward. His knees trembled and his stomach churned at the enormity of what he was doing. He turned a corner. A grandmotherly woman reigned within a spacious, idle territory of green-topped desks and great ledgers in steel racks. "Could I get a c-copy of a marriage license?" he asked her.

"Year?"

"Beg pardon?"

"What is the year of the marriage license, sir?"

"1953." Enunciated, the year seemed distant as a star, yet here he was again, feeling not a minute older, and sweating in the same summer heat. Nevertheless, the lady, having taken down the names and the date, had to leave him and go to another chamber of the archives, so far away in truth was the event he wished to undo.



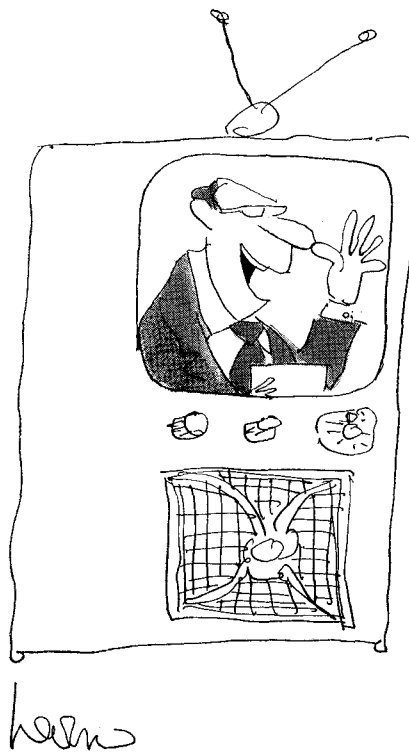
She returned with a limp he hadn't noticed before. The ledger she carried was three feet wide when opened, a sorcerer's tome. She turned the vast pages carefully, as if the chasm of lost life and forsaken time they represented might at a slip leap up and swallow them both. She must once have been a flaming redhead, but her hair had dulled to apricot and had stiffened to permanent curls, lifeless as dried paper. She smiled, a crimped little smile. "Yes," she said. "Here we are."

And Richard could read, upside down, on a single long red line, Joan's maiden name and his own. Her profession was listed as "Teacher" (she had been an apprentice art teacher; he had forgotten her spattered blue smock, the clayey smell of her fingers, the way she would bicycle to work on even the coldest days) and his own, inferiorly, as "Student." And their given addresses surprised him, in being different—the foyer on Avon Street, the entryway in Lowell House, forgotten doors opening on the corridor of shared addresses that stretched from then to now. Their signatures—He could not bear to study their signatures, even upside down. At a glance, Joan's seemed firmer, and bluer. "You want one or more copies?"

"One should be enough."

As fussily as if she had not done this thousands of times before, the former redhead, smoothing the paper and repeatedly dipping her antique pen, copied the information onto a standard form.

What else survived of that wedding day? There were a few slides, Richard remembered. A cousin of Joan's had posed the main members of the wedding on the sidewalk outside the church, all gathered around a parking meter. The meter, a slim silvery representative of the municipality, occupies the place of honor in the grouping, with his narrow head and scarlet tongue. Like the meter, the groom is very thin. He blinked simultaneously with the shutter, so the suggestion of a death mask hovers about his face. The dimpled bride's pose, tense and graceful both, has something dancerlike about it, the feet pointed outward on the hot bricks; she might be about to pick up the organdie skirts of her bridal gown and vault herself into a tour jeté. The four parents, not yet transmogrified into grand-



"And that's the opinion of the management of this station."

parents, seem dim in the slide, half lost in the fog of light, benevolent and lumpy like the stones of the building in which Richard was shelling out the three-dollar fee for his copy, his anti-license.

Another image was captured by Richard's college roommate, who drove them to their honeymoon cottage in a seaside town an hour south of Cambridge. A croquet set had been left on the porch, and Richard, in one of those stunts he had developed to mask unease, picked up three of the balls and began to juggle. The roommate, perhaps also uneasy, snapped the moment up; the red ball hangs there forever, blurred, in the amber slant of the dying light, while the yellow and green glint in Richard's hands and his face concentrates upward in a slack-jawed ecstasy.

"I have another problem," he told the grandmotherly clerk as she shut the vast ledger and prepared to shoulder it.

"What would that be?" she asked.

"I have an affidavit that should be notarized."

"That wouldn't be my department, sir. First floor, to the left when you get off the elevator, to the right if you use the stairs. The stairs are quicker, if you ask me."

He followed her directions and found a young black woman at a steel desk bristling with gold-framed images of fidelity and solidarity and stability, of children and parents, of a sombre

brown boy in a brown military uniform, of a family laughing by a lakeside; there was even a photograph of a house—an ordinary little ranch house somewhere, with a green lawn. She read Richard's affidavit without comment. He suppressed his urge to beg her pardon. She asked to see his driver's license and compared its face with his. She handed him a pen and set a seal of irrevocability beside his signature. The red ball still hung in the air, somewhere in a box of slides he would never see again, and the luminous hush of the cottage when they were left alone in it still travelled, a capsule of silence, outward to the stars; but what grieved Richard more, wincing as he stepped from the brown archway into the summer glare, was a suspended detail of the wedding. In his daze, his sleepiness, in his wonder at the white creature trembling beside him at the altar, on the edge of his awareness like a rainbow in a fog, he had forgotten to seal the vows with a kiss. Joan had glanced over at him, smiling, expectant; he had smiled back, not remembering. The moment passed, and they hurried down the aisle as now he hurried, ashamed, down the City Hall stairs to the street and the tunnel of the subway.

AS the subway racketed through darkness, he read about the forces of nature. A scholarly extract had

come in the mail, in the same mail as the affidavit. Before he lived alone, he would have thrown it away without a second look, but now, as he slowly took on the careful habits of a Boston codger, he read every scrap he was sent, and even stooped in the alleys to pick up a muddy fragment of newspaper and scan it for a message. Thus, he read, *it was already known in 1935 that the natural world was governed by four kinds of force: in order of increasing strength, they are the gravitational, the weak, the electromagnetic, and the strong.* Reading, he found himself rooting for the weak forces; he identified with them. Gravitation, though negligible at the microcosmic level, *begins to predominate with objects on the order of magnitude of a hundred kilometres, like large asteroids; it holds together the moon, the earth, the solar system, the stars, clusters of stars within galaxies, and the galaxies themselves.* To Richard it was as if a fainthearted team overpowered at the start of the game was surging to triumph in the last, macrocosmic quarter; he inwardly cheered. The subway lurched to a stop at Kendall, and he remembered how, a few days after their wedding, he and Joan took a train north through New Hampshire, to summer jobs they had contracted for, as a couple. The train, long since discontinued, had wound its way north along the busy rivers sullied by sawmills and into evergreen mountains where ski lifts stood rusting. The seats had been purple plush, and the train incessantly, gently swayed. Her arms, pale against the plush, showed a pink shadowing of sunburn. Uncertain of how to have a honeymoon, yet certain that they must create memories to last till death did them part, they had played croquet naked, in the little yard that, amid the trees, seemed an eye of grass gazing upward at the sky. She beat him, every game. *The weak force, Richard read, does not appreciably affect the structure of the nucleus before the decay occurs; it is like a flaw in a bell of cast metal which has no effect on the ringing of the bell until it finally causes the bell to fall into pieces.*

The subway car climbed into light, to cross the Charles. Sailboats tilted on the glitter below. Across the river, Boston's smoke-colored skyscrapers hung like paralyzed fountains. The train had leaned around a bay of a lake and halted at The Weirs, a gritty summer place of ice cream dripped on asphalt, of a candy-apple scent wafted from the edge of childhood. After a wait of hours, they caught the mail boat to their island where they would work. The island was on the far side of Lake

Winnepesaukee, with many other islands intervening, and many mail drops necessary. Before each docking, the boat blew its whistle—an immense noise. The Maples had sat on the prow, for the sun and scenery; once there, directly under the whistle, they felt they had to stay. The islands, the water, the mountains beyond the shore did an adagio of shifting perspectives around them and then—each time, astoundingly—the blast of the whistle would flatten their hearts and crush the landscape into a wad of noise; these blows assaulted their young marriage. He both blamed her and wished to beg her forgiveness for what neither of them could control. After each blast, the engine would be cut, the boat would sidle to a rickety dock, and from the dappled soft paths of this or that evergreen island tan children and counsellors in bathing trunks and moccasins would spill forth to receive their mail, their shouts ringing strangely in the deafened ears of the newlyweds. By the time they reached their own island, the Maples were exhausted.

Quantum mechanics and relativity, taken together, are extraordinarily restrictive and they, therefore, provide us with a great logical engine. Richard returned the pamphlet to his pocket and got off at Charles. He walked across the overpass toward the hospital, to see his arthritis man. His bones ached at night. He had friends who were dying, who were dead; it no longer seemed incredible that he would follow them. The first time he had visited this hospital, it had been to court Joan. He had climbed this same ramp to the glass doors and inquired within, stammering, for the whereabouts, in this grand maze of unhealth, of the girl who had sat, with a rubber band around

her ponytail, in the front row of English 162b: "The English Epic Tradition, Spenser to Tennyson." He had admired the tilt of the back of her head for three hours a week all winter. He gathered up courage to talk in exam period as, together at a library table, they were mulling over murky photo-stats of Blake's illustrations to "Paradise Lost." They agreed to meet after the exam and have a beer. She didn't show. In that amphitheatre of desperately thinking heads, hers was absent. And, having put "The Faerie Queene" and "The Idylls of the King" to rest together, he called her dorm and learned that Joan had been taken to the hospital. A force of nature drove him to brave the long corridors and the wrong turns and the crowd of aunts and other suitors at the foot of the bed; he found Joan in white, between white sheets, her hair loose about her shoulders and a plastic tube feeding something transparent into the underside of her arm. In later visits, he achieved the right to hold her hand, trussed though it was with splints and tapes. Platelet deficiency had been the diagnosis. The complaint had been she couldn't stop bleeding. Blushing, she told him how the doctors and internes had asked her when she had last had intercourse, and how embarrassing it had been to confess, in the face of their polite disbelief, never.

The doctor removed the blood-pressure tourniquet from Richard's arm and smiled. "Have you been under any stress lately?"

"I've been getting a divorce."

"Arthritis, as you may know, belongs to a family of complaints with a psychosomatic component."

"All I know is that I wake up at four in the morning and it's very de-

AT GEORGICA BEACH

How roughly ambivalent the seizure is
Of the sea to fix each wave it undoes
In the wake each time of the breakage it was,

Each coming in to the edge of drydock,
And then, underneath, the long drawing back,
Leaving the minor clatter of shellshock . . .

It's day. The wind's up. The ocean's gambling
With light. The dice thrown, the game is running
Away with itself in runnels and creases—

The long cliff-hangers, just as they strengthen
Their hold on the surface, break and capsize
Into the sinking spools and renewals

Of things getting ready only to be things.

—HOWARD MOSS





"I'm afraid, Stanley, this party's like what they say about Mars. We may have chemistry, but we do not as yet have biology."

pressing to think I'll never get over this, this pain'll be inside my shoulder for the rest of my life."

"You will. It won't."

"When?"

"When your brain stops sending out punishing signals."

Her hand, in its little cradle of healing apparatus, its warmth unresisting and noncommittal as he held it at her bedside, rested high, nearly at the level of his eyes. On the island, the beds in the log cabin set aside for them were of different heights, and though Joan tried to make them into a double bed, there was a ledge where the mattresses met which either he or she had to cross, amid a discomfort of sheets pulling loose. But the cabin was in the woods and powerful moist scents of pine and fern swept through the screens with the morning chirrup of birds and the evening rustle of animals. There was a rumor there were deer on the island; they crossed the ice in the winter and

were trapped when it melted in the spring. Though no one, neither camper nor counsellor, ever saw the deer, the rumor persisted that they were there.

Why then has no one ever seen a quark? Remembering this sentence as he walked along Charles Street toward his apartment, that no one has ever seen a quark, Richard fished in his pockets for the pamphlet on the forces of nature, and came up instead with a new prescription for painkiller, a copy of his marriage license, and the signed affidavit. *Now come...* The pamphlet had got folded into it. He couldn't find the sentence, and instead read, *The theory that the strong force becomes stronger as the quarks are pulled apart is somewhat speculative; but its complement, the idea that the force gets weaker as the quarks are pushed closer to each other, is better established.* Yes, he thought, that had happened. In life there are four forces: love, habit, time, and boredom. Love and habit at short

range are immensely powerful, but time, lacking a minus charge, accumulates inexorably, and with its brother boredom levels all. He was dying; that made him cruel. His heart flattened in horror at what he had just done. How could he tell Joan what he had done to their marriage license? The very quarks in the telephone circuits would rebel.

In the forest, there had been a green clearing, an eye of grass, a meadow starred with microcosmic white flowers, and here one dusk the deer had come, the female slightly in advance, the male larger and darker, his rump still in shadow as his mate nosed out the day's last sun, the silhouettes of both haloed by the same light that gilded the meadow grass. A fleet of blank-faced motorcyclists roared by, a rummy waved to Richard from a laundromat doorway, a girl in a seductive halter gave him a cold eye, the light changed from red to green, and he could not

remember if he needed orange juice or bread, doubly annoyed because he could not remember if they had ever really seen the deer, or if he had imagined the memory, conjured it from the longing that it be so.

"I DON'T remember," Joan said over the phone. "I don't think we did, we just talked about it."

"Wasn't there a kind of clearing beyond the cabin, if you followed the path?"

"We never went that way, it was too buggy."

"A stag and a doe, just as it was getting dark. Don't you remember anything?"

"No. I honestly don't, Richard. How guilty do you want me to feel?"

"Not at all, if it didn't happen. Speaking of nostalgia—"

"Yes?"

"I went up to Cambridge City Hall this afternoon and got a copy of our marriage license."

"Oh dear. How was it?"

"It wasn't bad. The place is remarkably the same. Did we get the license upstairs or downstairs?"

"Downstairs, to the left of the elevator as you go in."

"That's where I got our affidavit notarized. You'll be getting a copy soon; it's a shocking document."

"I did get it, yesterday. What was shocking about it? I thought it was funny, the way it was worded. Here we come, there we go."

"Darley, you're so tough and brave."

"I assume I must be. No?"

"Yes."

Not for the first time in these two years did he feel an eggshell thinness behind which he crouched and which Joan needed only to raise her voice to break. But she declined to break it, either out of ignorance of how thin the shell was, or because she was hatching on its other side, just as, on the other side of that bathroom door, she had been drawing near to marriage at the same rate as he, and with the same regressive impulses. "What I don't understand," she was saying, "are we both supposed to sign the same statement, or do we each sign one, or what? And

which one? My lawyer keeps sending me three of everything, and some of them are in blue covers. Are these the important ones or the unimportant ones that I can keep?"

In truth, the lawyers, so adroit in their accustomed adversary world of blame, of suit and countersuit, did seem confused by the no-fault provision. On the very morning of the divorce, Richard's greeted him on the courthouse steps with the possibility that he as plaintiff might be asked to specify what in the marriage had persuaded him of its irretrievable breakdown. "But that's the whole point of no-fault," Joan interposed, "that you don't have to say anything." She had climbed the courthouse steps beside Richard; indeed, they had come in the same car, because one of their children had taken hers.

The proceeding was scheduled for early in the day. Picking her up at a

quarter after seven, he had found her standing barefoot on the lawn in the circle of their driveway, up to her ankles in mist and dew. She was holding her high-heeled shoes in her hand. The sight made him laugh. Opening the car door, he said, "So there *are* deer on the island!"

She was too preoccupied to make sense of his allusion. She asked him, "Do you think the judge will mind if I don't wear stockings?"

"Keep your legs behind his bench," he said. He was feeling fluttery, light-headed. He had scarcely slept, though his shoulder had not hurt, for a change. She got into the car, bringing with her her shoes and the moist smell of dawn. She had always been an early riser, and he a late one. "Thanks for doing this," she said, of the ride, adding, "I guess."

"My pleasure," Richard said. As they drove to court, discussing their cars and their children, he marvelled at how light Joan had become; she sat on the side of his vision as light as a feather, her voice tickling his ear, her familiar intonations and emphases thoroughly musical and half unheard, like the patterns of a concerto that sets us to daydreaming. He no longer blamed her: that was the reason for the lightness. All those years, he had blamed her for everything—for the traffic jam in Central Square, for the blasts of noise on the mail boat, for the difference in the levels of their beds. No longer: he had set her adrift from omnipotence. He had set her free, free from fault. She was to him as Gretel to Hänsel, a kindred creature moving beside him down a path while birds behind them ate the bread crumbs.

Richard's lawyer eyed Joan lugubriously. "I understand that, Mrs. Maple," he said. "But perhaps I should have a word in private with my client."

The lawyers they had chosen were oddly different. Richard's was a big rumpled Irishman, his beige summer suit baggy and his belly straining his shirt, a melancholic and comforting father-type. Joan's was small, natty, and flip; he dressed in checks and talked from the side



Receiving Line

of his mouth, like a racing tout. Twinkling, chipper even at this sleepy hour, he emerged from behind a pillar in the marble temple of justice and led Joan away. Her head, slightly higher than his, tilted to give him her ear; she dimpled, docile. Richard wondered in amazement, Could this sort of man have been, all these years, the secret type of her desire? His own lawyer, breathing heavily, asked him, "If the judge does ask for a specific cause of the breakdown—and I don't say he will, we're all sailing uncharted waters here—what will you say?"

"I don't know," Richard said. He studied the swirl of marble, like a tiny wave breaking, between his shoe tips. "We had political differences. She used to make me go on peace marches."

"Any physical violence?"

"Not much. Not enough, maybe. You really think he'll ask this sort of thing? Is this no-fault or not?"

"No-fault is a *tabula rasa* in this state. At this point, Dick, it's what we make of it. I don't know what he'll do. We should be prepared."

"Well—aside from the politics, we didn't get along that well sexually."

The air between them thickened; with his own father, too, sex had been a painful topic. His lawyer's breathing became grievously audible. "So you'd be prepared to say there was personal and emotional incompatibility?"

It seemed profoundly untrue, but Richard nodded. "If I have to."

"Good enough." The lawyer put his big hand on Richard's arm and squeezed. His closeness, his breathiness, his air of restless urgency and forced cheer, his old-fashioned suit and the folder of papers tucked under his arm like roster sheets all came into focus: he was a coach, and Richard was about to kick the winning field goal, do the high-difficulty dive, strike out the heart of the batting order with the bases already loaded. Go.

They entered the courtroom two by two. The chamber was chaste and empty; the carved trim was painted forest green. The windows gave on an ancient river blackened by industry. Dead judges gazed alertly down. The two lawyers conferred, leaving Richard and Joan to stand awkwardly apart.



"Well, Senator, we've sharpened your image, and your recognition factor is way up. Unfortunately, they're all against you."

He made his "What now?" face at her. She made her "Beats me" face back. "Oyez, oyez," a disembodied voice chanted, and the judge hurried in, smiling, his robes swinging. He was a little sharp-featured man with a polished pink face; his face declared that he was altogether good, and would never die. He stood and nodded at them. He seated himself. The lawyers went forward to confer in whispers. Richard inertly gravitated toward Joan, the only animate object in the room that did not repel him. "It's a Daumier," she whispered, of the tableau being enacted before them. The lawyers parted. The judge beckoned. He was so clean his smile squeaked. He showed Richard a piece of paper; it was the affidavit. "Is this your signature?" he asked him.

"It is," Richard said.

"And do you believe, as this paper states, that your marriage has suffered an irretrievable breakdown?"

"I do."

The judge turned his face toward Joan. His voice softened a notch. "Is this your signature?"

"It is." Her voice was a healing

spray, full of tiny rainbows, in the corner of his eye.

"And do you believe that your marriage has suffered an irretrievable breakdown?"

A pause. She did not believe that, Richard knew. She said, "I do."

The judge smiled and wished them both good luck. The lawyers sagged with relief, and a torrent of merry legal chitchat—speculations about the future of no-fault, reminiscences of the old days of Alabama quickies—excluded Joan and Richard. Obsolete at their own ceremony, Joan and Richard stepped back from the bench in unison and stood side by side, uncertain of how to turn, until Richard at last remembered what to do; he kissed her.

—JOHN UPDIKE

So, if you're ambitious (and we don't really want you if you aren't) you can go right to the top within a remarkably short time. Every commissioned officer is promoted from the ranks—there's nothing except sheer ability to stop you achieving a high position.—*Adv. in the Auckland (N.Z.) Star.*

In that case, we're in!

REFLECTIONS

THE SUBURBAN LANDSCAPE: OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND

JERICH0, a village in the Town of Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, was settled in the seventeenth century by Quakers, at a crossroads that is today the intersection of four major highways. Owing to the construction of a cloverleaf, most of the original village, which was built around the four corners, was destroyed, but a Quaker graveyard, on an isolated polygon of land left untouched by the new roads, survived. The gravestones ("Obadiah," "Jemima") stand on a slope under tall, narrow-trunked trees (locust, cedar, oak). On this autumn day, the light is honeyed, and the mixed grasses—licking the corroded stones—contribute the dominant note in a variety of vegetable greens. At the top of the slope is the meeting house (still actively used), an austere Colonial structure, silhouetted at this moment against the late-afternoon sun. At the bottom of the slope, off by itself near a cedar tree, is the grave of Elias Hicks, an

eighteenth-century Quaker leader and the designer of the meeting house. Hicks' spot has a latent sensuality—the lushness of the grass, the redness in the cedar trunk—that I often find in the countryside of the East Coast, and that at once mocks and embellishes the severe purity of his handiwork at the top of the hill. This is an American place. It fills me with tenderness for what is enduring and true in the American character; provokes a stirring in the mind to wonder what that really is, a straining to connect with collective memory. The power of landscape. In a foreign country, one tries to soak up an impression of place to achieve an indirect sense of the civilization that grew there, but at home landscape is like an extension of oneself, a kind of mirror in which one searches for a reflection of who we are, generically.

Outside the graveyard lies another kind of landscape. The Town of Oyster Bay (110 square miles, 342,000

people) is a suburban place much like many others, a patchwork of demure residential enclaves, each with its own standard house size, a pattern veined by overcrowded highways and the strips of shopping centers, fast-food joints, and haphazard commercial iconography which have become the hallmarks of suburban thoroughfares. There is nothing unexpected about what one sees in the Town of Oyster Bay—or Tobay, as it is familiarly called in the local newspapers. It is a more or less ordinary suburban landscape—that familiar combination of monotony and disorder which quickly lulls a passer-through into inattention. One could even say that the primary characteristic of the Oyster Bay landscape is that it defies attention. The picture is fractured by arbitrary contrasts: between the eerily quiet and tidy developments and the chaotic highway strips; between the dead, cold atmosphere of the parking lot outside a supermarket and the trancelike mood

of Muzak and food-packaging paisley inside; between the compact scale of the houses and the mammoth, warehouselike shapes of discount stores. Abrupt juxtapositions of banal but almost violently disparate scenes, and collisions of incompatible scale, confuse whatever that faculty is which makes sense out of landscape. These vistas consist only of pieces that together don't add up.

Moreover, there is no sense of time in the landscape other than the present, and because of this it has a flat, paper-thin aspect. Most of the architecture is of the functional, mass-produced brand of the last twenty years. (The only hints of any fore-runners are touches like the stunted gable of a "Colonial-style" supermarket, or a cupola tacked on a bank.) Even nature doesn't yield a sense of time. Twelve-year-old saplings measure history, for the natural con-



tours of the land have been bulldozed and those parts of it which have not been paved over have been painstakingly "landscaped" into nursery-bought tableaux. Many sections of Oyster Bay are not even recognizably a part of the East Coast, and it is from a sense of region, after all, that one draws a sense of time and history—the resonance of layers of human experience lived in a particular place. This absence of resonance is unnerving, like a musical note from which all overtones have been electronically erased.

Whether it is the Quaker graveyard or suburban Oyster Bay, each of our landscapes tells us something about ourselves—something more than what our sense of aesthetics is, or how competent we are as planners. Our landscapes are physical expressions of what we are like, either because they formed us or because we formed them, or both. To me, the difficult, confusing landscapes of suburbia are exceptionally significant, because suburbia is the fullest, most unadulterated embodiment of the American present: the mainstream present, the point in the central current of social history where it rolls into the future. Whatever that future holds, suburbia will be its past. More Americans now live in suburban places than in either cities or rural areas—a trend that shows no sign of abating. And, perhaps even more important, migration to suburbia is a manifestation of some of the most fundamental characteristics of modern society: upward mobility, the breakdown of the family into independent nuclear units, the widening division between work and leisure, the tendency toward homogeneity—to mention only a few items on a very long list. Suburbia does not have a monopoly on these trends—they stem from the motion of the whole society—but in suburban places the new world we are building is singularly visible, because it is singularly undiluted. History, the poor, the diversity of marginal, idiosyncratic ways of life, inherited values and inherited problems: all these have by and large been left behind either in the cities or in the deep country. So when one looks out upon a suburban landscape, one is, in a way, looking directly at the face of our era. The interpretation of landscape, however, is a very unscientific affair. What landscape has to tell is cryptic and elusive and almost infinitely pliable; what it has to tell doesn't sit out there as a set of facts waiting to be examined and analyzed but is contained in the interaction between a subjective viewer and what he or she sees. So what follows here is less an analysis of what I see in



"The beans with chili, the businessman's teriyaki lunch, and the tomato stuffed with egg salad are dangerous today."

Oyster Bay—or in suburbia, or in the American present—than a personal interaction with a landscape which, to a degree, represents all the above. It is a look at some of the facts behind the landscape, a look at the feelings the landscape provokes, and an attempt to draw a connection between the two. And I think it is important to say that insofar as it is a portrait of Oyster Bay it is a view from the outside, seen from a position of apartness—a limited perspective, and one that reveals more, perhaps, about the viewer than about Oyster Bay. But it is, nonetheless, a search for some understanding of the place as well: of this place which, whatever else can be said about it, is, like the graveyard, an unmistakably American place.

LONG ISLAND, a hundred and eighty-seven miles long and, variously, from twelve to twenty-three miles wide, noses into New York Harbor from the Atlantic like a long, narrow fish. The head of the fish is Brooklyn and Queens (boroughs of New York City), the middle is Nassau County, which is completely suburban ("saturated" is the word the planners use), and the rest is Suffolk County, which is also largely suburban but is still in the growth stage, and remains, toward the easternmost end (the fish's tail), agricultural. In 1973, the United States Bureau of the Census decided

to treat Nassau and Suffolk together as a "Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area"—in other words, as a huge, diffuse city in its own right. The new definition is conceptually accurate, for the word "suburban," implying dependence on and subordination to a city, is becoming more and more inappropriate as the area develops its own cultural and economic center of gravity, and as the city itself faces the possibility of a future on the margins of prosperity. Oyster Bay can be thought of as a borough of this new city. In Nassau County, and about forty miles from New York, it extends across the width of the island, from the Long Island Sound, on the North Shore, to the Atlantic Ocean, on the South Shore.

Surveying the township by itself, one sees that there are really two Oyster Bays—the rich one and the ordinary one. The rich one is in the region of the North Shore, consists mostly of incorporated villages (among the better-known are Oyster Bay Cove and Centre Island), and is readily distinguishable by its comparatively rural character. This quality is due to the device of incorporation, which can enable a village to dictate its own zoning laws, without interference from the town government. The usual consequence of this power is that a village establishes zoning laws requiring that each house be occupied by a single

household and that it be surrounded by no less than a set number of acres—on the North Shore, usually from two to five. (The actual acreages, however, are in many cases much greater than the minimum.) Since suburban land everywhere is fairly expensive, such laws in effect guarantee that an incorporated village will be inhabited exclusively by people who are wealthy enough to own large pieces of property. They also guarantee the more desirable low (“rural”) density of population. In Oyster Bay, incorporation also indicates that the community existed before 1938, because in that year the law was changed to withhold the zoning power from all Nassau County villages that incorporated

thereafter (but not withdrawing the power from those communities that were already incorporated). Since that power was the chief attraction of incorporation, no Oyster Bay village sought incorporated status after that date. The significance of this historical dividing line is that the incorporated villages in northern Oyster Bay tend to be older communities.

Ordinary Oyster Bay starts around the upper middle of the township and extends to the South Shore. Much of it was built from scratch during the development boom of the past thirty years, and it is mostly unincorporated, and hence far more densely populated than the North Shore region. Although in terms of median family income the difference between the two Oyster Bays is not overwhelming (median income is calculated by village: thirteen thousand dollars is the lowest median village income in the township, thirty-six thousand the highest), the physical contrast between the tract houses on one-seventh- to one-half-acre plots in ordinary Oyster Bay and the large estates on the North Shore is great, reflecting a difference in wealth as well as income, and leaving the impression of an élite, very special world on the one hand and of the masses—of almost extreme ordinariness—on the other. Also, scattered through the township,

Would you like me more
if I were a woman?
Would you treat me better
were I a man?
I am just words, no
not words even, just marks
on a page, tokens of what?
Oh, you know.
Then tell them, will you?
Tell them to stop looking for me.
Tell them I never left home.
Tell them, if you must,
that I never left my body.
Unlike so many others,
I had no wings, just shoulders.
I was, like the snow bunting,
of stout build but moderate size.
Better make that “exceedingly” moderate size.
I neither blessed nor cursed
but that the good suffered
and evil closed the books in triumph.
I cured no one.
When I died, my bones
turned to dust, not diamonds.
At best, a tooth or two became coal.
How long it took.
You would have liked me then,
had you been alive still.
Had you survived

THE POEM

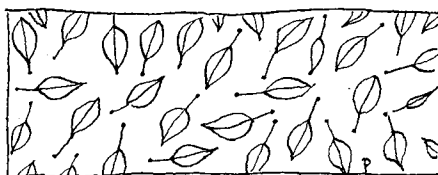
the silliness of the self,
you would have treated me better.
I never lied to you,
once I had grown up.
When x told you you were wonderful,
I said only that you existed.
When y said that you were awful,
I said only that life continues.
I did not mean a life like yours.
Not life so proud to be life.
Not life so conscious of life.
Not life reduced to this life or that life.
Not life as something—to see or own.
Not life as a form of life
which wants wings it doesn't have
and a skeleton of jewels,
not this one of bones and becoming.
How perfect are my words now,
in your absence!
Ungainly yet mild perhaps,
taking the place of no field,
offering neither to stand in the place of a tree
nor where the water was,
neither under your heel nor floating,
just gradually appearing,
gainless and insubstantial,
near you as always,
asking you to dance.

—MARVIN BELL

there are the remnants of a third Oyster Bay—the old agricultural community, which began to lose its hold in the nineteenth century when the rich began to buy up land for their estates, and which was completely unseated by the massive immigration that took place after the Second World War. Bits of that world can still be seen: in an old main street, through which modern cars crawl like oversized beetles; in a three-story farmhouse awkwardly perched on the edge of a shopping center; and in a leftover like the Quaker graveyard. But its existence is so reduced that those bits serve primarily as historical footnotes to an otherwise oblivious modern scene.

The landscape I am concerned with here is that of ordinary Oyster Bay. This is the part of the township in which one finds the fractured, eerily unresonant vistas that I described at the beginning. (The character of the incorporated villages in the north, maintained with the artificial preservative of wealth, is relevant mainly insofar as it represents an ideal that, how-

ever dimly visible, strongly influenced the development of the newer, problematical region to the south.) On one level, at least, there is no mystery about how this landscape came to be. It was created in haste under the pressure of a mass demand for suburban housing; its design was influenced more by the profit motives of individual developers and their friends in government than by foresight; it was molded by the requirements of the automobile; in its development there was little thought of the need for pleasant communal places—the parks and squares and places to walk that can give a heavily populated landscape integrity. The need for planning was recognized only after the pattern was set—when crossroads that once nourished quiet nodes of life had already turned into cloverleaves, when traffic jams were a fact of daily existence, when the individual ugliness of cheap commercial buildings had become a collective norm. Concern for the delicate balance of the environment suffered the same tardy awakening; it came after the air was laced with exhaust fumes, after detergent foamed in the drinking water. Here, as elsewhere, by the time the mistakes had been recognized widely enough for correction, many of them were uncorrectable, just as by the time the phrase “urban sprawl,” so poetically accurate





"Why don't we get our off-the-wall types together with your off-the-wall types and have them—er—bounce it off the wall?"

in its blurry sound, had become common currency in the language, the bland disaster it identified was a standard component of the national landscape.

This is the public story. Equally important are the private stories. Many of the people who settled in Oyster Bay in the decades after the Second World War came from poor city backgrounds to build a new and better life for themselves and their children. They not only *chose* Oyster Bay and the suburban way of life but had to work hard for it; the ownership of a house and a plot of land in a place such as this was for them not something to be taken for granted but a great step up. Nowhere are the energy and the emotional investment that fired these private efforts more evident than in the residential developments. In the extreme care with which each plot is maintained, and in the studied separateness—despite proximity and similarity—of each house and yard from the next, the owner seems to be saying emphatically, "This is *mine*. This is my whole life." The conformity of suburban homeowners to a narrow convention of appearance only reinforces this impression of personal investment, for that convention clearly demands a great effort by each resident: unceasing vigilance, almost dai-

ly acts of commitment to his new and better station in society.

These private stories belong to one of the most dramatic chapters in our social history—the movement that began with the New Deal and resulted in a high standard of material well-being for a majority of Americans. The abstract suburban vista in which each family stands before its own house on its own sward of green is the embodiment of the democratic ideal of material equality: an almost Jeffersonian picture, in which everyone has not only a decent income but an actual share of the land; in which each person is secure and independent by virtue of ownership, and yet, because he is literally grounded in the society, is also fundamentally committed to it. If there are still people in the country who are cut out of their share, then what is the fight in their name for if not to include them in this vista? This is it. The suburbs represent the most advanced stage of democracy. This is the end product of the redistribution of income—the level, modestly prosperous society of equality for which we have, presumably, been striving so long.

Against the thought of the distance we have come, objections to the vistas that this triumph has produced seem, at best, niggling. Yet it is just that thought which renders this landscape particu-

larly disturbing. The burnt-out prospect of a ghetto is terrible, but it does not conflict with what we know is the reality of ghetto life: no puzzling questions there about what is wrong. In Oyster Bay, the questions are not so easily answered, and they inflict a quite different order of uneasiness, because here we see mirrored not our undisputed failures as a nation but our success. Here, where we should find the happiest reflection of ourselves, we are faced with a haphazard, disjointed picture, a landscape that, close up, has many pleasant little corners but as a whole is nonsensical, contradictory, in some ways downright crazy.

For a visitor, this jarring inconsistency is compounded by an additional frustration: in this landscape there is nowhere to stand still, no comfortable vantage point from which to begin to sort the pieces out. Strolling down a residential street, you feel intrusive. Surveying the houses and gardens, you are a voyeur. These are not like the city streets, where the compacted architecture belongs in a sense to everybody and nobody, to whoever wants to look at and enjoy it. Nor are they like the open country, where by simply being on the scene you become a part of it. It seems, indeed, that existence here literally consists of private realms, with few points of contact between

them (and the only realm accessible to the outsider is his own car). Parks and luncheonettes of the kind in which people dawdle are rare in Oyster Bay. Such public areas as do exist—parking lots and supermarkets—are hardly terra firma from which to observe and gather in a sense of place. On the whole, a stranger can come to rest only on those pieces of ground where the seams of the suburban landscape have not been tightly sewn—odd dead spots, like the strips of loosely maintained land which border the parkways (to give motorists an illusion of driving through open country), a weedy field between a housing development and an office building, or the land along parts of the railroad tracks.

It was this problem in particular—the need for a place to stand—that led me to search out the Quaker grave-

yard. Resting there on the cool grass among the old stones was like lying at a safe, balanced center—the one still point—around which the rest of the landscape swayed with an irregular and precipitous motion. The graveyard was solid ground. Yet, instead of providing the vantage point I was looking for, it created a barrier. Its stillness drew inward. The world outside, from this perspective, became increasingly alien, whereas the little bit of landscape in the graveyard, in stark contrast, was native to me. That sense of nativeness led away from an empirical confrontation with the vistas of Oyster Bay and opened onto a personal, entirely different view of the subject.

I GREW up not far from here, in an incorporated North Shore village that, like the villages of Oyster Bay,

consisted then mainly of large estates—although there was some farmland—but estates that were generally in decline, and would have left a visitor less with the impression of healthy fortunes, so striking in northern Oyster Bay, than with a feeling of a lost prime. The result was a natural, rather sweet landscape, neither grand nor aggressively “owned” (that sense of “Private Property, Keep Out”)—a more or less open domain of fields, woods, marshes, and beaches. I was much taken by “Huckleberry Finn,” and noticed and savored this landscape with the same tenderness and romantic involvement with which Huck noticed and savored the Mississippi River—an involvement that did not wane as I grew older but instead became more direct: having stopped building huts and rafts, I went out into the countryside for its own sake. What I would look for (and still do) were visual notes and combinations—cedars in Indian grass, a mixture of greens in the woods, the angle of a field, the composition of sand, pebbles, and debris on the beaches—and, over all, a mood, a dreaming quality, rather fragile and elusive, not a feature that one could easily point out to a stranger. This landscape is delicate rather than heroic, touching rather than awesome, its drama in subtle variation rather than in panoramic grandeur. It is characteristic of that middle section of the East Coast from Massachusetts to Virginia, and to some extent defines the boundaries of the region for its natives. For us, the Northeast, land of pines and rockbound coasts, is something else altogether, as foreign as the red clay and hillbilly accents of the Deep South. The ways in which a familiar landscape becomes a personal touchstone defy analysis. Suffice it to say that in this landscape I am happy. In a way, it defines my identity—an American identity—realigning my instincts like a shadow Constitution.

The fifties, the years in which I grew up, were also the years in which “the development people,” as we called them, were arriving in force on Long Island. I viewed this trend with hostility. I regarded the newcomers as desecrators and assumed, with childish absolutism, that they had no business ruining the pleasant vistas with their houses, crowding the narrow roads with their cars, spoiling the beaches with their radios and the waters with their speedboats. My reaction against these transformations was so strong that the white shingles of a new house glimpsed through the woods appeared to me as a kind of rot, and the discovery of a shopping center going up



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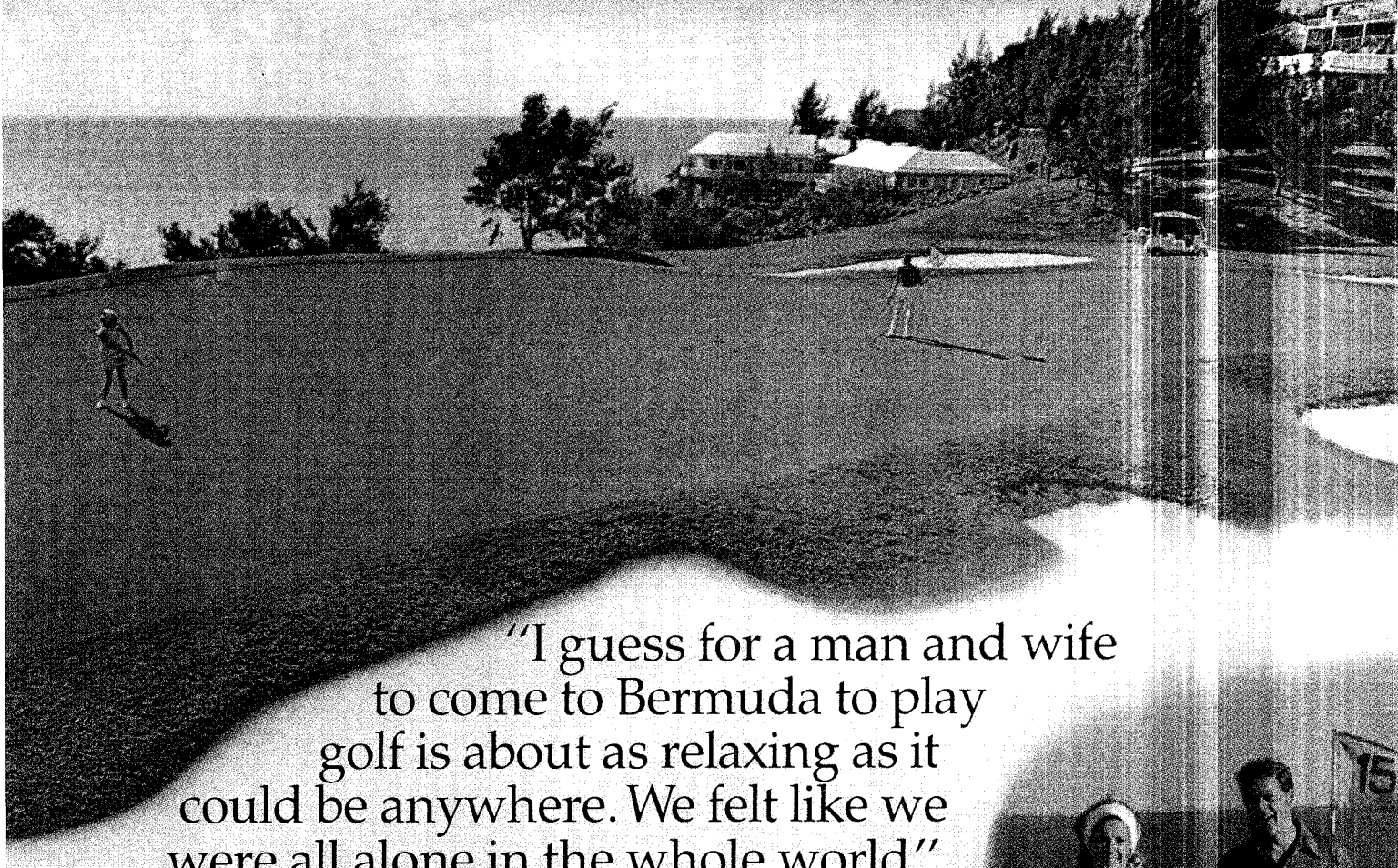


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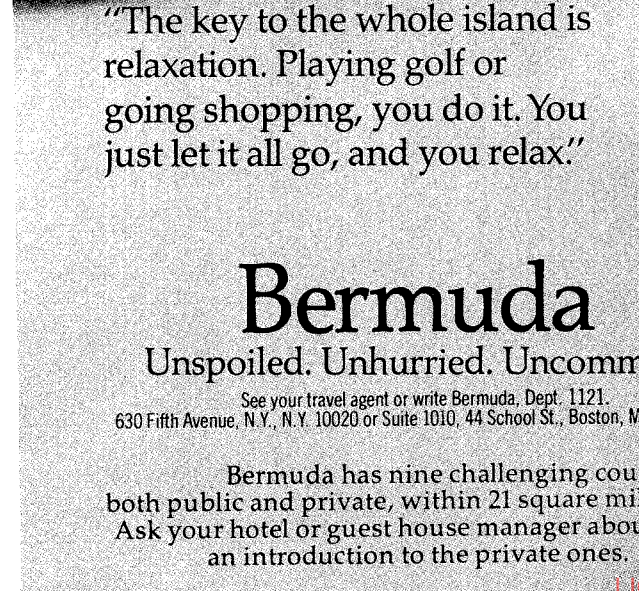


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in a field gave me an actual fright. The sense of violation was directly connected to the fact that construction barred me from wandering where I had wandered freely before; the farmers and estate owners were not much concerned about anyone's trespassing on foot, particularly a child, and so I, having had free access, regarded myself as having a prior claim. But equally shocking was the change in the way the place looked.

The effect of suburban development was in the direction of what exists today in Oyster Bay—a deterioration of the landscape into incoherence, the growth of great splotches of low-grade commercial architecture, the erasure of regional character. I viewed this transformation as a reflection of the development people themselves, and came to see them as purveyors of an alien and debased culture. Gradually, the word “suburban” came to connote to me a whole system of bad values—hard-core materialism, installment-plan living, conformity to the standards propagated by plainly exploitative commercialism (mainly through television, itself a debased medium), a fixation on newness rather than on quality, a pursuit of status measured in terms not of accomplishment but of level of consumption, and, even within a culture centered on consumption, a total failure of style. I have found that others share these associations. Just the adjective “suburban” is often sufficient to communicate derogation, especially in cosmopolitan circles. To the intelligentsia, the word implies philistinism; to idealists, selfishness and compromise; to social snobs, an inferior class. Many people who use the word with these connotations actually have houses in what can only be called suburbia, but either they will refer to themselves as “suburbanites” merely as a joke or they will have somehow managed to think of the places where they live as “the country.” (According to this system of values, only cities and “the country” are authentic places.)

Like many people, I sanctified my version of this prejudice with strong feelings for the “goodness” of the old countryside. When, inevitably, the Atlantic of that sense of goodness met the Pacific of egalitarian principles, I found myself in very stormy weather. The only discernible outlines in the storm seemed to be the ugly grimace of rank snobbery. The grimace paralyzed my efforts to think or write about suburbia, and, to this day, seems to me to hover over many of the efforts to restrict growth, protect ecology, or “preserve the character of a commu-



“What makes you think you’re so hot?”

nity.” I have not found the Strait of Magellan that provides a navigable link between democratic values (and the facts of population) and the need to restrict growth, but certainly I no longer think that the alteration of my well-loved landscape was a simple matter of the bad destroying the good, or that suburbanites are inferior because they don’t live in the same way as people lucky enough to have been born among large property owners—which is what my old attitude amounted to. The experience of seeing the landscape fall apart, however, is not rendered illegitimate by the ungenerous aspects of my reaction to it. I look upon that experience as something that in one way or another is happening to us all, symbolically as well as literally. And in this wider context even the hostility that the experience engendered has a place as part of a widespread reaction—a kind of turning inward to a private realm while fighting off the fragmentation, the crowding confusion, without.

My compound antagonism toward the suburban incursion had a curious effect on my vision. Today, I can drive through old haunts that have been built up for almost two decades and not see what’s there. When I am going past what used to be a favorite bit of countryside, my eye spontaneously practices synecdoche—that figure of

speech in which a part represents the whole. I will select an old familiar tree that happens to have been left standing, or a little swatch of abandoned field in the distance, and with it re-create the old landscape, blanking out the rows of houses, the highways, and the shopping centers everywhere in the foreground. Or when a walk in the woods entails awkwardly sneaking through brush around somebody’s back yard, my perceptions automatically go into a state of suspension until I pick up the old track. One of the results of this habit is that the bits of landscape I choose to perceive become almost unnaturally sharpened to my eye—are given a vividness that grows in direct ratio to the difficulty of blotting out the new landscape steadily encroaching on my vision. Suburbia, therefore, is, in this context, an ever-tightening frame around the borders of consciousness—not an object of focus in itself but something to look away from, a force that serves mainly to heighten concentration on the landscape it threatens, lending, with that threat, an added meaning and poignancy to the rapidly shrinking world of which I choose to be aware.

But I am not the only one there who practices selective blindness, creating experience out of pieces. The local hunt, for example, still goes out

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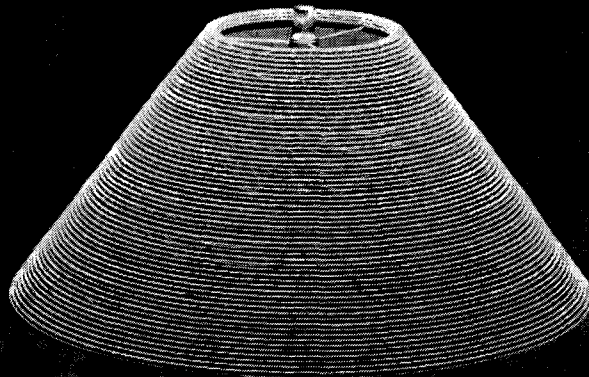
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every Sunday during the season, undaunted by the fact that every so often both horses and dogs must be restrained to a slow walk down demure suburban streets in order to get to the next bit of open country—there to continue the run. (There is no fox, of course—just a trail of artificial scent cleverly threaded through the available space.) And, as the open stretches shrink even further, new forms of ingenuity have been evolved to maintain the illusion. In the little patch of woods remaining below my family home, the hunt has built, complete with jumps, a path that zig-zags back and forth to get the most mileage out of the space. In contrast to the diminishing countryside, the hunt is big and growing, and through the leafless winter woods the ribbon of cantering riders sometimes seems to occupy the entire zigzag, from beginning to end, before it piles up in my grandmother's driveway. (There the riders wait until the field master, like a traffic cop, guides them across the road.)

The hunt is made up not of diehard old-timers but, mostly, of people I would call newcomers. While to a "native" like me it might seem that a denial of the suburban character of the place by such people is in effect a denial of their own existence, I learned some time ago that in each wave of newcomers there are at least a few who resist the succeeding wave with the same militant denial that they themselves provoked in me. This is a clue that my habit of blanking out what I don't like is not just the result of a sentimental childhood attachment to the way the landscape used to be. It suggests the likelihood that in a place that is disintegrating into incoherence the imaginative struggle to make something of the place other than what it is is an ordinary art of life. The ideal may change (it could be Virginia hunt country or small-town America or Huck Finn territory), but the effort to put the ideal together out of pieces, while obliterating the bits that don't fit—the habit of selective perception—is perhaps a general practice.

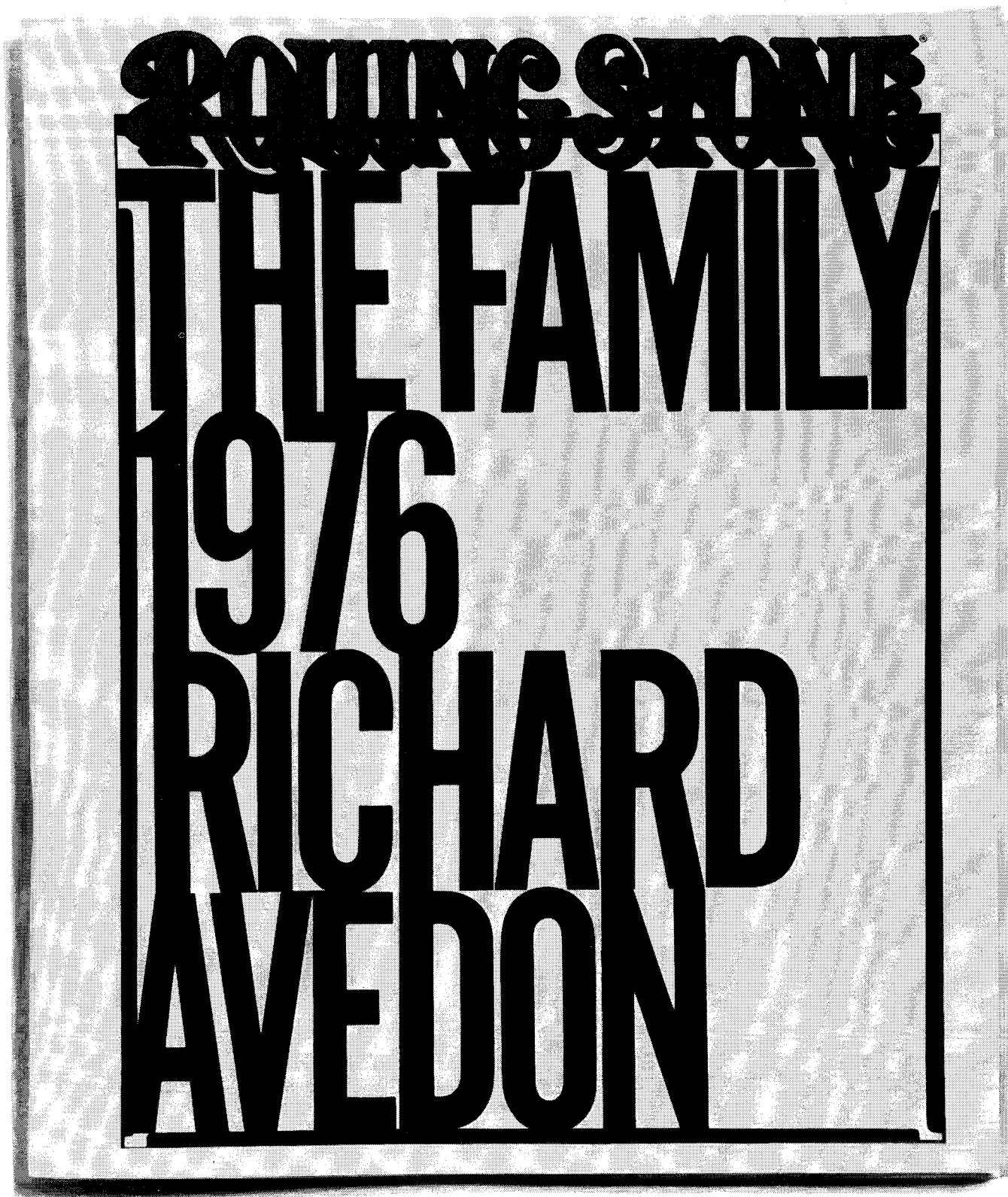
Selective perception is an attempt to maintain an illusion of wholeness, and in that sense it has applications to other dimensions of modern life. Suburbia represents progress—in the sense of democracy as well as of growth—and it is hardly breaking new ground to say that progress has everywhere been accompanied by bitter disappointment, that it has somehow diminished the human beings it was meant to serve. To watch the Long Island landscape change was to feel a sense of loss which



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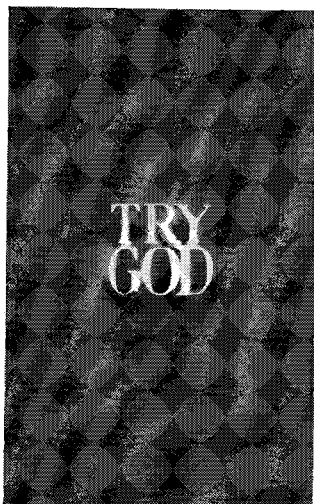
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was part of that larger disappointment, that sense that our lives are being slowly reduced to rubble by an irresistible force of our own making. To me, the landscape represented something held in common, like tradition, or culture; something that made life more than the sum of individuals; a metaphysical dimension that stood for the collective identity of the society. The effect of suburban progress was to break up the landscape; to render it no longer a free common resource but merely a jumble of disconnected parcels of privately owned real estate. Resistance to this process was therefore resistance to the larger disappointment that is closing in upon us. It was an effort to preserve a value intact. Other dimensions of



our lives demand analogous efforts—for example, the effort to bridge the cracks caused in our personal histories by geographical and social mobility, divorce, and the disintegration of institutions and, with them, of the beliefs that once gave integrity to our lives, made a kind of whole sense out of them. With the collapse of forms and standards—outward consistency—the lives of many of us have become subjective operations, something we make up out of bits and pieces snatched along the way, supplying the binding factor with our own intellects and imaginations. For many of us, objective reality—society, accepted values, the general environment—is less a help than a hindrance, a stream we must try to swim against if we are to resist its tendency to break our lives into incoherence. The broken landscape and the effort to weld the fragments into a whole experience constitute just one aspect of this condition. When the landscape was whole, it was, for me, something outside myself which was supportive. I drew from it a sense of identity and of being a part of something larger. When it began to break up, it became something I had to combat. I had to edit and pervert the reality in order to create an illusion—to see a landscape that exists, for the most part, inside my own imagination.

If many of us practice selective perception, there are probably as many different illusions created by the habit. Certainly I would not be surprised if a survey revealed that among viewers of suburban landscapes I had a vision that was rather idiosyncratic. Yet my way of seeing the countryside—or the illusion I create when I look at it—does share a context, a context in history. Each modern generation is inclined to

believe that its period is unique; from its vantage point the lives and world of the past appear essentially serene and comprehensible, bolstered by blissful, if sometimes childish, certainties, while one's own generation, beset, one believes, by unprecedented chaos, appears to stand on some sort of brink, for the first time in history staring the apocalypse in the face. (Thus each generation also believes that, having greater troubles and fewer illusions, it is wiser than its antecedents. This is the reward for the suffering.) The

discovery that contemporary predicaments have a history is both humbling and comforting, but, most of all, the discovery is illuminating, for it relieves the frantic, myopic belief that the world is headed

toward catastrophe faster than the human mind's ability to comprehend even the direction. With the discovery comes depth perception. As far as the relatively minor matter of landscape is concerned, it is in one sense true to say that this passage from wholeness to fragmentation took place in my lifetime, because within my memory that corner of the world in which I grew up was intact. There is no question but that a period of intense development took place after the Second World War (after my birth) which radically altered not just my corner of the world but the entire region, creating the Eastern megalopolis, the Boston-New York-Washington axis sometimes referred to as Bosnywash. But though the most visible and most dramatic effects of change in the region are the products of the last few decades, the siege was in fact going on long before I saw the landscape of Long Island deteriorate into incoherence. That was really just the latest phase. I find the same heightened and selective perception of nature which is my reaction to the siege—the same sense of an almost distorting vividness in the landscape—in the regional legacy of the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the natives of this oldest part of the country first began to understand that we were losing something through progress.

Out of resistance to the direction to which we had already committed ourselves came the almost unnaturally sharpened sensibility of Emerson and of Thoreau (meditating at Walden within earshot of a train whistle); the rather forced exuberance of Whitman's celebration of nature (Whitman, incidentally, was a native of Long Island); the passionate lyricism of Mark Twain,

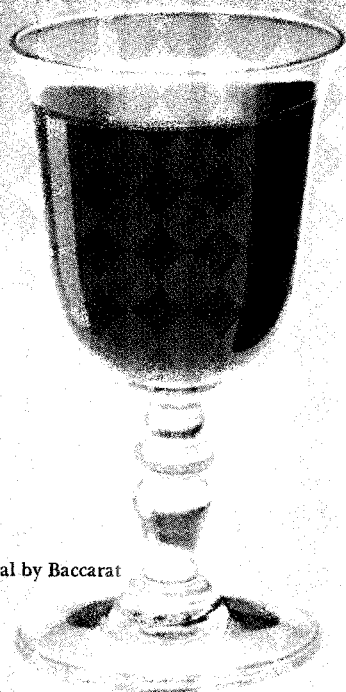
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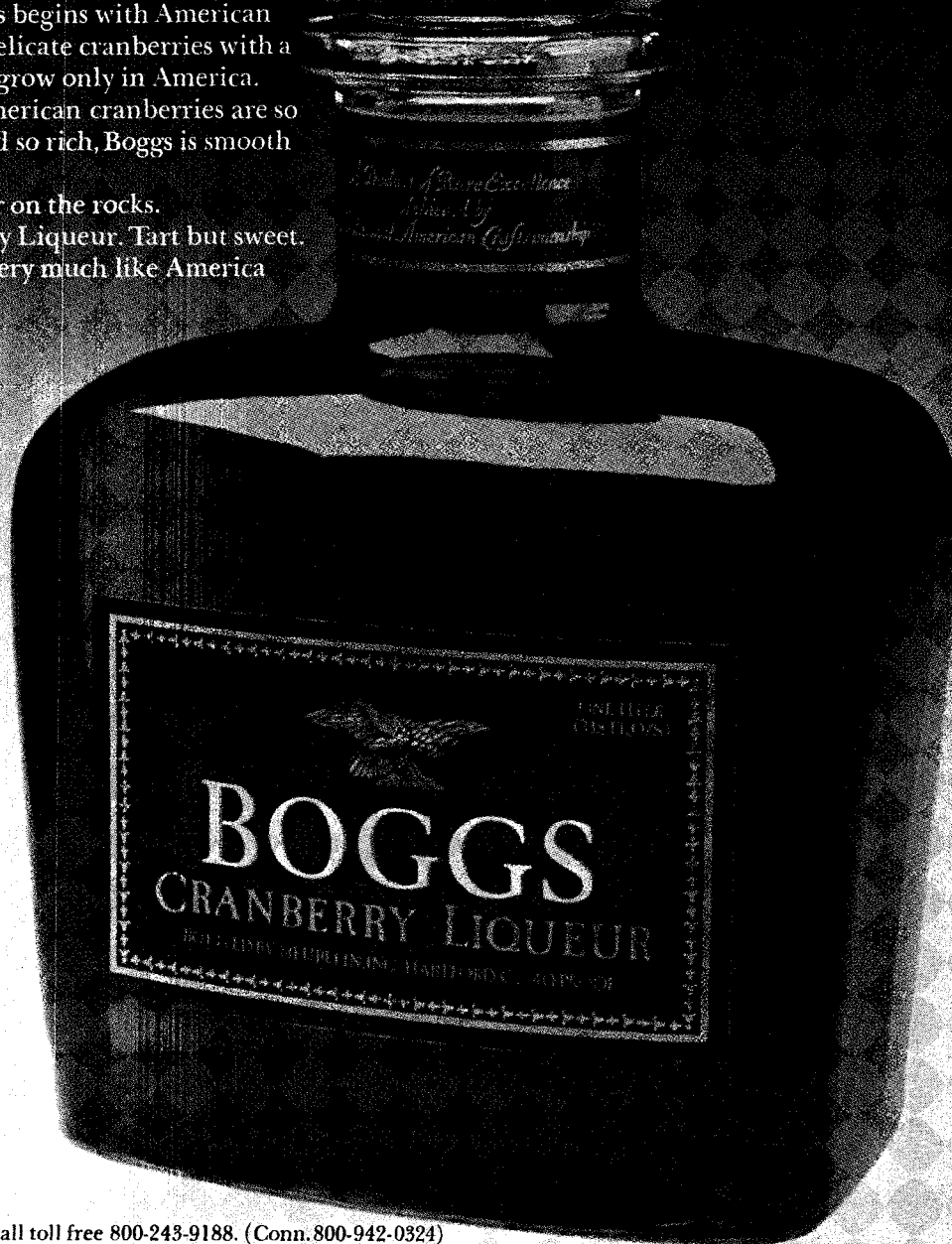
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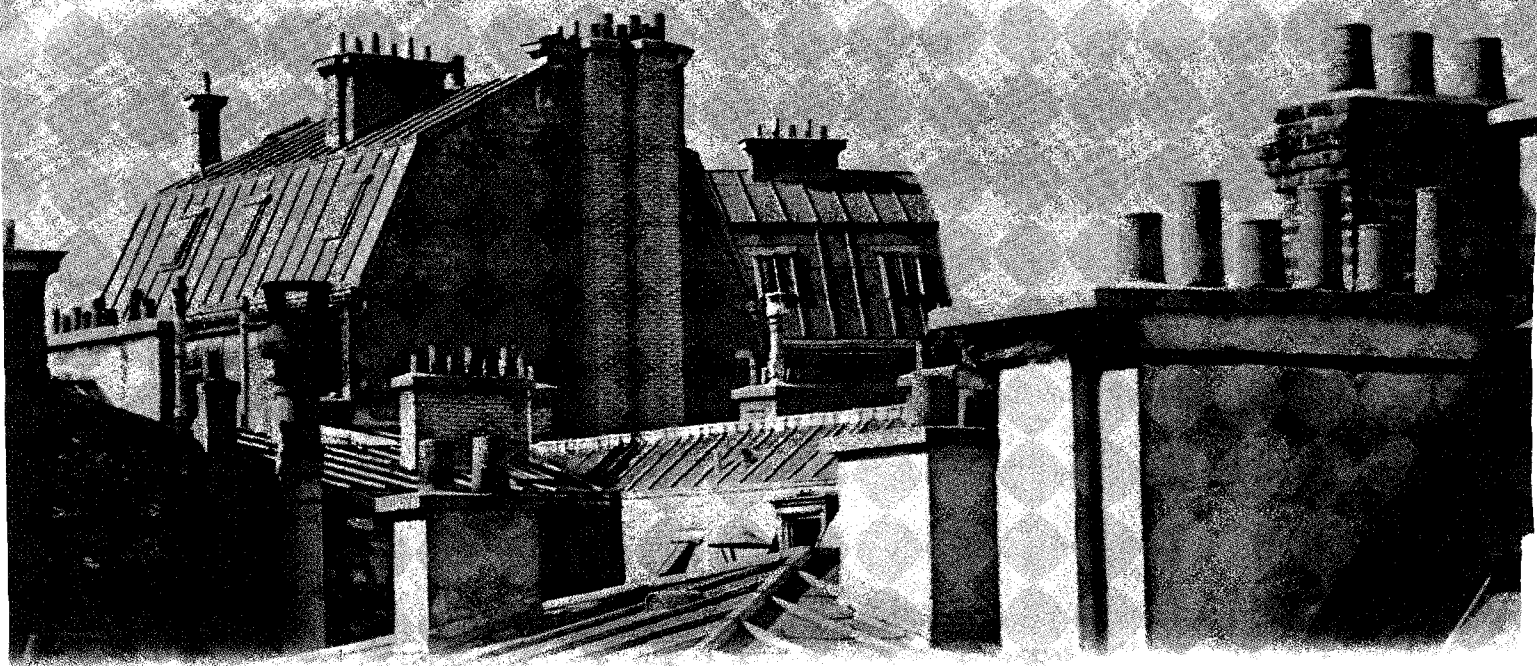
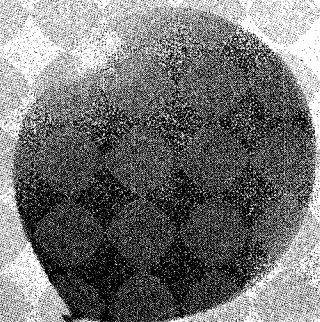


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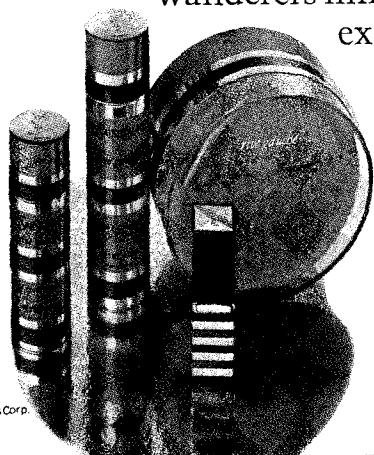
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not forced but very nearly unbalanced in the light of his cynical view of man. (My only contact with the Mississippi River region is through literature and painting, but I have always had for it the same proprietary attachment I have for my own region—an inconsistency I cannot explain.) During the same period, the landscape of the East Coast inspired painters such as Martin Johnson Heade, John Frederick Kensett, Fitz Hugh Lane, George Caleb Bingham (again the Mississippi River intrudes on my otherwise neat geographical outline), and, on Long Island, William Sidney Mount—painters who belong to that group which has subsequently been christened the Luminist school. While it may be stretching a point to declare that the vision of these painters was a reaction to change, their work embodies many of the qualities of the work of their literary compatriots—sometimes to an extreme. To quote the art historian Barbara Novak, "The Luminist looked at nature, as Emerson did, 'with a supernatural eye,' and with a clarity that was for Thoreau 'as if I touched the wires of a battery.'" Fleeting moments in inherently transient scenes are locked in place for eternity, "trapped, as it were, in a block of glass," so totally absorbing the painter's personality that barely a discernible brushstroke—certainly none of the analytic painterly experiments of the European proto-Impressionists—intrudes between the viewer and the painting. Painters of the same period, such as George Inness, Albert Ryder, and William Morris Hunt, whose landscapes are softer and more atmospheric than Luminism, in the strictest sense, permits, also captured that special feeling for the American countryside which I see as part of the regional legacy. Instead of the almost painfully sharp focus of the Luminists, their landscapes have a tenderness, a gentle subtlety in which the outlines of individual objects are blurred. But there is the same sense of absorption, the same solicitation of an inner glow in the landscape, that one finds in Luminist works. The common ground, as I see it, is that transitory subjects are rendered with a treatment that suggests eternal truth; the impermanence that is said to have forged in Americans an adaptability to change has also forged a sensibility that resists change—a very still, deeply meditated vision, which tries to wrest some essence of permanent value from a transitory world before that world is gone forever.

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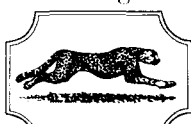
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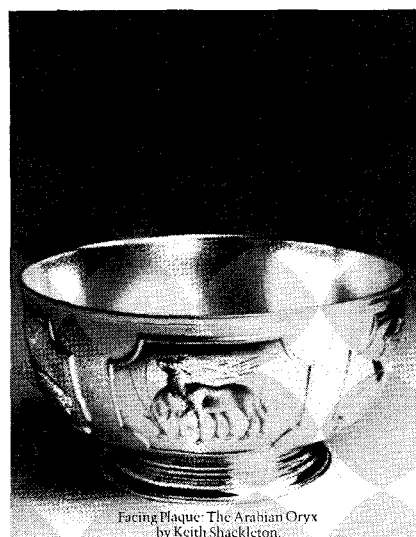


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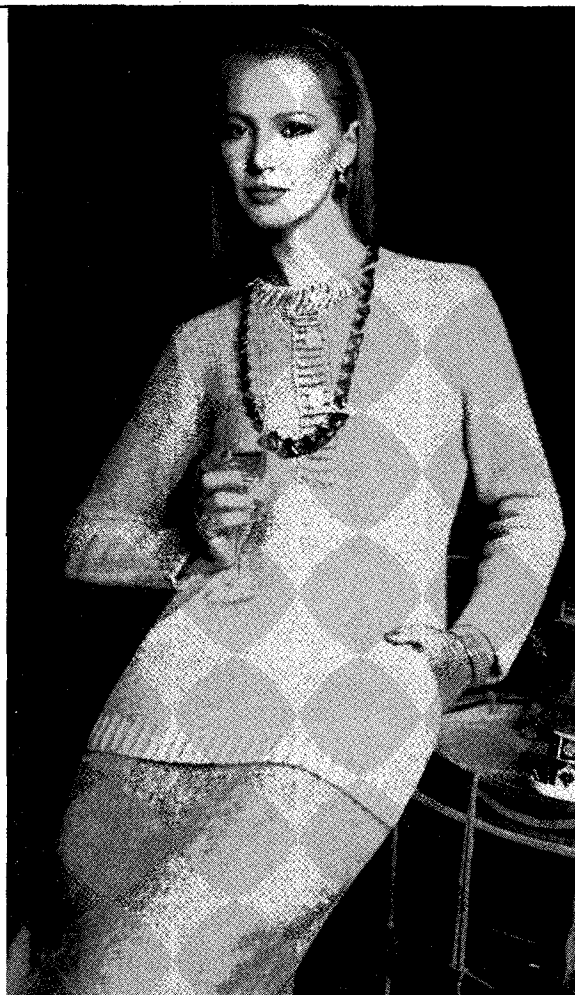
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voked in me by the same scenes a hundred years later, is, ultimately, frustration. Landscape is mute. One scene, plumbed to timeless depths, remains nevertheless inanimate, a dead end, truly a mirror, in which we can see only our own thoughts staring back at us. What this regional landscape (the real one, the broken one) and this regional legacy (the sensibility, the illusion) actually have to tell is that we are on the other frontier, the blade edge of progress, in relation to which the conventional idea of a frontier (newness, fresh beginnings, infinite possibilities) represents only an earlier chapter of history—one that we have already lived through and that now serves as a dimly remembered counterpoint to our present condition. This frontier cuts inward, not outward. To live on it is to have a sense of our being locked in with each other rather than of expanding, of increased limitations on possibilities even as we realize them, of expectations cut down, almost at their conception, by disappointment. Natives of this world look out on much of it with a sense of frustration and loss—long-term, incremental loss. We are not sure what we are losing, but we try to recapture it wherever we can, and create something whole out of the pieces.

The disjointed landscape of Oyster Bay is the face of this frontier. It reflects a long-term condition of the region—and perhaps of the entire country. The habit of selective perception is one way of combatting the condition which to a degree illuminates it. It provides, at least, a way of thinking about Oyster Bay—a way of seeing it. The landscape of Oyster Bay is no doubt capable of hundreds of interpretations—each subjective, each as valid as the next—and this is probably the most important truth about it. The key to it would be found by tracking down those interpretations, by learning to see it through different eyes. That is what has happened to so much of our landscape—our self-portrait: it has been rendered nonsensical by the superimposition of innumerable private iconographies.

The highly subjective matter of personal vision and the elusive business of tracing the history of its quirks are ways of reading the landscape which tell us something about what we are like and what our landscape—or our world—is like, and this is a very important part of the story. But these approaches do not tell us very much about what brought us to this condition. One must look for clues to that part

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of the tale in the more straightforward material of conventional history. This is to put the same question in a different way; namely, what does the landscape tell us if we ask, first, what did people over time actually do with the land, and, second, what do those uses tell us about how they saw the land? In the answers we may find at least a partial explanation of why the landscape looks as it does today.

IN tracing the history of Oyster Bay, one comes across two entries that recount dramatic alterations in how people used and saw the land. The first is to be found at the very beginning, in the contrast between the attitudes of the settlers of Oyster Bay and the Indians from whom they "bought" the land—a contrast that is encapsulated in the word "bought." The second entry is made at the end of the last century, when the industrial rich began to buy up vast tracts for private estates, thus introducing the idea of land as a luxury rather than a resource, and establishing a model for a way of life subsequently followed on a mass scale.

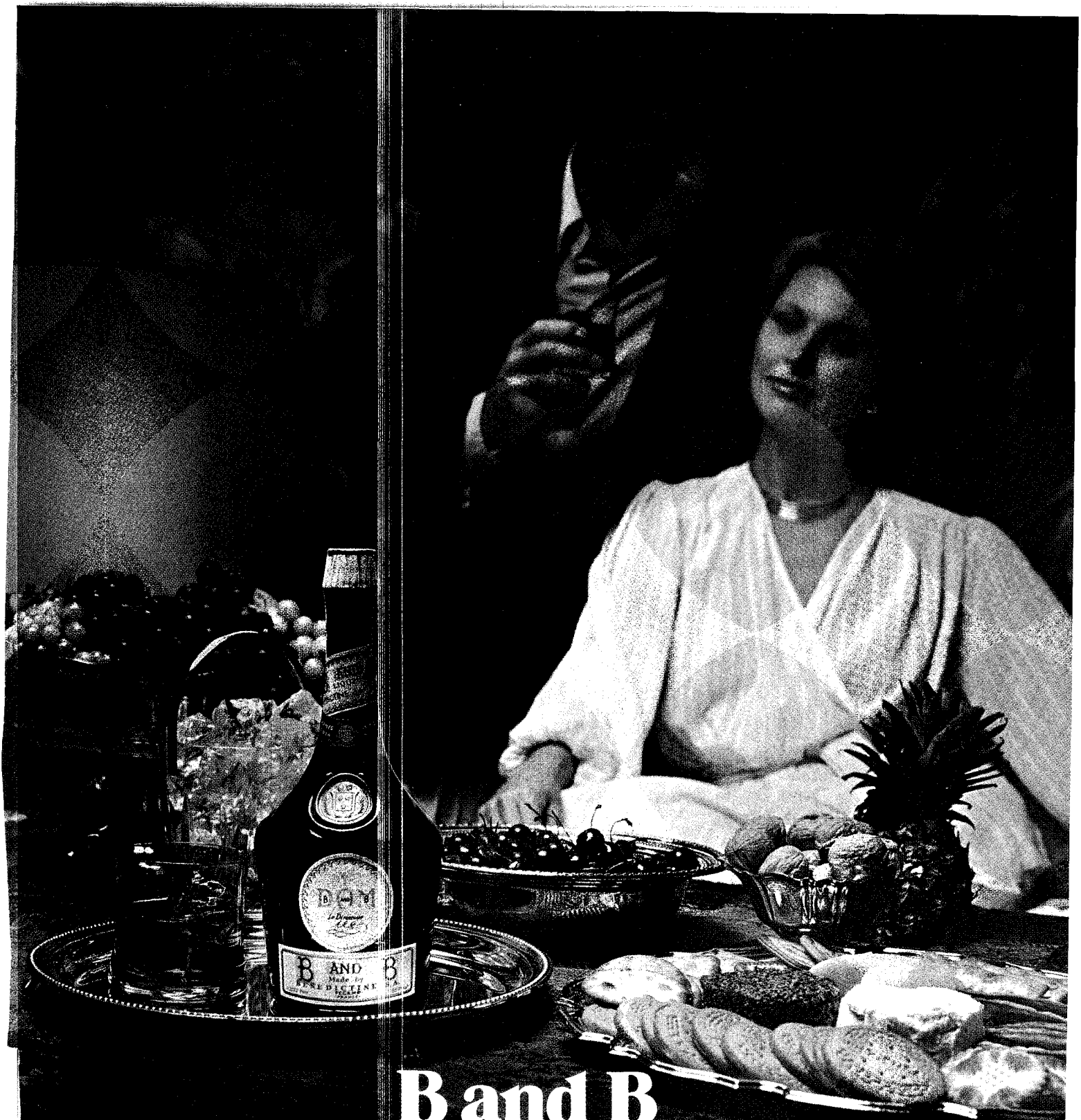
The impression of simplicity and serenity, discipline and faith conveyed by the old Quaker meeting house of Jericho is not wholly illusory; there is much to admire in the history of early Oyster Bay. The tale of how the land came into the settlers' hands, however, is a jarring one, not only because the Indians were, in effect, cheated but because the transaction throws into high relief one of the least inspiring aspects of the white man's vision. The thirteen families of the Algonquin tribe who lived on Long Island viewed land in the same way we view air, sunlight, and the open sea—it was something that could be used but was by its nature unpossessable. An Indian owned the crop he grew but never the soil, the game he trapped but never the woods. Tribes had general territorial prerogatives, which individuals enjoyed through belonging to the tribe, and a dominant tribe might exact tribute, or "rent," from a lesser one for the privilege of sharing territory. But there was no such thing as "private" land. For the Indians, the natural world was the dwelling place of spirits—spirits of corn or of pumpkin, of fire, sea, wind, and the four corners of the earth—and they lived in careful harmony with it, leaving on its surface barely a trace of their existence. The settlers looked upon the same land not with reverence in their hearts but

with pounds and shillings. To them, land was real estate, a commodity, the chief beauty of which was that it could be exploited for personal gain. There was no compromise of this conflict between the Indians' sacred wilderness and the Europeans' designs upon it. The Indians signed deeds quite readily, for very little in return (several deeds name "kindness and favors" alone as the currency of exchange), undoubtedly assuming that they were yielding to the buyers the right to plant, hunt, and live on the land with them, not the right to exclude them from it. As a result of the difference in understanding, bizarre disputes erupted, such as one in which Tackapousha, a sachem of the territory of southern Oyster Bay, claimed to outraged settlers that he had sold them the grass on a given tract but not the land. Later, the Indians retaliated for their deception by refusing to define boundaries—a concept that was foreign to them in the first place. But by the time they realized fully what was happening to them it was too late to resist effectively. They had already lost control of most of their territory, and the devastation of the white man's diseases had drastically diminished their numbers. With amazing swiftness, they had been reduced to a listless life on the edges of white history.

If any single event can be said to mark their disintegration, it is the death of Wyandanch, sachem of the Montauks, whose personality and life story definitively banish the supposition that the Indians were no more than shadow men struggling out of the cave. Wyandanch was a subtle diplomat who acted as statesman for most of the Long Island tribes in their dealings with the settlers. He pursued a policy of friendship and negotiation, resisting the militantly anti-European factions among his own people. His signature on a deed was a picture of two men shaking hands.



By 1659, the disastrous consequences of this trustful policy were plain, and in that year he died, poisoned, legend has it, by a disillusioned member of his own race. In the same year, an epidemic of smallpox dealt a mortal blow to the possibility of self-assertion by the Indians. Eleven years later, and only forty-seven years after the first European had raised a roof beam on the western end of the island, Daniel Denton, a Long Island planter on a visit to England, wrote, "To say some-



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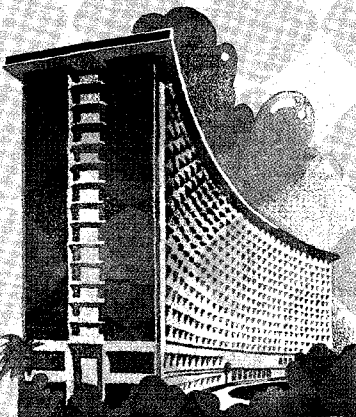
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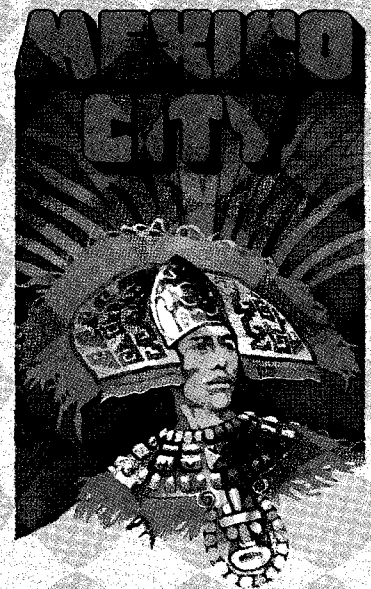


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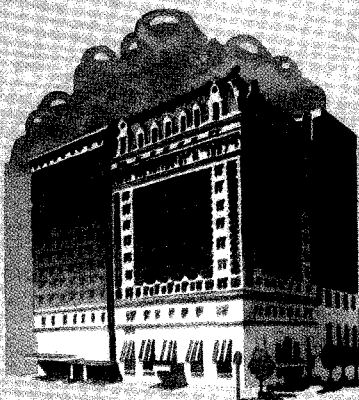
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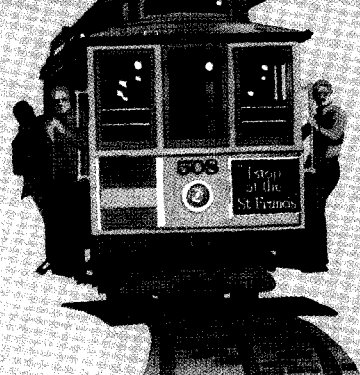
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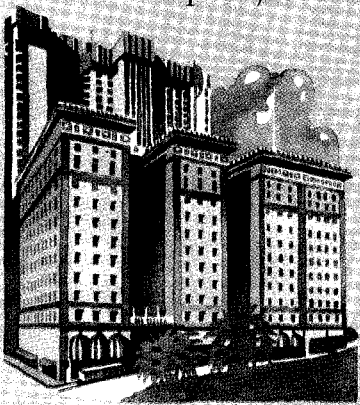
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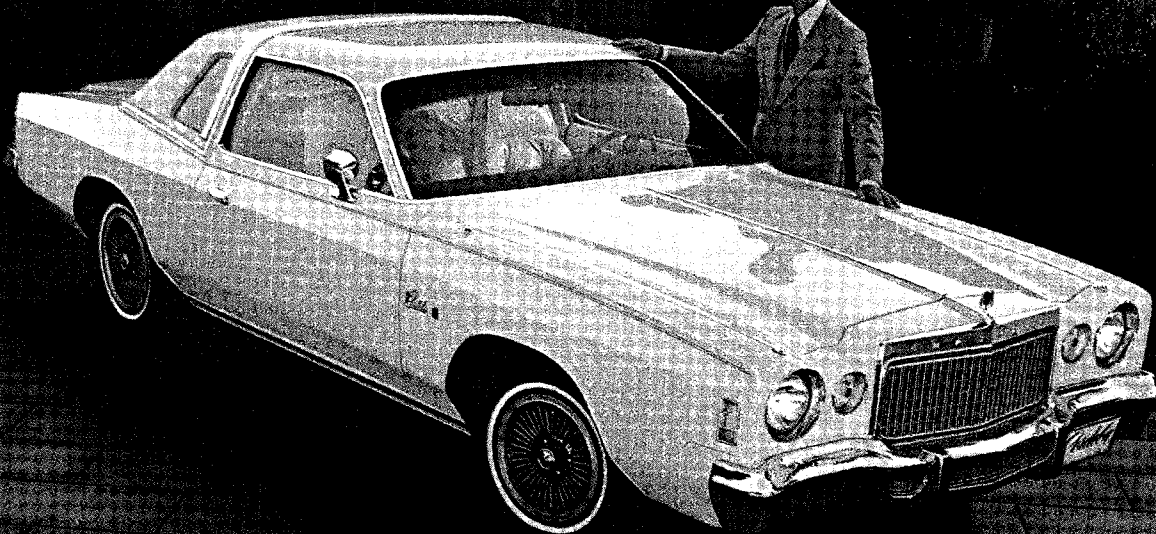
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thing of the *Indians*, there is now but few upon the Island, and those few no ways hurtful but rather serviceable to the *English*, and it is to be admired, how strangely they have decreased by the Hand of God, since the *English* first settling of those parts; for since my time, where there were six towns, they are reduced to two small Villages, and it hath been generally observed, that where the *English* come to settle, a Divine Hand makes way for them, by removing or cutting off the *Indians*, either by Wars one with the other, or by some raging mortal Disease."

The swiftness with which we reduced the tribes of the island to a handful of beggars is the worst part of this story. But, for those of us who ever entertained a romantic idea of the first meetings of our ancestors and the continent, the early history of Oyster Bay has another unhappy twist: it reveals the frankly mercenary attitude of the settlers toward the new land. From the start, they bought not just for personal use but for speculation. Almost immediately, they became entangled in endless lawsuits over boundaries—disputes in which major landowners often tried to bully smaller ones. The major landowners were dominant, and in the colony of New York a pattern developed in which a few well-connected individuals managed to buy up huge acreages and, if they did not simply hold this land for speculation, worked it through tenant farmers and slaves. (The slaves on Long Island were both Indian and Negro. The Indians, however, tended to die of disease. Those that did not—whether slaves or free—intermarried with the Negroes, so that within years a pureblood Indian was a rarity on the island.) This pattern differed from that of other Northern colonies where modest portions of land were parcelled out to many homesteaders. In a political system in which only landowners could vote, the concentration of land in the hands of a few also meant a concentration of political power; thus, the land became the medium through which an exceptionally rigid class system was established. The independent, passionately democratic Vermonter or the simple, proud Pennsylvanian did not have a typical counterpart in New York, where, as in the South, the unequal distribution of land, and therefore of money and political power, created a dominant and conservative aristocracy. This pattern was not as extreme on Long Island as in the Hudson River Valley, but it was certainly a determining factor in the

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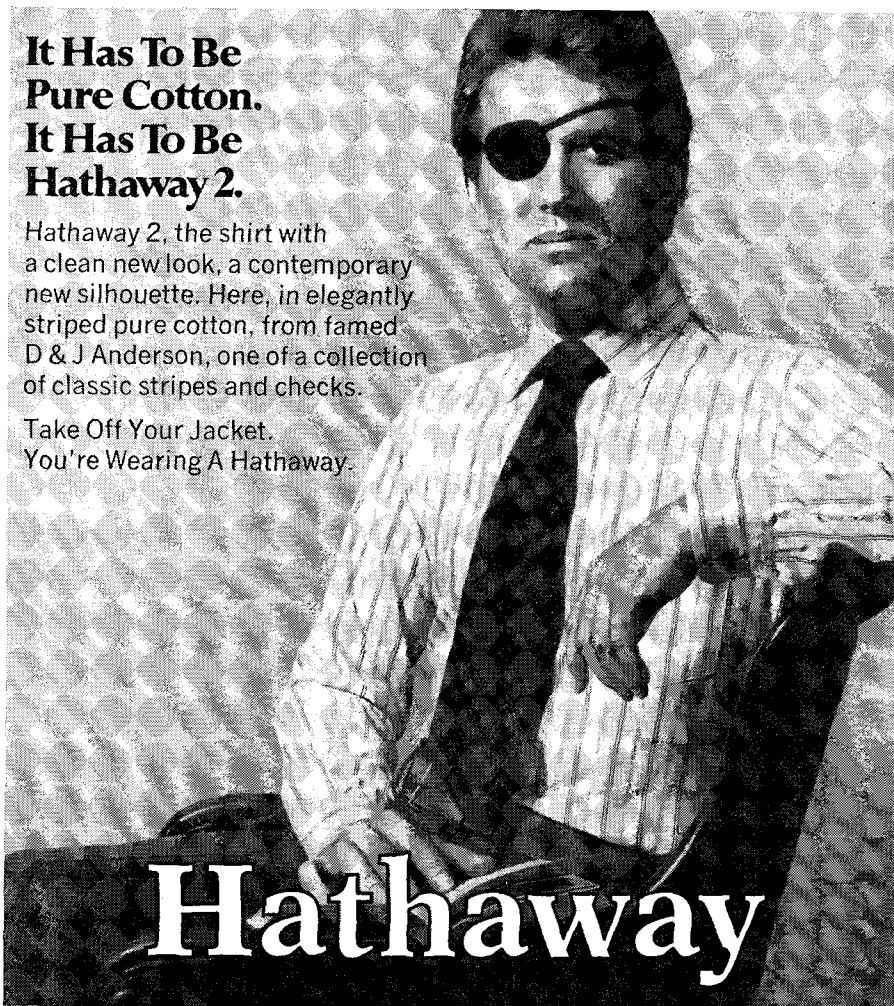
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local social and political character of the time.

From the early period on through the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth, the relationship between the land and the people who lived on it remained fairly stable. Gradually, the self-sufficient farm, producing almost every necessity for its owner and his workers, who lived on it, was replaced by a more specialized agriculture: at first, grain, and then, when the Midwestern granaries monopolized that market, livestock, dairy products, and vegetables (cabbage, peas, corn, potatoes, brussels sprouts, asparagus, and cucumbers), for which New York City provided a rapidly expanding market. Seafood (fish, clams, and oysters) also brought in revenues, and a few industries sprang up: plants that produced fish oil and fertilizer; pickle and kraut factories; ship-building; and, tapping other natural resources, sand, brick, and cordwood businesses. As first slavery and then the exploitative system of tenantry gave way to a more entrepreneurial system of independent operators, the trend was toward smaller farms. By the end of the nineteenth century, when refrigeration had brought upper New York State into competition for the metropolitan dairy and livestock markets, and Long Island farmers had turned almost exclusively to growing fruits and vegetables, the size of the average farm in Nassau County was only fifty-three acres. However, another change, far more drastic, had by that time begun to overtake the country. The land, which had theretofore been valued for its fertility, its sand and clay, its deepwater ports, the fish and shellfish off its shores, and the wood in its forests, was in the process of being subjected to an entirely different interpretation.

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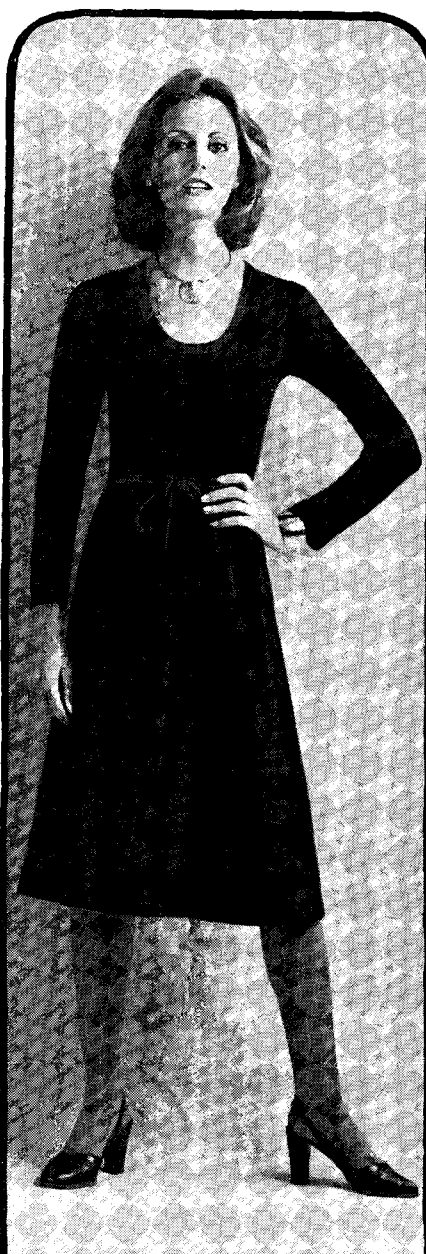
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see soil that would yield so many tons of potatoes, or skies that would bring rain and sun in proportions to make tomatoes flourish; rather, they saw unborn Xanadus. As early as the eighteenthies, tracts of hundreds of acres were being bought up in pursuit of these visions.

During that period, a similar trend on a far more modest scale was also getting under way. The Long Island Rail Road, which steadily extended its tracks during the second half of the nineteenth century, embarked on a long-term campaign to enlarge its clientele by promoting the recreational glories of the area. Local businessmen quickly adapted themselves to this vision of their landscape as not just a private but a public playground, and a resort-hotel industry sprang up. Many of the visitors lured out by these facilities were so struck by the beauties of the area that they chose to make it their permanent home and commute to the city for work. Real-estate speculators had no small hand in instigating this movement. They began developing whole subdivisions of middle-class housing, with names like Sunnycroft, and they joined with the railroad in selling the idea of suburban life—a promotional task that was not very different from the focus on resorts, since suburban existence could be advertised as a kind of permanent vacation. In general, the real-estate people took to the South Shore, leaving the North Shore to the grander plans of the very rich.

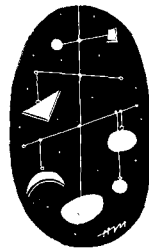
The most immediate result of this newly perceived value in the landscape was a drastic loss of agricultural acreage in the area that is now Nassau County—from about ninety-one thousand acres in 1875 to about seventy thousand acres in 1900. Truck farming continued to be a major activity, but added to the fruits and vegetables on the list of local “products” were golfing, swimming, yachting, tennis, polo, and fox-hunting. And, of course, people. Between 1880 and 1900, the population of the area grew from about thirty-eight thousand to about fifty-five thousand. As pleasure boats replaced fishing craft, as country villages became exclusive communities, as potato fields became manorial lawns and gardens, the economy was thrown into disarray. The traditional sources of employment for non-commuting residents—agriculture, fishing, and so forth—had shrunk, while new sources, such as manufacturing, had not yet been fully developed. Nor could local government, de-

signed for a rural population, provide adequate services for the increasing numbers of newcomers. The identity of the county (Nassau County came into being in 1899) was becoming confused. A commission appointed in 1914 to study government reform concluded that the character of Nassau was not rural, not suburban, and not urban but, rather, a little bit of each. This is the point at which the landscape must have begun to fragment into disparate images. It is worth noting, perhaps, that the first part of this period of dissolution—the second half of the nineteenth century—was also the period in which the region's painters and writers began to take a passionate interest in the natural landscape of America.

THE wedge that was driven into the serene, integral surface of an agricultural countryside, sending cracks running through it in every direction, was the idea of leisure. To overlook, for the moment, the speculators, the land was now enlisted not as a practical resource in the service of profit but as a luxury in the service of grandeur, “gracious living,” and fun. Leisure and luxury, of course, would later be redistributed in smaller, fairer portions; “the good life” would become the accessible goal of the common man, the currency of democracy. For the time being, however, the very rich held the center of the stage in such matters, and it was around their vision that the tremendous realignments in the area took place.

Baronial isolation was the first requisite for a “home” designed around the vision of leisure. The country gentry of the old days had viewed land primarily as something to be worked, and many had preferred to live close to one another in the village centers, but the leisured rich, viewing land as a luxury, naturally preferred to surround themselves with huge acreages.

The ideal was not to be part of a larger picture but to have a self-contained unit, a private wonderland, walled off from the rest of the world. As isolation became the new mark of status, a pattern of geographical exclusivity evolved. Owners preferred to build their estates in areas where others maintained the same standard of isolation. It was in order to guarantee this standard that many of the North Shore “communities” decided to incorporate—particularly after 1910, when the influx of ordinary citizens into Nassau County began to rise. With their



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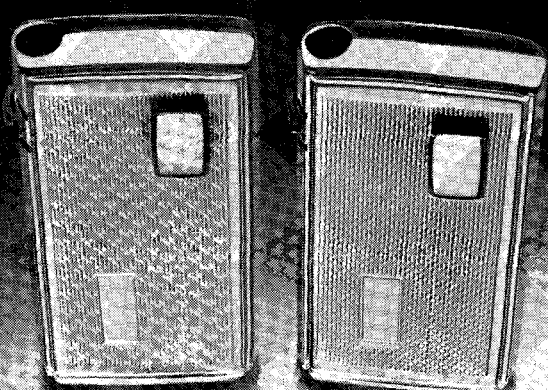
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new zoning powers, many villages also outlawed commercial establishments, with the result that these villages were not villages at all but loose agglomerations of large, self-contained estates, while the actual villages—the ones that served as commercial centers—were considered the least desirable places to live and became the abodes of the lower classes.

Thus, land was now the medium of a class structure in a new way. It was valued according to who else lived on it. Classes became geographically segregated from each other according to income, the measure of income being the amount of land a person could afford to have around his house. On the North Shore, this pattern took an almost feudal turn. Whole villages (meaning the places where the shops were) came to be populated by those who, either as servants or as entrepreneurs, made their living by providing services for the estates. The estate owners, in turn, would contribute large sums of money both in local taxes and in voluntary contributions to local political parties and community projects. Pet charities or favorite projects aside, however, the estate owners' personal involvement, as a class, in local affairs was minimal. Most had homes in New York City, and for some the Long Island estate was only one of several rural retreats. They felt themselves to be a part of the city and their own social set rather than of the realities of Nassau County that lay beyond the walls of their rather artificial domains.

The only way in which the cosmopolitan rich did become personally involved in public enterprises was as leaders in the development of the arts of organized leisure. August Belmont and William C. Whitney built Belmont Park, an elaborately landscaped race track modelled on Ascot. Polo was established as a popular spectator sport by new clubs, like the Meadow Brook Club of Westbury. The country club, also introduced by the rich during this period, was to become a standard institution of suburban life. In 1904, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., established the Vanderbilt Cup races for automobile enthusiasts. And sailboat races were another attraction provided by the rich, through institutions like the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club.

Sailing, polo, and automobile racing were sports in which only the rich could then afford to take part, and the ordinary people had to be content to watch. There is, however, no question but that the rich, experts in the arts of



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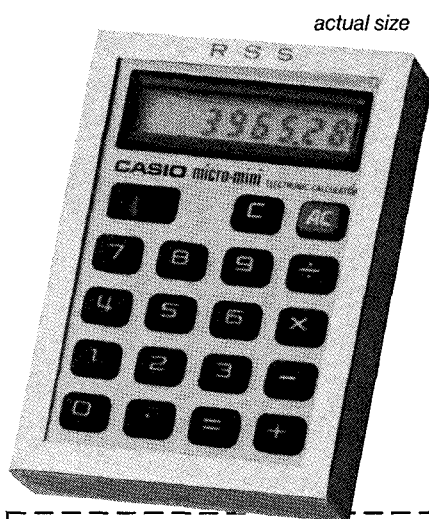
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leisure, showed the way to what was to become an ordinary art of life. Their era now seems to belong irretrievably to the past, living on only in nostalgic imaginations as a softly colored collage of velvet lawns, sunshine, and blue seas, with crystal clinking in the background, dance music echoing in the night. Yet the influence of those patterns and values reaches into the present. In more ways than one, the gray and graceless monotony that was to overtake our landscapes and our lives was based on archetypes established by these unwitting pioneers.

The heyday of the Gatsby era was the first quarter of the twentieth century, but the same period saw the arrival in Nassau County of other kinds of settlers as well. Show-biz and art colonies were staked out there. Working people from the city built summer bungalows cheek to cheek on the beaches. And the construction of middle-class housing for commuters continued apace, especially along the railroad lines. As agriculture dwindled into insignificance, a thriving service economy developed. The local governments, reorganized to cope with increased numbers, became major employers. And an aviation industry, born in the garages of independent inventors, was in the process of becoming another major economic resource. The cabbages and potatoes for which the area was still known were before long to be replaced by products with names like F-14 Tomcat, Thunderjet, and Lunar Module, just as the vagaries of the potato bug and the Long Island weather were to be outstripped in their power to inflict serious economic damage by an erratically beneficent federal Defense Department.

Suburbia Major, however, was restrained from its inevitable ascendancy until after the Second World War. First, the Depression brought construction to a halt, and then, during the war, building materials were allocated to defense. The result was a pent-up demand for middle-class housing, which after the war took Nassau County as though by force. The real-estate speculators saw their moment. Most of the remaining open land that was available was not incorporated, and was thus subject only to the loose control of the town officials, who were often cronies of the developers. Doing what came naturally, the builders set as their goal the cramming of as many houses as possible on every tract. The only constriction was that, in order to appeal to

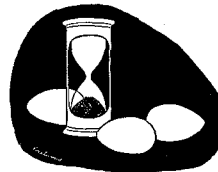
buyers, a "suburban character" had to be created.

Presumably, the vision of "suburban character" could have been modeled on the country villages in which stores, buildings with apartments in them, and houses of varying size and splendor were grouped into a heterogeneous but integral social entity, with large open spaces left free. However, perhaps because such villages had become associated with the lower classes, the model on which the suburban ideal was formed

was that of the estates. Some developments were actually called estates. Furthermore, the new ideal absolutely required that each house stand free on its own plot of ground (which would provide at least sym-

bolic isolation), with a ferociously landscaped but little-used front yard—the façade—and a back yard that would serve as a complete private recreation system, accommodating a barbecue pit, a patio, swings, and, for those who could afford it, a pool. With the exception of school playgrounds, common land of any kind was rare. Perhaps the most devastating imitation of the estate communities, in the long run, was the exclusion of stores from residential areas, no matter how densely these were populated. All commercial activity was relegated to areas that no one lived in or cared about—free-fire zones, in an architectural and planning sense—and the result was the desolate, ugly strips that are now the norm in Oyster Bay. Finally, although there was no necessity for it whatever, each subdivision was broken up into similar-sized plots, on which were built houses of the same price, and the result of this was an even stricter geographical segregation according to class and income than existed in the incorporated villages. Suburbia, the great flowering of democracy, has a class structure as finely stratified as any that one could expect to find in the United States, past or present.

More generally, suburbia seems to be founded on the Xanadulike idea that life should be homogeneously perfect. There is no room in the suburban tableau for anyone, or for any problem, that does not fit in with a middle-class prime of life. For example, because anything other than a mini-estate is considered an imperfection, there is little housing for the old, for the poor, or for the young person embarking on his career. Aside from the schools, there are few places for teen-agers to go, so they have taken to roving through the



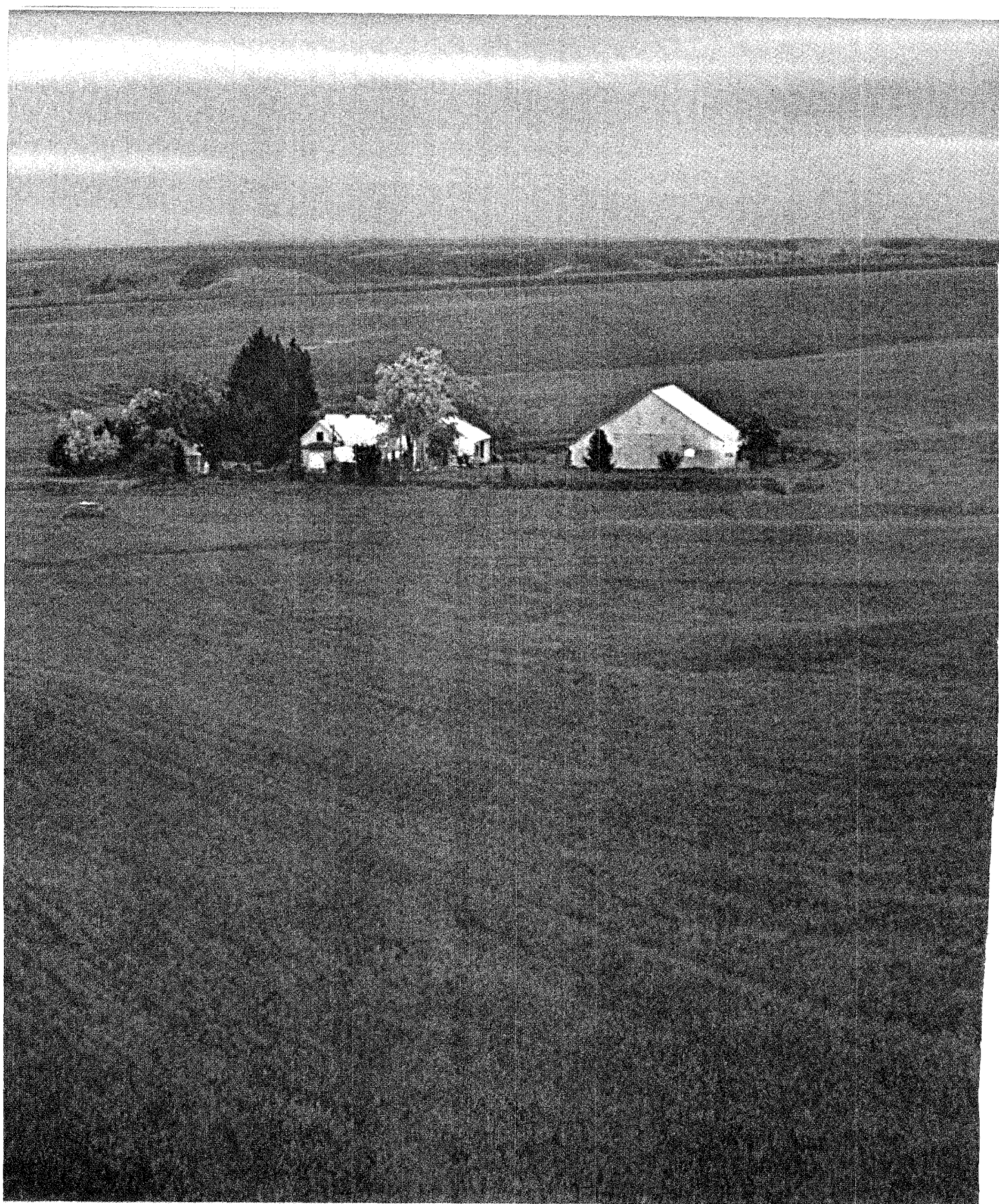
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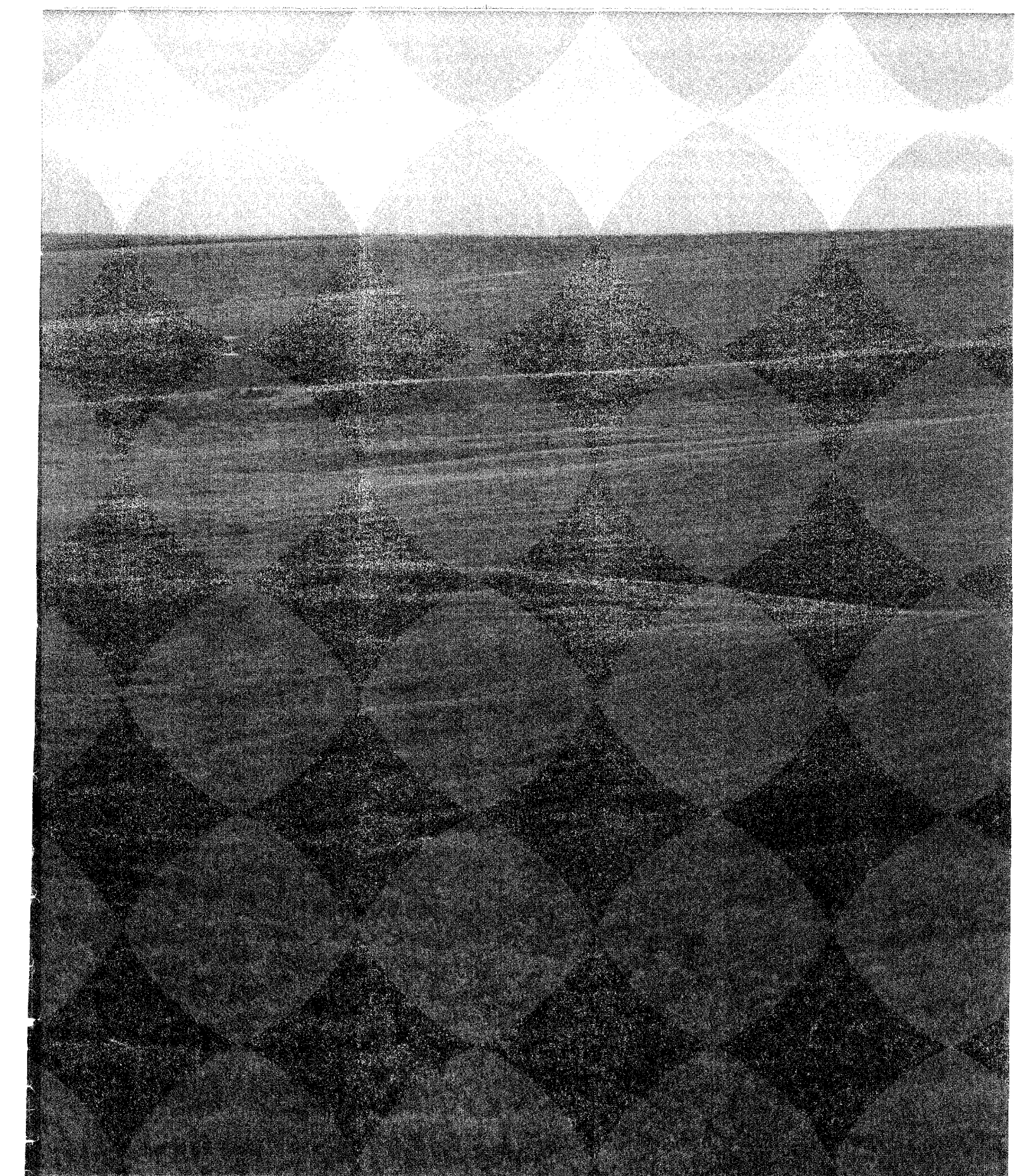

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shopping centers in gangs and digging hideaway caves in the strips of land that border the parkways. As a place like suburban Oyster Bay grows older, these problems become more pressing, yet the reaction seems to be not any tendency toward flexibility but a hardening of the lines of defense around the ideal. In Oyster Bay Cove, one of the fanciest villages on the North Shore, the residents are up in arms because a large mansion, surrounded by twelve acres, is being used to house about twenty homeless girls. In Jericho, one of the most respectable middle-class villages, the issue is a plan to construct high-priced condominiums in the area: however wealthy the prospective inhabitants, condominiums are "apartments," anathema to the ideal. Last year, in East Massapequa, an only marginally prosperous village on the South Shore, the residents practically went to war over a plan put forward by the town for building public housing; the objection was that black people would move into the housing, thereby tipping the delicate balance in their schools (which belonged to one of the few school districts in Oyster Bay in which there were any black pupils at all). The plan was carried forward over the local residents' objections, and since most of the units (a hundred and sixty-two) in the housing project were designated for old people, and only ten for families, the residents' wrath smacked of hysteria. But the East Massapequans' sense of injustice was not altogether unfounded: a government that has to put a "problem" like public housing somewhere, and inevitably faces fierce opposition on all fronts, will tend to choose an area that is already problem-ridden for its solution rather than "spoil" any of the perfect tableaux elsewhere. And all the strain and bitterness are in defense of an ideal that is not just fundamentally anti-social but inappropriate to any other than a fantasy life—a life in those strings of walled-off Xanadus, monuments to exclusion and self-indulgence, from which many of the problems and realities of human existence were kept away by the anti-septic of wealth.

The estates from which so many aspects of the suburban formula seem to have been drawn have themselves been steadily invaded by their imitators. The income tax did its work, and the leisured rich, along with their elaborate trappings, became rare creatures. Most of the original Xanadus have been razed as uneconomical or put to institutional uses as schools or as club-

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houses for the inhabitants of the more modest establishments now built on their grounds. The device of incorporation, however, has done well by the residue of this world; not only have some estates that are spectacular for the present era remained in private hands but in general, compared to the rest of Oyster Bay, the rich villages are still peopled by the rich, thanks to that standard of isolation which would have been impossible to maintain if they had not had the legal sanctuary of home rule. The device has allowed them to remain aloof from Suburbia Major and many of its problems. Their residents can pretend they live in "the country." Sparsely settled, these communities have no need for highways or sewage systems. Their air is clean. Their landscape does not show the fragmentation that the very patterns they evolved made inevitable in the ordinary world beyond their incorporated gates.

THAT other landscape—the landscape of ordinary Oyster Bay, which so nakedly shows the strains that have been put upon it—is something else altogether. It should be read as iconography, as a collection of symbols and tokens floating in Chagall-like discontinuity. This background really does consist of bits and pieces, which, like the film on the screen of a drive-in movie theatre, make no sense as part of a landscape but by themselves absorb the attention of an onlooker, in a tight, bright focus that becomes a complete world. Just as my scraps of the old countryside have become for me a whole landscape, rich in associations, so those fragments I reject, because for me they amount to only a dead incongruity, are the essential parts of other people's puzzles—representative tokens, of which something larger and complete is made. A small prefabricated house is a "ranch" or an "estate." A walled-in back yard, crammed with equipment of leisure which is exactly duplicated next door, is a luxurious private playground. The three telephones, the four television sets, the two cars, the lawnmower tractor, and the cabin cruiser, on its trailer, dwarfing the porticoed mini-mansion—all those appurtenances that seem to burden a slip of a house like equipment for every conceivable contingency weighing down a boy commando—should be seen as the iconography of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, not as parts of a coherent picture.

If much of the iconography appears to have been drawn from the lexicon of the very rich, of the fantasy world

of an era long past, then its story is one that has been only partly told here, in the very general terms of land, attitudes toward it, and what those attitudes do to the landscape. The whole story is of a country that grew too fast for the evolution of sound traditions: of a country whose best values, like the fragile landscape in which they were born, were overtaken by a high-powered pseudo-culture of expediency, growth, and personal gain—in which, for example, the valid idea that in a true democracy prosperity must be shared, because a man weighed down by hardship cannot live a full life, became the belief that material things in themselves were the stuff of a full life, and in which, for another example, the idea that each person must have the chance to seek fulfillment became the idea that fulfillment is something the individual pursues not as part of a society but alone, with the result that each of us finds himself on his little plot of land, symbolic or real, as on an island in the middle of the ocean, spinning a world of his own, his vision of private fulfillment, his illusion of wholeness. Now the effects of these ideas and the speed with which we have carried them forward are showing up not just in our landscapes but in cracks, weaknesses, and disjointedness in every department of our lives. They are showing up with particular vividness in places like Oyster Bay, because these places measure to the fullest extent the velocity and the distance of our journey. Here in Oyster Bay, the drama of our experiment is being played as surely as it was in the more spectacular areas of Vietnam and Watergate. We may look out upon this landscape with a sense of disappointment and loss, and we may choose to turn away from it and seek a more felicitous sense of our identity in the mute, gentle graveyards of our past, but, for better or worse, this landscape is the real face of our history. This is the frontier of American democracy.

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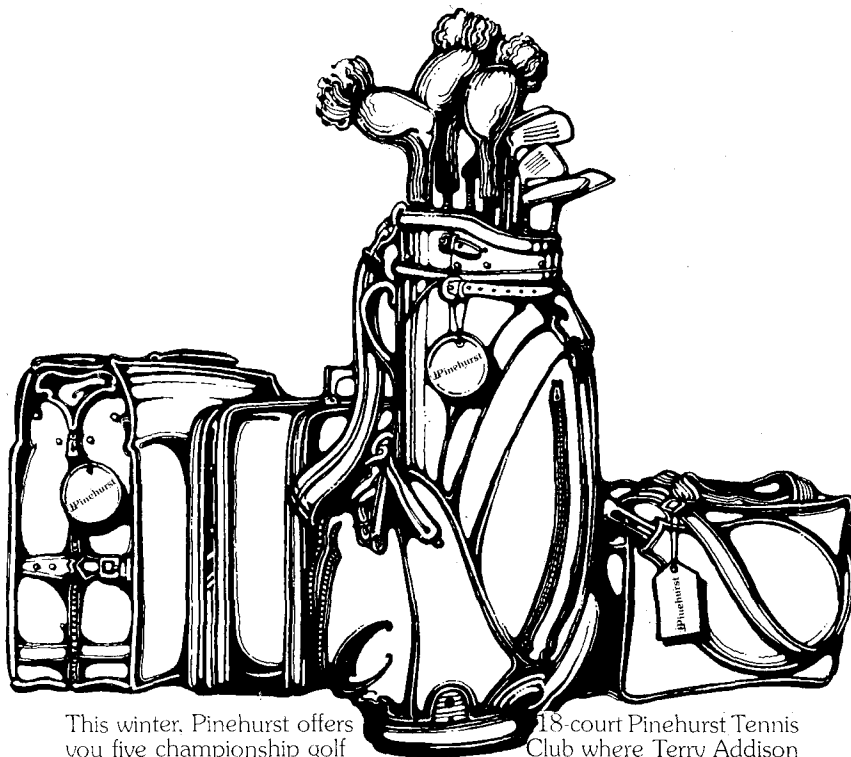
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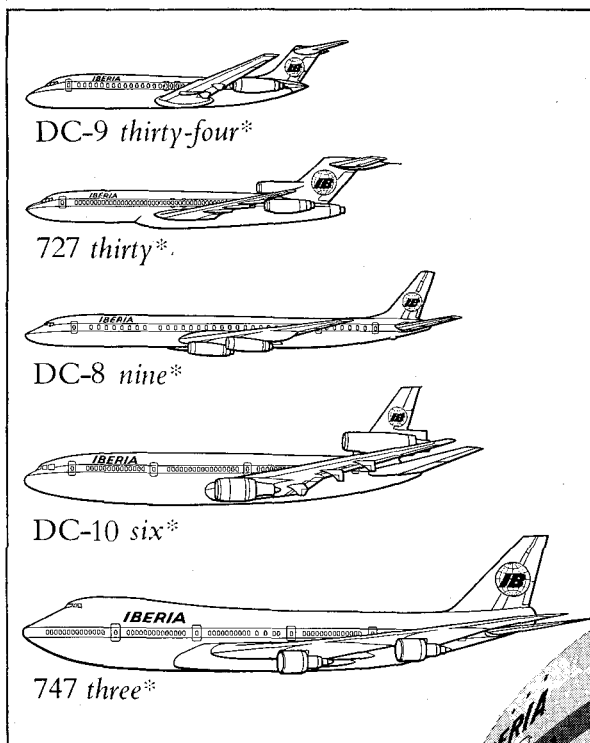
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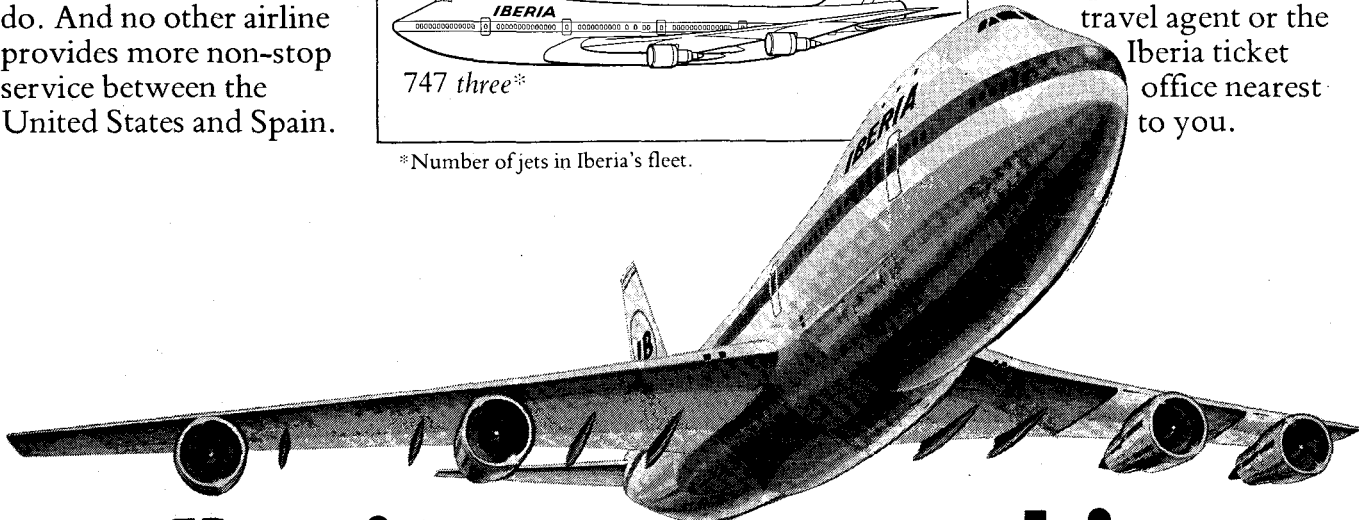
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ED BULLINS' "Home Boy," which opened last week at the trim little Perry Street, is an impressionistic evocation of black life in the nineteen-fifties in song and dance and brief dramatic episodes, some of which project into the sixties. The play opens to the sound of jazz. The Narrator enters. He is a bulky, nimble, and quite wonderful actor named Jeffrey V. Thompson, and during much of the time he remains at the top level of the multilevel stage (with two Female Presences at his side), moving rhythmically, snapping his fingers, and smiling as he comments with considerable irony on the action below. He reminds us at one point that we are in the "prehistoric" Eisenhower years, meaning, I guess, that those years of activity and revolt and hope and a few triumphs (along with the tragedies)—those years of Ralph Bunche's Nobel Peace Prize, of Autherine Lucy and James Meredith, of Martin Luther King, Jr.—seem so remote and so unlike the drab present. As is often true of Mr. Bullins' plays, this show is free-form; the songs (lyrics by Bullins, music by Aaron Bell), the dances (by Judy Dearing), even the episodes seem to occur spontaneously. The mood, with all its humor and feeling, is almost nostalgic, pastoral, innocent—almost, but not quite. The rueful undercurrent of yearning, rebellion, and youthful dreams that come to nothing is strong.

"Home Boy" has no plot in the conventional sense; winding back and forth, it tells the story of a young black named Jody, who longs to leave the little Southern town where most of the action takes place (although he is advised in song to "Stay in Your Land"), and also the story of his buddy, Dude. Dude eventually does get out, on the 4:05 bus; Jody remains, given an interruption now and then, with his family. At the beginning, Jody and Dude are kids. Then, in incident upon incident, and in their conversations, we keep track of their growth. They make love to their girls. Jody visits the city to see Dude and do a little dopping and robbing, and reports having taken part in some "revoltin' and revolutionin'." Dude may have escaped from their home town, but he hasn't escaped very far, and he and Jody end up pretty much where they start-

ed, except that they are no longer boys.

The performance, under Patricia Golden's direction, is lively and satisfying. Rodney Hudson and Thommie Blackwell do very well as Jody and Dude, and I also enjoyed (and believed) Dana Manno and Pamela Poirier as their girls. Joanna Featherstone and Hank Frazier are very good as a couple who start out middle-aged and end up elderly. But best of all (in the best part of all) is Mr. Thompson—narrator, compere, and presiding genius. His breaking into a tap routine near the end is one of the high points of the evening.

"Home Boy" is billed as No. 5 in Ed Bullins' Twentieth-Century Cycle, the four others being "In the Wine Time," "The Duplex," "In New England Winter," and "The Fabulous Miss Marie." In these, a few of the characters make more than one appearance. I cannot remember having previously seen any of the characters in "Home Boy," but the full name of the middle-aged man, as spoken by his wife, is Clyde Henderson Dawson, so he may well be related to Cliff Dawson of "Wine Time" and "New England Winter."

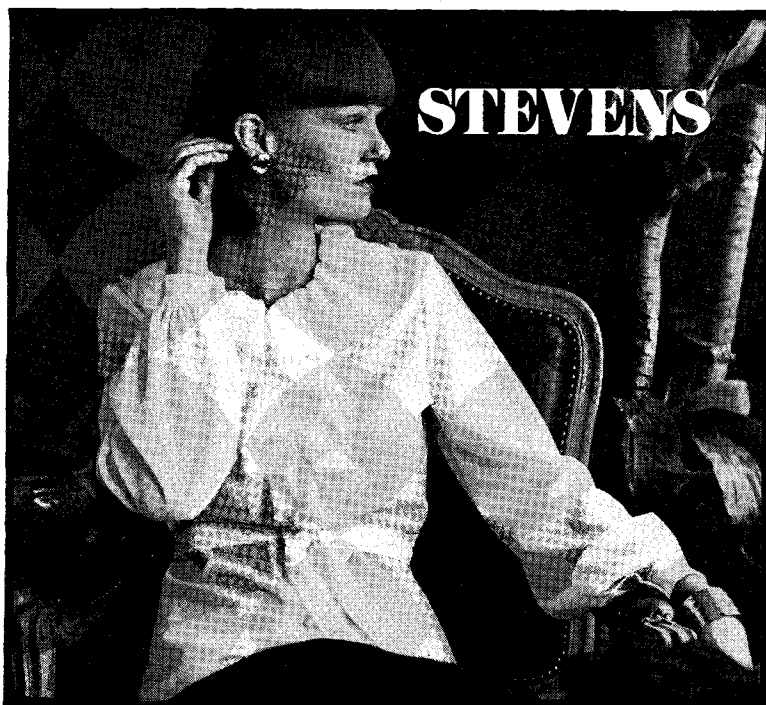
WHEN Bernard Shaw's "The Philanderer" originally opened, in 1893, it failed, because the company of Jack Grein was unable to perform it properly. "It was apparent that its demands on the most expert and delicate sort of acting—high comedy acting—went quite beyond the resources then at the disposal of Mr. Grein," Shaw wrote in his preface to his three "Unpleasant Plays." Well, maybe. But Shaw did indeed depend on his actors—and even more on his actresses—to supply the technique, the feelings, and the passion that he indicated in the parts he wrote for them. Casting was extremely important to him, as anyone who has read his letters to the producer-director Harley Granville-Barker can attest. At the Roundabout, where "The Philanderer" opened last week, the play is done more or less as farce. It is not exactly low comedy (no pratfalls or pies in the face), but it is certainly not subtle or high comedy, either. Nevertheless, under Stephen Hollis's direction the complex plot and pesky

subplot are clear and the production moves at a brisk and merry pace. The play itself seems at best a minor work, though.

The philanderer of the title is one Leonard Charteris, who courts and becomes engaged to a widow, Grace Tranfield, in order—he is quite frank about it—to rid himself of the unwanted importunities and embarrassing love of Julia Craven, the most recent object of his fly-by-night affection. He is a guileful fellow, and by the time the action is over Mrs. Tranfield has seen through him and broken the engagement, and he, by a contemptible ploy, has contrived to marry Julia off—or, at least, to have her become affianced to a silly doctor who is obviously repellent to her. Marriage and its preliminary rites are the targets here, and the theme recurs from time to time throughout the evening, which is dominated by the spirit of Ibsen, with its New Order versus the Old Order. In the course of the action, Shaw has a fine time teasing the half-baked Ibsenites and the New Woman who belongs only to herself, and, in the case of Charteris, teasing the opportunistic Ibsenite who feels perversely that what's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Indeed, the second act takes place in the Ibsen Club for "unwomanly women and unmanly men," and a bust of the Master, beside the fireplace, glowers upon all present.

In the title role, Donald Madden is exactly right—chipper, detached, and amusing. Marion Lines is correctly cool and attractive as Grace Tranfield, and George Ede is correctly baffled and affronted as Julia's military father. As Julia, Cara Duff-MacCormick is funny—a Mary Petty drawing come to life—in her handsome period costume (costumes by Christina Gianini) as, sobbing or raging, she flings herself on the floor or drapes herself on the furniture. But the circumstances (Hollis's, not Shaw's) give Julia no chance for dignity in her genuine grief. We should sympathize with her, but we laugh, until we are brought up short at the end when she tells Charteris that she is a worthless woman, because she is not brave enough to kill him. I've saved the best till last. In the supporting role of Julia's younger sister, Pamela Brook, dressed in knickers and a man-tailored jacket that in no way impede her refreshing charm, is the Shavian girl if ever there was one. Miss Brook gives a first-rate performance and is a real discovery. The impressive settings are by Eldon Elder, and Dan Koetting designed the lighting.

—EDITH OLIVER

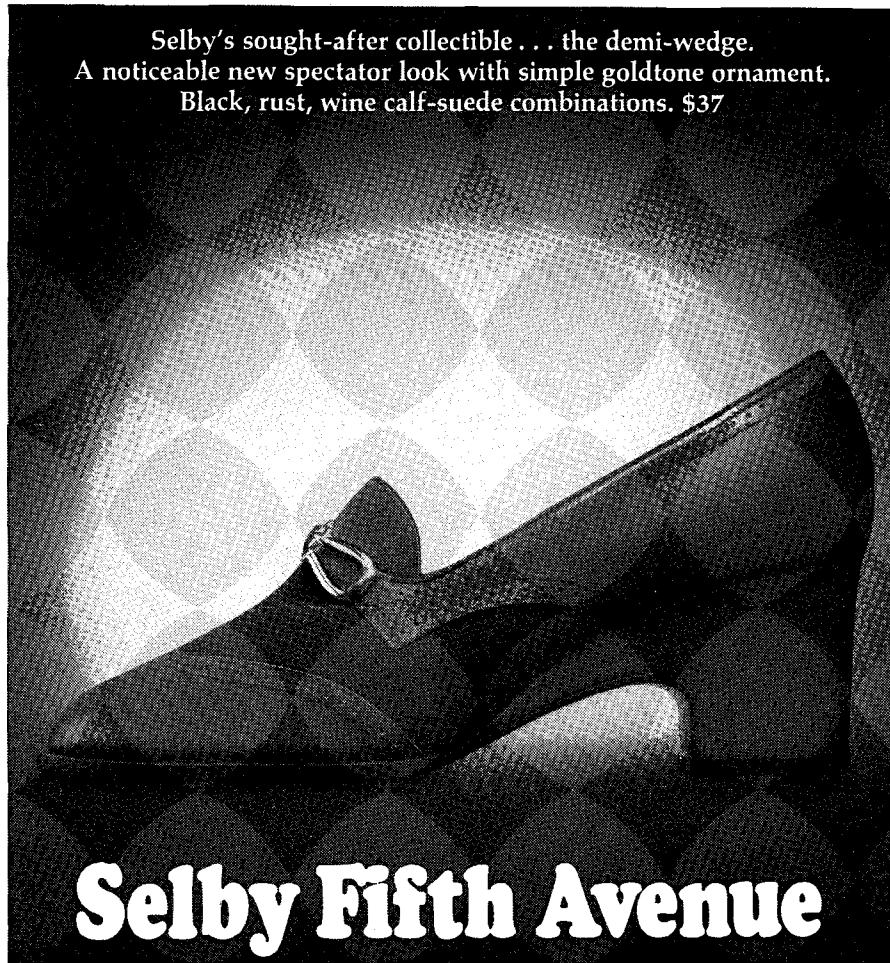


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FOOTBALL

Winning Ways—and Means



"IT's witchcraft! wicked witchcraft," says Carolyn Leigh in her lyric for a celebrated aria by Cy Coleman, and it is indeed: Kubacki, whose run-

ning is as puissant as his throwing, is the magic wand for whom Restic, Harvard's campaign manager, has been searching these past half-dozen years. Kubacki operates out of a layout that is like nothing else on earth—a layout that alters from play to play. Call it deep-kick, call it three-backs-in-a-slot, call it (as its bemused opponents may) three-pigs-in-a-poke, it evolves into a flow of traffic which is complex enough to pull a defender or two out of position, and that is all that is needed. Restic's battle plan concerns itself not with the mechanical grinding out of yardage inside the tackles or with the flare pass to the sidelines; it is built upon a scale of magnificence in which the option pitchout goes for twenty-seven yards, the rollout goes for eighteen, and the run that sucks in the cornerbacks turns into a toss down the alley which goes for eighty yards and a touchdown. Kubacki was onstage last fall, too, and so was Curry, a catcher of such proficiency that Kubacki rarely had to take to his own heels. Curry's withdrawal a while ago has brought about the new Harvard offense: an attack in which are visible elements of many a device, both traditional and brand-new; an attack that this correspondent's New England outrider, Michael Gibbons, thinks of as "a history of football," improved upon no end by the addition of the rich resources of Canadian football—an amusement in which Restic has had ample training. As one watched Kubacki shoulder his way through a thicket of bewildered Boston University onlookers on Saturday last, watched him edge defenders away from Hobdy (who, *vice* Curry, caught one of those long Kubacki touchdown passes that afternoon), one's sole regret was that the match had to be performed on a turf that became damper and slipperier by the moment. Harvard (nervous at first) 37, Boston University (never-say-die) 14—presumably a harbinger of more of the same. Davenport, who spelled Kubacki toward the end of the afternoon, has an arm even more accurate than his senior's, and will be

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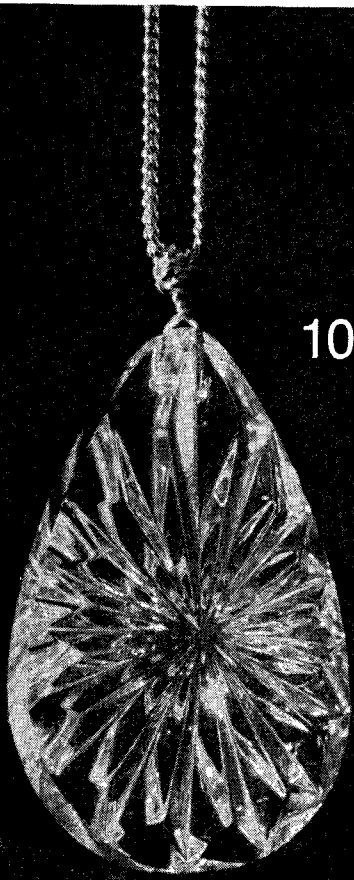


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Kubacki's successor a year from today, but whether he is as indomitable a runner or as deft a deceiver is yet to be learned, and the Restic-Kubacki palace may require a rebuilding. See it now.

Stanford, any one of whose offensive linemen could make Boston University's center seem undernourished, is—even in its present state of health—a sturdier opponent than Boston, and in the forecasts it was rated sixteen or seventeen points above Army, which must rely greatly on sophomores and freshmen of a more plausible size and weight. Add to this advantage a punter, Michel, for whom the coffin corner appears always within range, and Stanford on its visit to Army last weekend looked to be invulnerable. Ahead by 20-0 in the third quarter, it looked invincible as well. Then Hall, who (at quarterback) had to launch all his assaults from way down at Army's end of the field (precisely because of Michel's punting), finally found his catchers. Impartially meting out his passes to a half-dozen mates, seniors and freshmen alike, he took Army eighty yards in seven plays for a touchdown, eighty yards in six plays for another, and sixty-six yards in thirteen plays for a third. Three touchdowns and one successful conversion, and Army, seventy-eight seconds before time ran out, was still in the rear, at 20-19. Hall's choice was a pass to Brundidge for the conversion, and Brundidge, Hall's most reliable catcher, hauled in the ball for two points as three Stanford harriers closed in on him. Walter Johnson, when—all those decades ago—he pitched for the Washington Senators, did not often have the support he merited, and there were times last year when as much could be (and was) said about Hall. The accession to Army's field strength of newcomers like Brundidge and Dwyer may help; Army's running attack (forty-nine yards against Stanford) is not the answer.

Case could be the running and throwing quarterback Dartmouth has been casting about for since 1974. Holy Cross is no longer a great destroyer of Ivy League personnel, but Case and Oberg, who is already an established runner, and their fellow-performers had such a fine afternoon in Worcester on Saturday (Dartmouth 45, Holy Cross 7) that the impending engagement with Harvard now appears to be almost even. Stephen. Cornell, where the dearth of viable quarterbacks has been stringent indeed, lost to one more outside-the-League visitor over last weekend—Rutgers 21, Cor-

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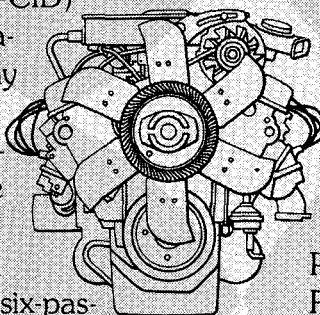


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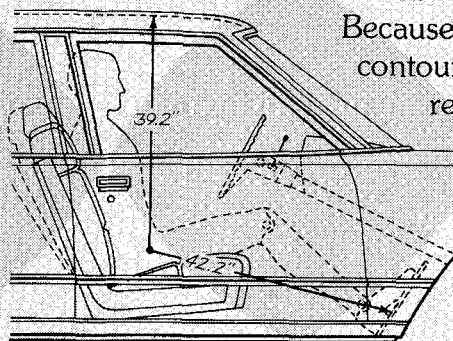
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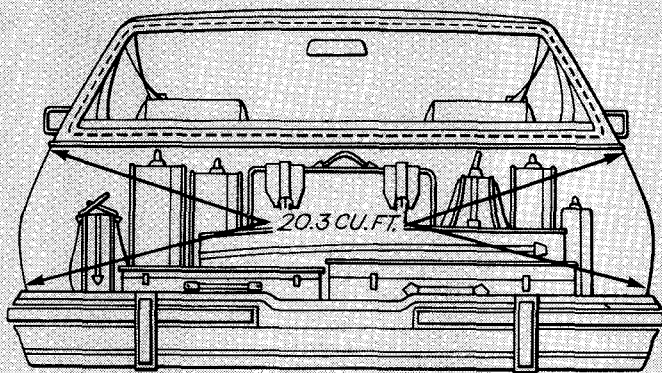
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nell 14—but Hofher, a novice no one had even noticed until the week before, seemed a better choice at quarter than anyone who had come along in some time. Yale, whose Pagliaro, a heavy-duty truck, loves running against whatever opposition is afforded, handily put away Lehigh, a wiry opponent often streaked with brilliance, at the count of 21-6: the first time Lehigh has been overturned this fall. Brown lost a great coffin-corner punter when Violante graduated this spring, and it may not have quite all of last year's momentum, but it managed to subdue Princeton, 13-7—a Princeton whose quarterback problem and whose running problem remain severe. Princeton collected its first touchdown of the season, true enough, but a penalty imposed on Brown helped enormously. The week's summation of the Ivy League's trials (and of its triumphs, too, let it be said) ends with Columbia, our local upholder of the cause, unexpectedly doing in Pennsylvania, at 14-10. Columbia's passing game remains imperfect (one thinks back to the rewarding days of Marty Domres et al.), but Pennsylvania's has an irregular heartbeat as well, and for once Columbia's groundwork—so frequently wasted in past years—was effective.

AIR FORCE, the Flying Dutchman of football, visited Kent State, of Ohio, on Saturday and went home a loser, at 24-19. Some of the more familiar names are missing from the Air Force lineup this fall, but the Air Force character still prevails—very little run (eleven yards) and very much throw (two hundred and twenty-five yards). In a way, that is Army's story, too, but it is a reasonable guess that when Air Force moves in on West Point not long from now, Hall will outthrow anyone else.

—J. W. L.

WIDOWHOOD

It's as if the wife of King Lear wandered on stage after the play and since there was no script they had to hustle up a few lines of pious resignation to staunch the tears—the cue for a heads-up exit, while in the unlit alley outside, its right rear door flung open, the black Buick from the nursing home snarled under the toe of a booted lackey.

—LEONARD NATHAN



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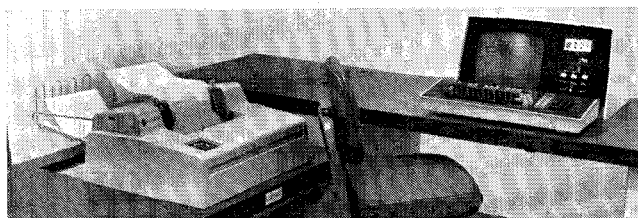
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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE EVER MORE COMPLEX WORLD OF TOURNAMENT TENNIS

WITH the centennial of the Lawn Tennis Championships, at Wimbledon, coming up in 1977, I found that my summer reading this year included a number of books of various vintages dealing with that landmark in sports, the world's oldest tennis tournament—which, wonder of wonders, remains in a class by itself. Tennis has changed so much in recent times that a good many of the books about Wimbledon now have the hammocky charm of pure escapist reading. For example, take "Twenty Years of Lawn Tennis," written in 1920 by A. Wallis Myers, who covered the game for the London *Daily Telegraph* for more than twenty-five years, and who in the decades before and after the First World War may have been the most influential tennis writer in the world. I was particularly struck by a passage, written in Myers' resonant, rococo style, in which he describes his attempt to adjust to the announcement, both exciting and off-putting, that the celebrated tournament that had come to be known as "Wimbledon" was, after forty-odd years, being uprooted: the All England Club, which ran the championships, was moving from its old grounds, on Worple Road, to a more commodious location, on Church Road, also in the borough of Wimbledon. Myers visualizes the change thus:

After another June, or possibly two, dust-stained pedestrians, panting to reach the wicket gate, will cease to jostle each other on the railway footpath; old ladies and young will cease to camp out in that uninspiring strip of unkempt roadway which connects the Worple Road with the gates of the All England Club; waiting motor-cars will no longer convert a quiet and respectable neighbourhood into one great, inchoate garage.... For the present premises of the All England Club are inadequate to meet the demands both of the world's best players and those who come to see the world's best players play. When the game was young and (let us whisper it) its first champions a little old—old enough at any rate to have become experts at [court] tennis and racquets—the three and a half acres in the Worple Road were sufficient to accommodate the brigade of tall-hatted city men and sportsmen who came down annually to applaud (and possibly gamble on) the programme. But even a few years later, when the Renshaw twins and Lawford were in their prime, and trains drew up on the flank of the courts, unloading passengers agog with excitement, elbowroom was a little scarce. That, of course, was long before the giant stands had been erected round the centre court. Eager sightseers raised themselves above their fellows on imported chairs, and even paid

half a sovereign for a couple of bricks [to stand on]!

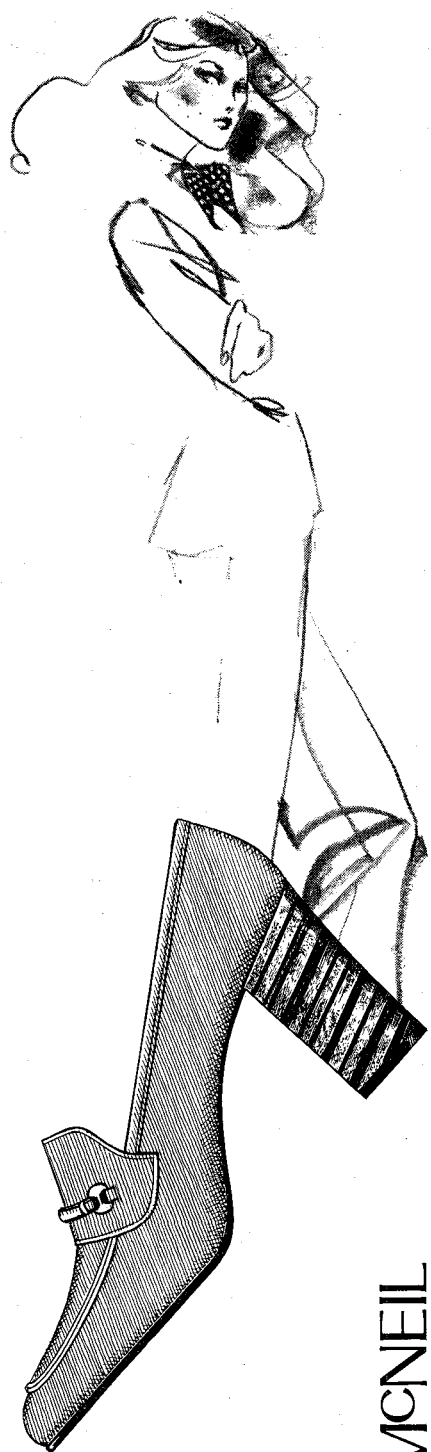
The fascinating thing about Myers' book is that he was led to look back with honest nostalgia on the Wimbledon of the past because he perceived, correctly, that the tennis world was on the verge of a considerable expansion. Of course, from the vantage point of 1976, the tennis world that took shape in the nineteen-twenties wasn't all that different from the tidy, select garden party of the pre-First World War days, when all the Wimbledon champions, men and women alike, came from English-speaking countries—Britain, Ireland, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. While the tennis world of the twenties was made up of far more international fields, there were only a few minor modifications in the annual tournament schedule that had prevailed for decades. In the winter and early spring, the players occasionally competed indoors on wood, mainly in and around Paris, but for the most part they congregated on the Riviera, coming up against each other at Menton, Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and the other oases on the Côte d'Azur. In May, the caravan moved on to the premier clay-court event, the French Championships, founded in 1891, and then it was time to head for England and tune up for Wimbledon and tennis on grass by entering

one or two of the scattering of ancient grass-court tourneys, like Beckenham and Queens. When Wimbledon was over, most of the European players returned to the Continent for the lesser championships; meanwhile, the Americans came home for our national clay-court championships, after which they began a slow, pleasant, week-by-week crawl up the East Coast which included such stops as Seabright, Southampton, Rye, Newport, and Longwood (for the national doubles), before heading down to Forest Hills and the national singles championships. At intervals during the year, Davis Cup preliminary rounds, leading to the Challenge Round, were held, and at the end of December, after what was usually a restful autumn, the old year concluded and the new year began with the Australian Championships, established in 1905 and regarded as the fourth major championship, the others being Wimbledon, the American, and the French. The dramatic arrival of the United States and France in the twenties as first-class tennis powers did alter the style of play and the general flavor of the game to an appreciable degree, but, for all that, the tempo within the microcosm of tennis remained stately and unhurried. The stars rarely took part in more than twelve or fifteen events in an average year, resting and practicing and learn-



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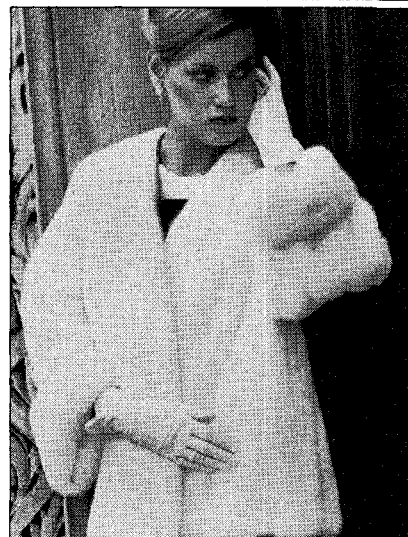
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THAYER MCNEIL

ing during the open weeks. Since the players were not chronically over-tennised, as they now are, and so had the mental and physical reserves to rise to the big occasions, small wonder that there were so many memorable matches.

I MENTION all this because the tennis scene is so different today. Throughout the year, there is scarcely a week in which a big event is not scheduled, and some weeks there are three or four events of stature being played on as many continents. It might be instructive to note, briefly, the extent of the activities and domains of the leading entrepreneurs—World Championship Tennis, Virginia Slims, the Commercial Union Grand Prix, and World Team Tennis. All of them, one way or another, came into being because of the enormous expansion of professional tennis in the last decade and the commercial opportunities that this made available, particularly when television became more and more interested. World Championship Tennis, the organization that Lamar Hunt, of Dallas, has headed since 1968, the year in which open tennis actually arrived, was connected this past season with twenty-seven tournaments played in twelve countries between the second week in January and the first week in May. Fifty-seven players took part in one or more of these tournaments, most of which offered a purse of sixty thousand dollars. At the same time that the men were competing on the W.C.T. circuit, the women were playing the Slims circuit, which was founded by the women professionals in 1970: eleven tournaments, all in the United States, and each worth seventy-five thousand dollars in prize money. As soon as W.C.T.'s allotted segment of the year—the first four and a half months—was finished, in stepped World Team Tennis and the Commercial Union Grand Prix. World Team Tennis, which Larry King, Billie Jean's husband, helped to start and continues to guide, is alive and well in its third year, and is even showing signs of growth, despite the almost unanimous prediction of the experts that it would never make it. It is at present composed of teams (with rosters of six or seven players) representing ten cities or localities, from coast to coast. Each team engages in forty-four matches between early May and mid-August, with a three-week hiatus for Wimbledon. Interestingly, it is the women who have made W.T.T. go. Whereas Ilie Nastase and Rod Laver were the only men ranked in the top ten in the



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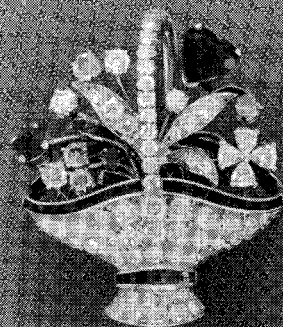
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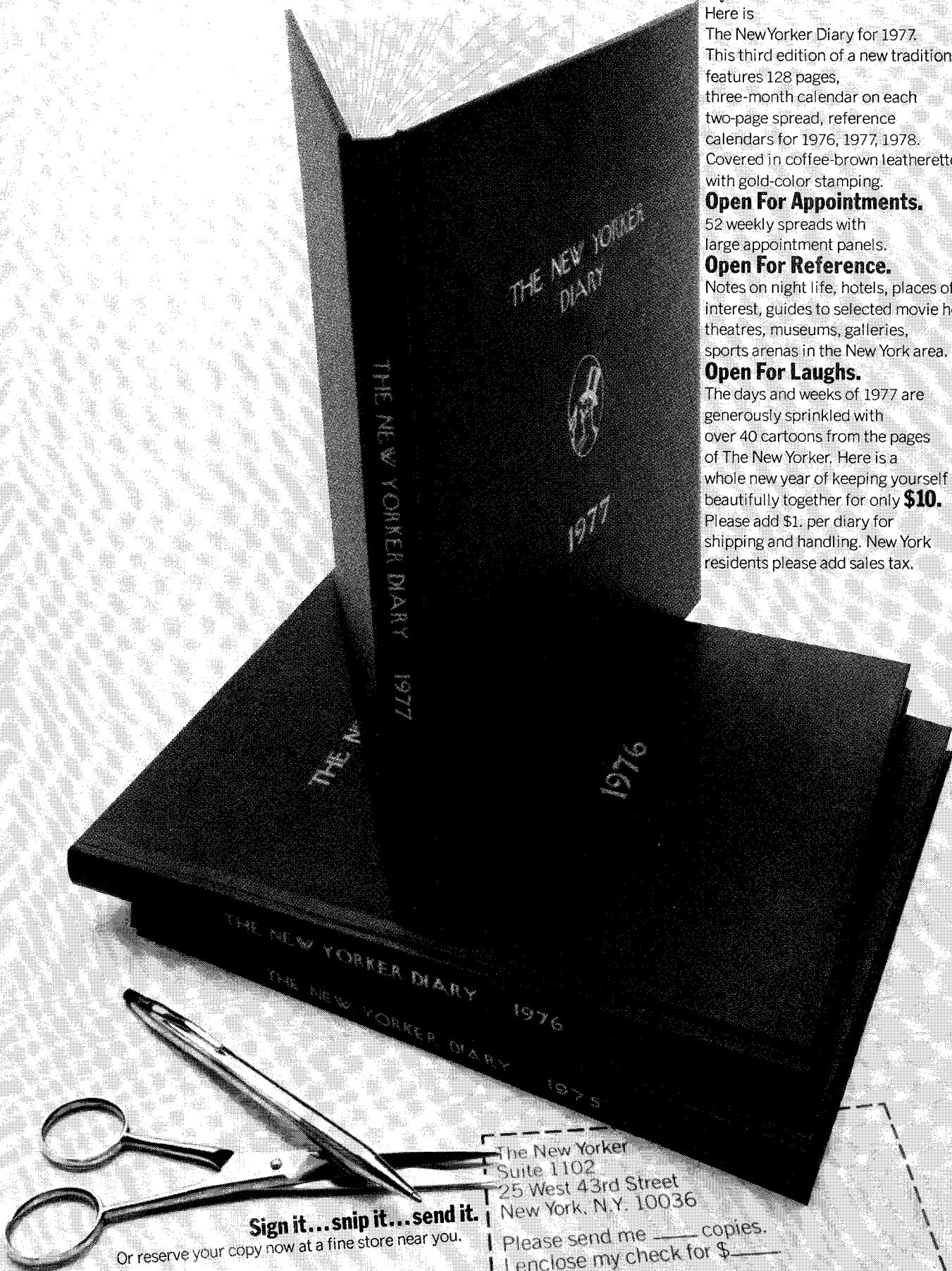
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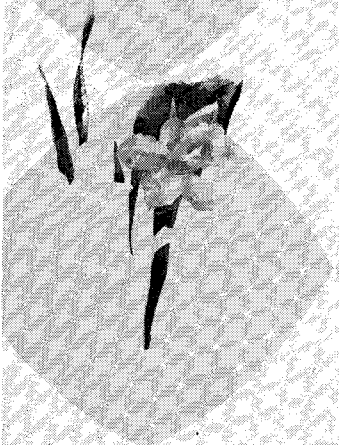
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world who contracted to play in the league this past year, all the outstanding women players were in its fold, including the top five: Chris Evert, Evonne Goolagong, Martina Navratilova, Billie Jean King, and Virginia Wade. It was the women who were the drawing cards, Evert and Goolagong especially. This was Evert's first year in W.T.T., and when she decided to sign with the Phoenix team, for which her best friend, Kristien Kemmer Shaw, plays, it practically guaranteed the survival of the league. (Evert had had reservations about joining W.T.T., with its punishing schedule and constant travel, but after Navratilova signed with Cleveland last autumn she really had no choice: if she had stayed

out, she would have had no opportunity to play against the best women players, except at Wimbledon, over a stretch of three and a half months, and her game would have suffered.) Finally, there is the Grand Prix, now in its seventh season. This year, it is made up of forty-eight tournaments held in twenty-two countries from the middle of May to the end of November. The Grand Prix works like this: The various tournaments associated with it deduct twelve and a half per cent of their prize money, which they put into a players' bonus pool, and the Commercial Union Assurance Company, a multinational firm with headquarters in London, matches these contributions. At the end of this year, the bonus pool, which will be close to a million dollars, will be parcelled out in graduated amounts among the thirty-five leading point scorers in singles and the twenty leading doubles players. Last year, Guillermo Vilas, of Argentina, who led the Grand Prix singles players, won the top prize in the pool—a hundred thousand dollars.

In addition to all the competitions coordinated by the Grand Prix, W.T.T., Virginia Slims, and W.C.T., any reputable tennis player who may have a few idle moments can find a little action on several minor circuits and in a number of independent tournaments of a fairly high class. It is safe to say that nowadays a very small number of the men and women on or near the top level play fewer than twenty-five tournaments a year, and several play close to forty. With the towering prize money now available, it is easy to understand why most players find it so difficult to take time off periodically from the grind for a spot of rest and relaxation. Who knows when the Golconda will run out? On the other hand, there is little question that the almost con-

tinuous tournament pressure accounts in large part for the failure of many talented young players to realize their promise, and also for the astonishing lack of consistency in the performances of both the young players and the veterans in what used to be the most form-abiding of sports.

This season, a striking illustration of how gruelling modern tennis, with its crammed schedule, can be was provided by Chris Evert. This was ironic, inasmuch as she is one of the few players who are intelligent enough to make it a practice to escape regularly from the competitive maelstrom and to take a breather for a week or two. Evert's commitments, however, caught up with her in July. On Friday the second,

she played the Wimbledon women's singles final, defeating Goolagong. On Saturday the third, she teamed with Navratilova to win the Wimbledon women's doubles final. On Sunday the fourth, she flew back to New York. Customarily, Evert gives herself a week or two after arriving home to recuperate from the strain of the Wimbledon fortnight. This year, however, having joined W.T.T., which starts the second half of its season directly after Wimbledon, she didn't have the time to spare. On Monday the fifth, she flew to Cleveland, where Phoenix was playing, and won her singles from Navratilova. On Tuesday the sixth, Phoenix met Boston in Boston, and Evert won her singles from Kerry Melville Reid. On Wednesday the seventh, a day off, Phoenix travelled to Pittsburgh, where, the following night, she lost her singles to Goolagong. On Friday the ninth, on to Indianapolis, where she defeated Mona Guerrant, of the Indiana team. No rest for the weary. The next day, she had to fly out to Oakland for the W.T.T. All-Star Game, in which she was again defeated by Goolagong. During the two weeks after the All-Star Game, she played on eight nights, and then this killing pace caught up with her. She came down with a virus and was confined to bed for several days, missing three matches before she was ready to play again. However, there is no need to get all worked up about Chris Evert's problems. Last year, this sturdy, sensible young lady, pacing herself well, earned \$412,977 in prize money alone, which is more than many of us make in two years, or even three.

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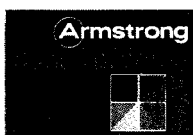
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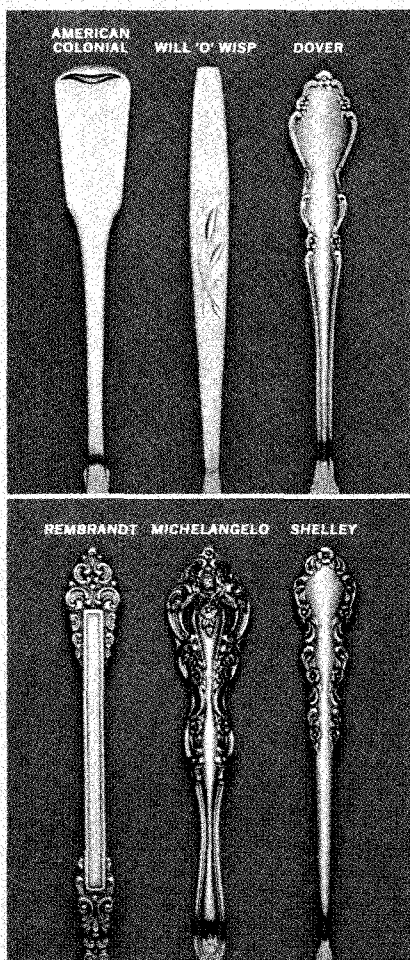
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place in the now feverish world of tennis that it would be a sizable task just to list them all. Perhaps the best solution would be to set down, as briefly as possible, eight aspects of the international scene that seem to have especial significance.

ITEM: Granted that too much attention has already been lavished on Ilie Nastase, the enigmatic Rumanian, I'm afraid there is no avoiding comment on his achievements and aberrations previous to the recent United States Open Championships at Forest Hills. (We will get to these later.) After a mediocre season, in which his once dazzling repertoire of strokes had lost their gleam and sting, he suddenly began to play exceedingly well again late in 1975. In late November and early December, in the Kungliga Tennishallen, in Stockholm, packed houses of thirty-seven thousand fans watched the Grand Prix Masters, hoping to witness the eventual triumph of nineteen-year-old Bjorn Borg, the national idol of Sweden. On the first night, Nastase almost wrecked the tournament by going into a stalling routine so outrageous that his opponent, Arthur Ashe, for all his stoicism, could stomach it no longer and left the court in disgust. It took a lot of high-level confabulation by the officers of the International Lawn Tennis Federation before everything was straightened out. Anyhow, in the final, Nastase administered a shocking defeat to Borg, losing only five games in sweeping three straight sets. Nastase continued to play first-class tennis in 1976. He twice defeated Jimmy Connors, generally regarded as the best player in the world, during the indoor season, and at Wimbledon, after Connors had been upset in the quarter-finals, Nastase was a heavy favorite to win the title. He did not. In the final, Borg, an altogether different player from the one Nastase had trounced in Stockholm in December, beat him decisively. All in all, however, Nastase enjoyed such a renaissance this year that one might think he would have been only too happy to dispense with his familiar olio of unsportsmanlike acts—rude personal slurs and swearing, delaying play and abusing officials, and so on. Not on your life. As shrewd as a ward heeler, he appreciates his power as a box-office attraction and the consequent timorousness of the tennis hierarchy about penalizing him for his behavior, lest such a move hurt the ticket sales at upcoming tournaments. This past March, an official finally took the type of action against Nastase that was long overdue. The official was

Charles Hare, a former British Davis Cup player, who was serving as the referee at the American Airlines tournament in Palm Springs. In the quarter-final match between Nastase and Roscoe Tanner—Tanner was in front all the way and was leading 6-3, 2-1, and 40-0 when the end came—Hare defaulted Nastase when he left the court and stretched out in a box with his feet hoisted over the railing. Previously, after warnings by Hare, Nastase had made a mocking gesture at him and had sworn at him. Why Nastase feels compelled to cheapen everything he touches is beyond understanding, but I think it must be clear by now that, for a man with his earning power, little wrist slaps like fines of a few thousand dollars or short suspensions mean nothing at all. (After his performance at Palm Springs, the International Professional Tennis Council, incomprehensibly, did not so much as reprimand him.) Tennis has rules, and whenever Nastase breaks them he should immediately be defaulted. If he insists on breaking the rules regularly, he should be suspended—for six months or a year, depending on the circumstances. It is as simple as that. Ilie Nastase is an extremely talented athlete, but the success of tennis tournaments assuredly does not depend on whether or not he is appearing.

ITEM: In Stockholm, just before Christmas, Borg more than made up for his disappointing showing against Nastase in the Grand Prix Masters two weeks earlier by leading the Swedish Davis Cup team to a 3-2 victory over Czechoslovakia in the Challenge Round. Borg had a hand in all three points that Sweden won. In his first singles, he overwhelmed Jiri Hrebec, 6-1, 6-3, 6-0. He teamed with Ove Bengtson to defeat Vladimir Zednik and Jan Kodes in the doubles, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4, and then nailed down the victory with a great performance against the redoubtable Kodes, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2. Sweden thus became the first European country in over forty years to win the Davis Cup, and only the seventh country to win it since the competition was inaugurated, in 1900. The others have been the United States, Great Britain (or the British Isles, as it was called in the early days), Australasia (Australia and New Zealand in combination), France, Australia, and South Africa, which in 1974 won the cup from India by default.

ITEM: These days, for some inexplicable reason, a number of early-round matches in the coming year's Davis Cup competition are played near the

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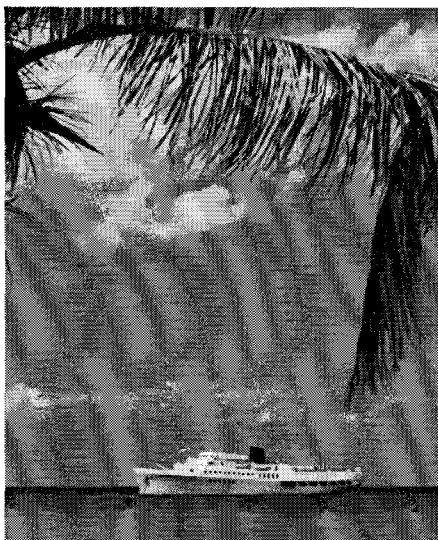
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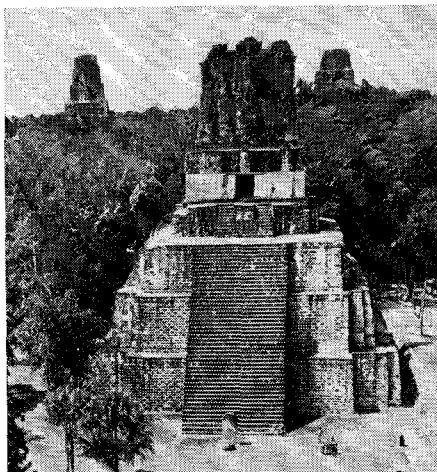
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end of the preceding year. For example, last December, at the same time that Borg was capturing the 1975 Davis Cup almost single-handed, the United States was facing Mexico in a 1976 Davis Cup match—the semifinals of the North American zone, held at the Estadio Rafael Osuna, in Mexico City. Lately, we have developed a penchant for bungling our early-round Cup matches against Latin-American nations. In 1974, we were eliminated, 4–1, by Colombia, in Bogotá, and in 1975 by Mexico, 3–2, in Palm Springs. We kept this streak going last December. Mexico ousted us, 3–2, when Raul Ramirez, who seems to come up with inspired tennis in the Davis Cup, outclassed Jimmy Connors in the deciding singles, 2–6, 6–3, 6–3, 6–4. The match at Mexico City marked Connors' long-awaited debut in Davis Cup play, and the confident way Ramirez handled him in the clutch disclosed certain vulnerabilities in Connors' game and temperament which we had not been quite so clearly aware of before.

ITEM: Why are so many young athletes who could pursue successful careers in other sports leaning more to tennis than they used to? Well, look at it this way: On February 28th, in a nationally televised "Challenge Match" played in Las Vegas, Connors met the Spaniard Manuel Orantes, who had defeated him in the final of the 1975 United States Open Championship, at Forest Hills. It was no contest. It took Connors about an hour and twenty minutes to whip through Orantes, who seemed quite unprepared physically and mentally. The score was 6–2, 6–1, 6–0. For this brief workout, Connors, one hears in the Rialto, received around half a million dollars and Orantes around a quarter of a million. Orantes is a decent, worthy young man, and when one attempts to figure out why he did not train more assiduously for this match and pour more heart and effort into it, one can only conclude that he was unable to adjust to the dizzying prospect of making such an unreal amount of money for just showing up. Money can bewilder as well as corrupt.

ITEM: The best tennis of the year was probably played by Chris Evert and Evonne Goolagong. Indeed, a good case can be made that the standard of their play in all but two of their seven meetings this year was as high as has ever been attained over a sustained period in women's tennis, for the fact is that Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills Moody, during their long but separated reigns, seldom came up against opponents whose skills ap-

proached their own, and the same situation existed during the shorter reigns of Alice Marble and Maureen Connolly, the two other women players whom many old tennis enthusiasts rate among the top four talents. When players of relatively equal proficiency meet in an individual sport, such as tennis, it is a rare occasion when both manage to produce their best stuff, but this year Goolagong and Evert did it frequently. In fact, each kept forcing the other to raise the pitch of her game, and in the many long and beautifully



played points during their duels both were often compelled to improvise shots they had never attempted before and to devise spontaneous new tactics in response to unexpected patterns of attack. Goolagong, a classically graceful athlete from the wheat country of New South Wales, has been known since her arrival on the international scene, in 1971, chiefly for her speed of foot, her naturally fluent backhand, and her wandering concentration. In 1975, just before Wimbledon, she married Roger Cawley, an English metals broker. She has been so conspicuously happy in this marriage that many court-side psychologists flatly predicted that her famed "walkabouts"—the passages in her matches when her mind drifted away from her tennis—would be increasingly frequent and prolonged. They couldn't have been more wrong. This year, for the first time, Goolagong got down to work in every match and displayed a wholly new determination to win. In Evert she was up against a player with a distinctly different personality and approach to the game. The daughter of a careful, conscientious teaching professional based in Fort Lauderdale, Evert had early learned the value of concentration, of steady stroke production from the baseline, and of adroit shot selection in playing each point. Evert's and Goolagong's contrasting styles made their matches arresting, and the spur of competition drove them to new plateaus of competence. If these two young women—Evert is twenty-one, Goolagong twenty-five—continue to push each other to lift their games during the next few years, we may have the privilege of watching tennis every bit as glittering as what would have resulted if, say, Lenglen and Moody, at their best, had played each other regularly or had played Connolly, Marble, King, Margaret Court, or Maria Bueno at her best.

The formidable appeal that both Goolagong and Evert possess derives not only from their ability to play such

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fine assertive tennis but also from their innate sportsmanship—an uncommon commodity these days. They are not close friends, but ever since they first came to know each other, in Dallas in 1972, they have had an instinctive mutual liking and respect. They are considerate of all their opponents, but Evert is especially careful not to rob Goolagong of the glory of a deserved victory, and Goolagong has the same concern in regard to Evert. (At this point, I shall start referring to them by their first names; it seems more suitable.) In my mind's eye, I can see Evonne now, moments after that difficult loss in the Wimbledon final, rushing up to the net with a big, warm smile and congratulating Chris in the most genuine way as they came off the court, and I can see Chris at Philadelphia and Los Angeles, after losing the final point, shucking off her disappointment and summoning a big, warm smile as she ran forward to congratulate Evonne. That takes a little doing—it is never easy to lose a tough match you might have won. Most clearly of all, I remember a scene in the press tent at Forest Hills two years ago after Evonne had beaten Chris in a three-set semifinal that could have gone either way. Losers usually avoid the press tent and hasten to the sanctuary of the clubhouse. Chris and Evonne are two who do not. That afternoon, when Chris entered the back of the tent Evonne was already surrounded at the other end by the usual horde of reporters firing questions. After watching this a moment or two, Chris spotted Evonne's coach, Vic Edwards, standing a few yards away, and went over and congratulated him on Evonne's victory. Edwards thanked her and then leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. I was very touched, for one doesn't often see people act like that in the glossy, high-powered world of sports. I think that one reason I bring up this particular scene is that while Evonne's qualities are properly appreciated by the tennis crowds, I am not at all sure that Chris's are, because her court manner is so disciplined. From the moment she walks on the court for a match, she is all business and concentration—that is the way she was taught to approach a match. She has no convenient smiles for the spectators in the stands. She is completely wrapped up in the task at hand. Though she is not as poker-faced as Helen Wills Moody was, she shows little emotion on court. Every now and then after losing a point she feels she should have won, Chris will frown a little and twist her

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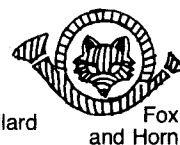
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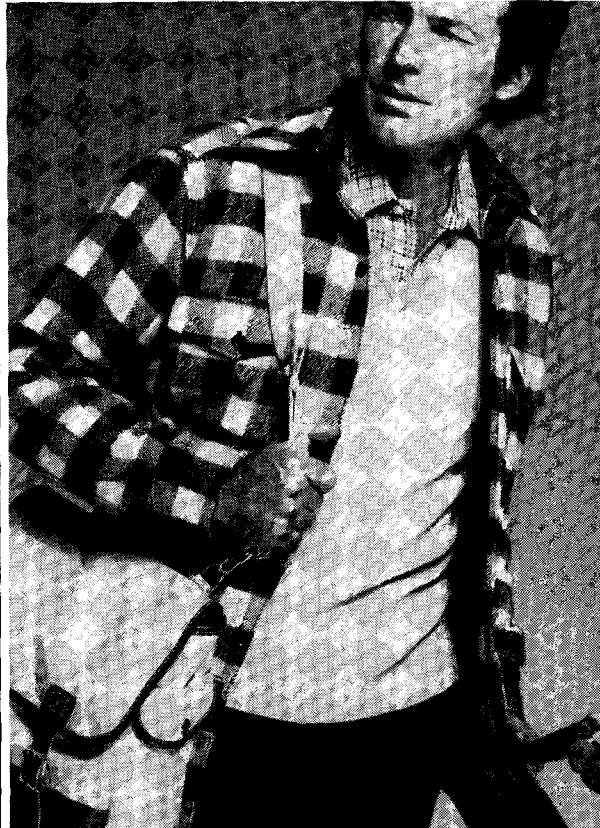
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shoulders around quickly as she walks toward the baseline, but that is about the extent of her histrionics. She is an unfailingly courteous and gracious competitor, but because she devotes her attention exclusively to playing tennis and remains so cool and unsweaty (hence her appellation the Ice Maiden) galleries have a tendency to overlook these attributes. It is not surprising that she has never really caught on with Wimbledon's famous "mums," the middle-aged women who turn out faithfully each afternoon of the tournament, year after year. The mums' ideal is a different type of girl: a nice, good-natured, well-mannered, sort of floppy English girl (like Christine Truman), a smiling girl who plays good tennis but comes across primarily as a jolly good sport—in short, a girl whom you could take home to Mum and who would pitch right in and help her make the cucumber-and-watercress sandwiches for tea. But then how many American tennis fans appreciate what an admirable young woman Chris Evert is and how well she has grown up despite the glare of the limelight?

ITEM: During the past few seasons, there has been a definite effort among the organizations that promote tennis in a big way to move up a notch in importance and gain acceptance on about the same level as the traditional major tournaments. The three that have most zealously sought this enhanced status are the United States Professional Indoor Championships, the Grand Prix Masters (an eight-man tournament that wraps up the long Grand Prix season), and the World Championship Tennis Finals (which is also made up of an eight-man field and similarly brings the W.C.T. season to a climax). The people behind each of these events feel that the efficient way it is conducted, the calibre of its field, and the sizable prize money it distributes should entitle it to as much prestige as, say, the French Open.

Having long been impressed by Lamar Hunt—the low-pressure, dignified manner in which he brought W.C.T. along has undeniably had important repercussions all through professional tennis—I thought it might be a good idea this past May to go down to Dallas for the W.C.T. Finals and see if they had the ambience of a major sports occasion. I'm afraid that, for me, they didn't. There were two main reasons. First, the tennis was dreary. This was inevitable, for the players were having to belt the slow, heavy "Australian" ball, which is manufactured in the United States, on an extremely slow

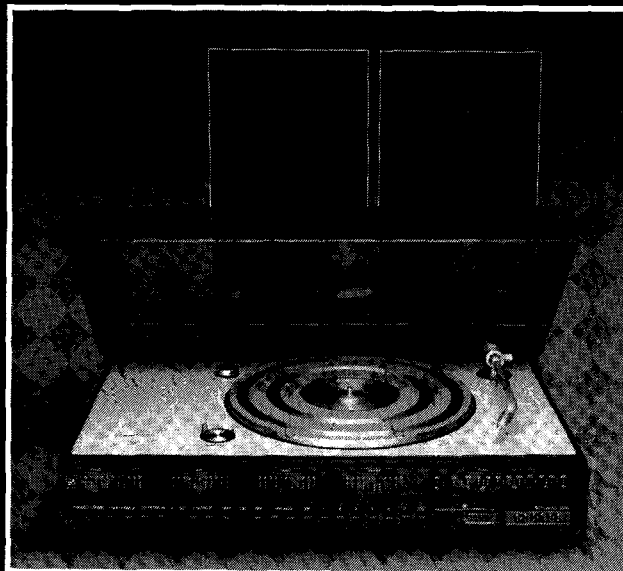
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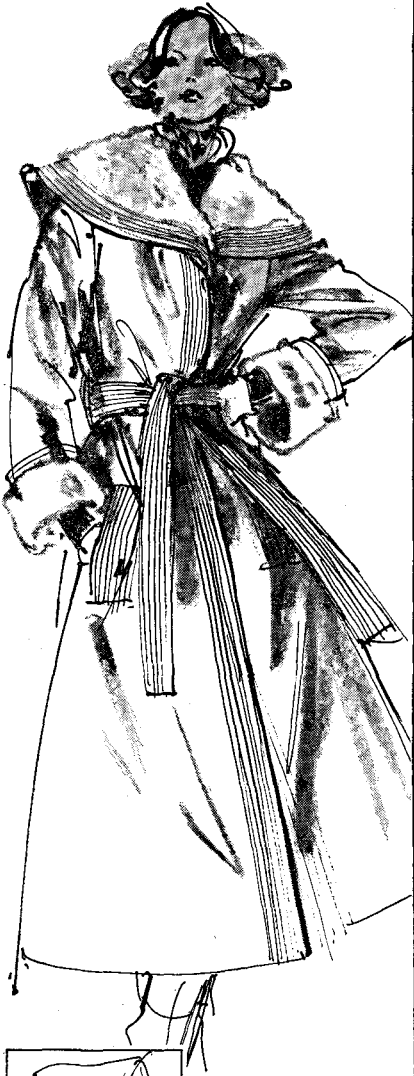
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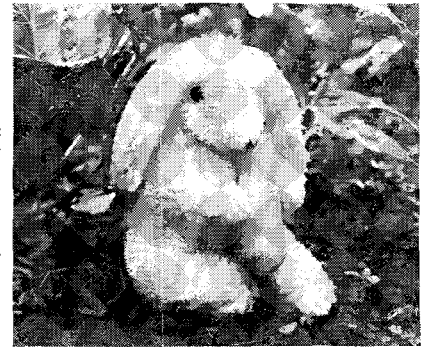
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and heavy Supreme plastic court. In just about every match, as a result, each player camped on the baseline waiting until his opponent hit a short ball; then he came up and played a forcing stroke. On many points, thirty or forty cautious top-spin shots were exchanged before one of the players ventured into the forecourt to see what he could do with a slightly mis-hit return. During one rally in the final, in which Vilas faced Borg, the ball crossed the net no fewer than eighty-five times before Vilas sliced a loose backhand eighteen inches into the alley. As Don Budge, the great champion of the nineteen-thirties, commented after the match, "I should think they would get bored having to hit so many balls to win a point. It would be easier to make a deep shot, go to the net, and get the point over with." Anyhow, in their battle of attrition Vilas was defeated (1-6, 6-1, 7-5, 6-1) by Borg, who, incidentally, had lost in the final the two previous years.

The second disappointing thing about the W.C.T. Finals—and a surprising one, since Hunt is a man of excellent taste—was the setting in which they were staged. The Moody Coliseum of Southern Methodist University, Hunt's old college, was all dolled up for the occasion in endless yards of iridescent blue bunting and green draperies—a combination no doubt suggested by the blue hue of the court, with its brick-colored border. I felt as if I were about to graduate from high school again, and was further put off by the appearance on court before the final of several dozen young men in tricorne hats and red jackets, along with an equal number of young women dressed as Colonial dames. This Bicentennial touch seemed maladroit, inasmuch as everyone knows that Washington was a very weak tennis player and Jefferson wasn't much better. I was a lot happier about the banquet held in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton-Dallas on the eve of the final of the Finals. The male guests wore dinner jackets and the female guests were in formal dresses, and one was reminded that, all kidding aside, Texas is in many ways the last bastion of high style in our country.

If Lamar Hunt or any other entrepreneur seeking to upgrade his tournament were to ask my advice, I think I would advise him to go to Paris for the next French Open, carefully study the center court at Stade Roland-Garros, and use it as a model for the kind of setting he should try to create for his event. Construction work on Roland-Garros—it was named after a French

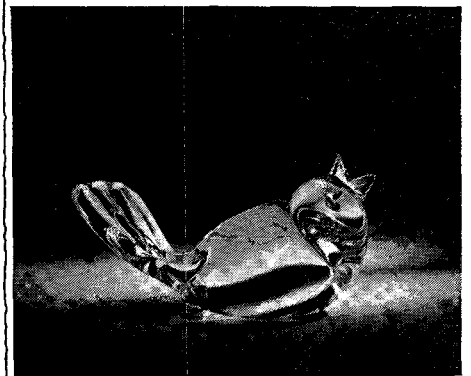
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aviator who was the first person to fly across the Mediterranean—started late in 1927, after the French won the Davis Cup and had to come up with a proper place to defend it. They decided on a leafy plot in the Bois de Boulogne which featured an attractive old country house—a perfect clubhouse—and there they built seven field courts and a center court. There was nothing fancy about the center court—no gingerbread at all. The stands, painted a dark Wimbledon green, formed a simple roofless rectangle around a single bright-red clay court. (Before each match against Bill Tilden, the French craftily watered the clay, in order to make “Beeg Beel’s” cannonball serve easier to handle.) The two long sides of the stands were elevated about two feet above the court—the usual height—and the rows were inclined at a sharp angle. The walls at the ends were ten or twelve feet high, and the rows behind them had a similarly upright pitch. At first glance you wouldn’t think so, because the structure is so compact, but the center court can hold ten thousand spectators. There has probably never been a better place to watch tennis. It has the intimacy of such old baseball stadiums as Ebbets Field and Fenway Park. As you peer down, you can see every expression that flits across the faces of the players and hear every word they utter. More to the point, you find that, without making a conscious effort, you focus every ounce of your attention on the tennis; you practically become an integral part of the match. *Le cour central* at Roland-Garros—there you have a facility that, by its very simplicity, produces the dramatic atmosphere that can transmute just another tournament into a championship.

ITEM: Given Jimmy Connors’ extraordinary talent, how does one account for his disappointing record during the first eight months of the year? I am thinking particularly of his two defeats on grass by Roscoe Tanner—first at Beckenham, in a warmup tournament for Wimbledon, and then his decisive loss (6-4, 6-2, 8-6) in the Wimbledon quarter-finals. One possible explanation is this: When Connors, essentially a power hitter, finds himself behind in a match, because he is a bit off form that day or because his opponent is employing tactics he had not anticipated, he appears to think that the one way to regain the upper hand is to rev up his own game—serve harder, get to the ball faster, whack that forehand, knock the cover off the ball with his backhand, and so on. It

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doesn't always work, because by overhitting everything he often throws his timing off, and when that happens his confidence begins to ebb. One wonders why Connors, after spending so many years in competitive tennis, hasn't developed a second, different game, which he can resort to on these occasions. When things have not been working well, most champions have been able to change from their usual style of play to another style, which enables them to slow down an opponent and quite often makes it possible for them to find a way to beat him. Tilden, who without a doubt had a greater diversity of defensive and offensive maneuvers in his repertoire than anyone else in tennis history, used to preach that the key to winning a match is to break up your opponent's game. Connors hasn't learned this yet, but no doubt he will in time.

ITEM: This past year saw Bjorn Borg fulfill his immense promise when, in early July, a month after his twentieth birthday, he won Wimbledon. Nothing could read less like an Ingmar Bergman scenario than the story of Borg's rise to fame and fortune and a home in Monte Carlo. When he was nine, his father, Rune Borg, who was a clothing salesman in Södertälje, near Stockholm, won a tennis racquet as a prize in a table-tennis tournament. He gave the racquet to his son, who became captivated by tennis and thought of almost nothing else. In 1972, at fifteen, he made his debut as a member of the Swedish Davis Cup team and defeated Onny Parun, the solid internationalist from New Zealand, in five sets after dropping the first two. Two years later, he won both the Italian and the French Championships and also the United States Professional Championship, and in 1975 he successfully defended his French and U.S. pro titles. By that time, he had grown into a tall, slim, strong young man with long blond hair and Nordic light-blue eyes, and had required the protection of a police bodyguard to survive two turbulent Wimbledon during which he was repeatedly mobbed by armies of English schoolgirls. However, he had never played a really good Wimbledon and had played only one good Forest Hills—last summer, when he lost in the semifinals to Connors (7-5, 7-5, 7-5)—and since many people felt that he had improved hardly at all between seventeen and nineteen, considerable controversy centered on him. One group felt that Borg's manager, Mark McCormack, an American who operates on a worldwide scale, overbooked him for exhibitions and tournaments,

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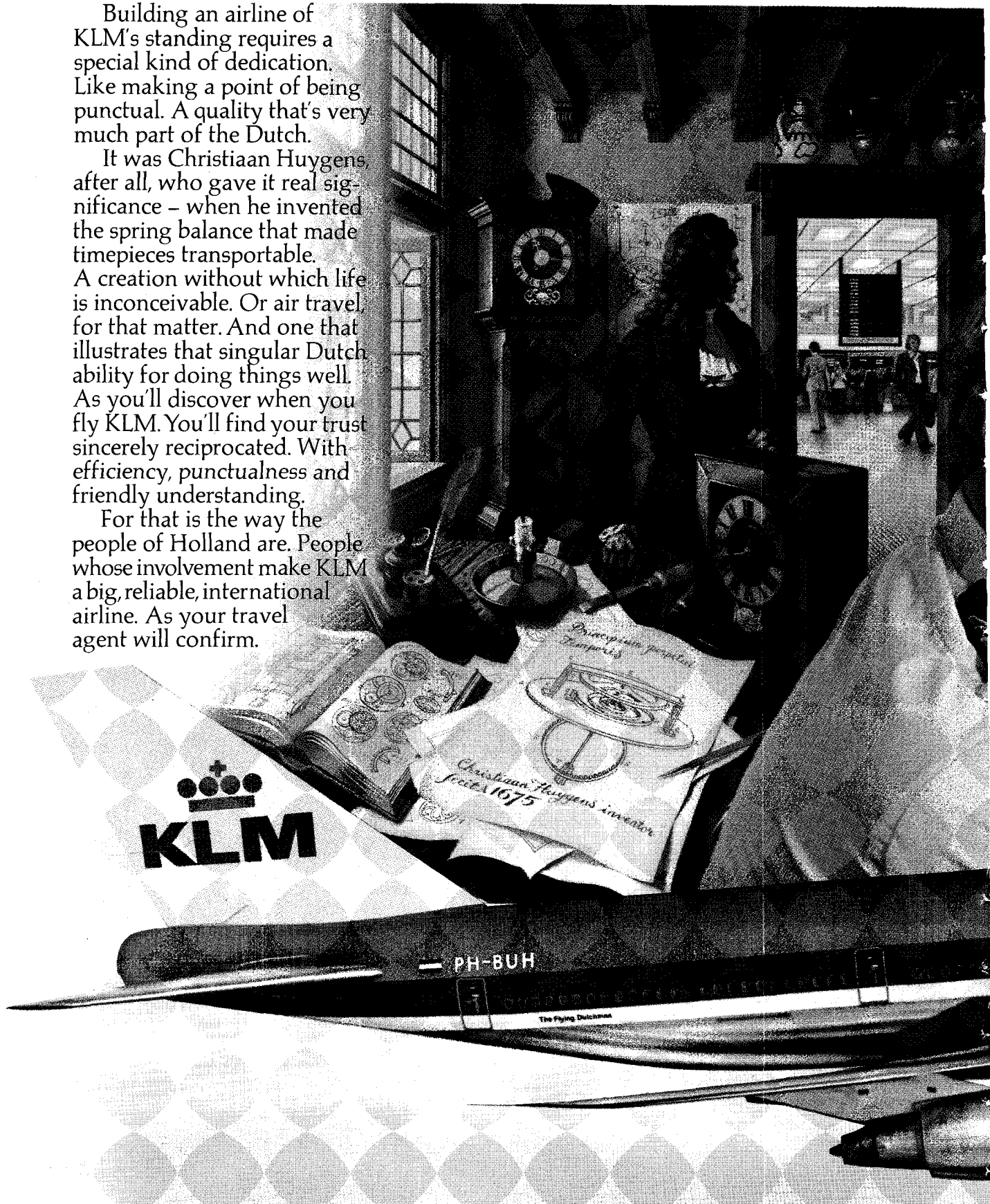
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with the result that when the big events came around he was so worn down that he hadn't enough strength left to fight his way back into a match once he had fallen behind. Another group believed that what had held him back was the fact that he had been coached not by any of the well-known gurus but by Lennert Bergelin, a former star of the Swedish Davis Cup team, who serves as the team's nonplaying captain. A third group was frankly doubtful whether Borg actually had a champion's game. With his wonderful ability to retrieve just about anything, and his coolness under stress—his normal pulse rate is reported to be forty-five—he was a tough man to beat, but his shot-making wasn't all that impressive. His serve was all right, but neither exceptionally fast nor exceptionally accurate. His ground strokes were the heart of his game. With his semi-Western grip, he whipped his forehand with heavy top spin, and he also relied on a two-handed backhand hit with heavy top spin. He could hurt you with these strokes, for he used the most tightly strung racquet of any player—it is strung with almost eighty pounds of tension, or about twenty pounds more than most tournament players use—and this gave him a good deal of pace. However, he lacked the approach shots to supplement his top-spin drives, and rarely came in to net. When he did, he demonstrated himself to be a fairly able volleyer but not an outstanding one.

This June, a very fortunate thing happened to Borg. In the French Championship, he was eliminated in the quarter-finals by the smooth young Roman Adriano Panatta, who had just won the Italian Championship and went on to win the French as well. This gave Borg the better part of a week to rest up, and then, before Wimbledon, another full week, which he and Bergelin spent at the Cumberland Club, in North London. They devoted five hours each day to building up Borg's serve and volley—the type of game that usually wins on grass. They had never made that kind of preparation before, and it brought about a small miracle. At Wimbledon, Borg served much more powerfully over a protracted stretch than he ever had in the past. It appeared that he had altered his service motion so that he was hitting the ball more at the top of his arc—an extended arc—and his timing seemed discernibly better. In any event, his serve came streaking off his racquet, and since it was also beautifully controlled, even seasoned players like Marty Riessen, whom Borg met

in the third round, couldn't handle it at all. With most of the experts concentrating on the progress of Connors and Nastase, Borg's round-by-round advance through a very rugged quarter of the draw did not attract the attention it might have until he reached the semifinals. There he defeated Tanner, Connors' conqueror, 6-4, 9-8, 6-4, serving as effectively as Tanner, who probably has the swiftest, heaviest serve among the players capable of winning championships. Borg was now in the final. He had not dropped a set, despite the fact that from the fourth round on he was handicapped by a pulled stomach muscle, incurred, unquestionably, by the increased effort he was putting into his serve, as well as by the strenuous pre-Wimbledon week when he had worked so diligently to develop that bigger serve. The rest of the tournament, he took cortisone injections before his matches to dull the pain, and occasionally during a match he applied an anesthetic spray to his stomach during the changeovers between games.

The final, Borg versus Nastase, loomed as a tremendous match, since Nastase also had not dropped a set during the championship. Like Borg, he had been serving superbly—as, in fact, he had during most of the 1976 season. Nastase is not a big, muscular man, but, with his wonderfully strong and flexible wrist, he was hitting his serves with great speed and putting the ball just where he wanted to. In the final, he got off fast. He broke Borg's serve in the second game, and in the fourth game, leading 3-0, he held break point three times. Borg, with his serve at last beginning to crackle, staved him off. Then and there, Borg took control of the match, which he ultimately won, 6-4, 6-2, 9-7. There is no doubt that his hard, skidding service had a great deal to do with his victory—he put in seventy-one of a hundred and eleven first serves, a very good percentage—but his all-round play was clearly superior to Nastase's. It was a magnificent achievement for Borg, this sudden bursting into full bloom at just the age when the talent of many youthful prodigies begins to fade, so that before you know it they start to slip back and become undistinguished members of the pack.

LAST year, as you may remember, the United States Open Championships underwent a radical transformation. The old grass courts at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, which had deteriorated terribly over the years, were dug up and replaced by



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courts made of Har-Tru, a material manufactured from crushed greenstone, which resembles clay in texture and, like clay, produces a slower, higher bounce than grass. As a result, the serve-and-volley artists, who thrive on grass, were no longer the dominant force in the championships. In their stead, there came to the fore a whole different set of players, from all over the world, who had grown up on clay, the international surface, and were skilled in the specific strokes and tactics that clay encourages. This year, representatives from no fewer than thirty-one foreign countries—including three in Africa, eight in South America, and two in Asia—were on hand at Forest Hills. On September 1st, the opening day of the twelve-day tournament, I spent a modicum of time taking in the action on the stadium court and devoted most of the afternoon to wandering around the outside courts and immersing myself in the pungent international atmosphere. For example, after watching Corrado Barazzutti, of Italy, dispose of Paul Kronk, of Australia, in the grandstand court, I stayed there for the start of the match between Raul Ramirez, of Mexico, and Patrick Proisy, of France, then moved around the field courts and caught a little of such confrontations as Brian Fairlie, of New Zealand, versus Colin Dowdeswell, of Rhodesia; Balazs Taroczy, of Hungary, versus Steve Krulevitz, of the United States; and Vijay Amritraj, of India, versus Kim Warwick, of Australia. (There are no women's matches on the opening day.) As I moved from one grim, gritty gray-green court to another—Har-Tru delights the eye hardly more than Kipling's "great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River"—I found myself reminded repeatedly of the unvarying characteristics of clay-court tennis at the championship level: the looping forehand with heavy top spin; the softly sliced backhand; the somewhat tentative first volley by players who have more confidence in winning from the baseline; the long, nerve-racking rallies from the baseline; the taut-faced older players pointing out ball marks on the court to show why they disagree with a linesman's call that has gone against them; and all the players, whether they are winning or losing, inwardly exhorting themselves to be patient, patient, patient. The world of clay-court tennis never changes much. Neither, in a basic way, does Forest Hills—though, heaven knows, there has for decades been plenty of room for improvement in the staging of the championships. This year,

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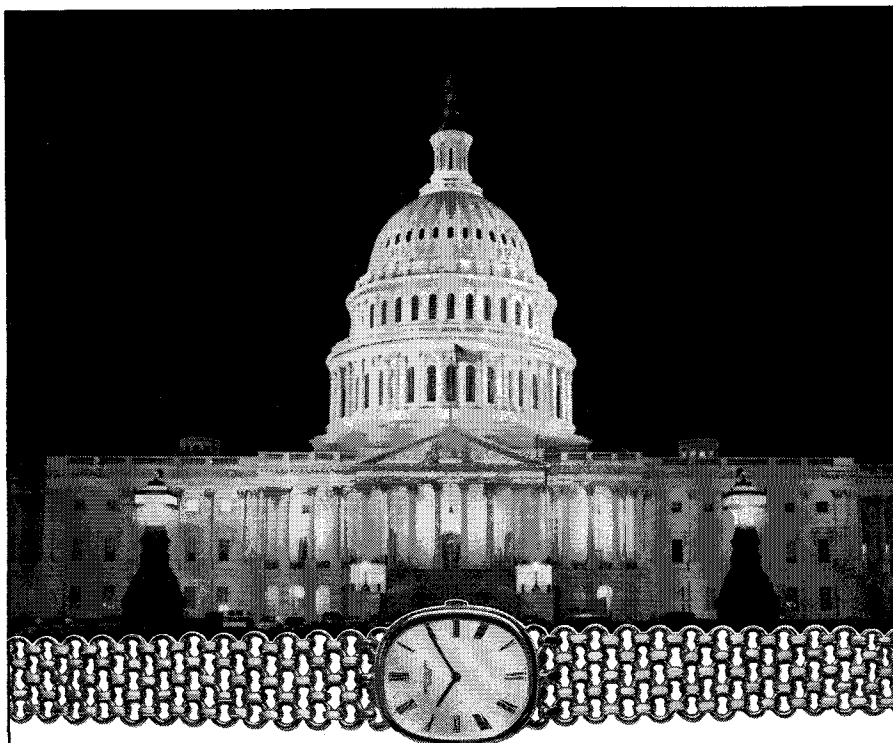
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shortly after the United States Tennis Association had appointed the veteran umpire Winslow (Mike) Blanchard the new tournament director and Charles Hare the new referee, the word went round that the U.S.T.A. was planning to give Forest Hills a thorough overhauling. A few long-needed changes *were* made, such as providing a new women's rest room, making higher-quality and more varied food available at the refreshment stands, and seeing to it that there was a splendid decrease in the number of commercial plugs between matches in the stadium. The trouble was that these improvements scarcely made a dent in correcting the things that have chronically been so disappointing about Forest Hills: the inefficiency of the overall operation of the Open, the apparent unawareness of the people in authority of the many shortcomings, and, as a result, an atmosphere that is fundamentally lacking in distinction and in the flavor of championship tennis.

Back to the tournament. By the time the fourth round was reached, it was evident that the large foreign contingent, which had been expected to play an important role in the championships, was doing exactly that. Of the last sixteen survivors in the men's singles, seven were Americans and nine came from nine different foreign countries—Czechoslovakia, South Africa, Argentina, the Soviet Union, Rhodesia, Rumania, Colombia, Spain, and Sweden, to list them in the order in which they happened to appear on the drawsheet. In the women's singles, it was much the same story: nine of the last sixteen were Americans and the seven others came from six different foreign countries—Great Britain, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Australia (two players), and France. Up to that time, however, there had been a paucity of good matches. Of the ones I watched, three had stood out. In the second round, Borg, moving without his usual nimbleness and mis-hitting many shots, barely escaped being eliminated by Jaime Fillol, of Chile. A fine strokes player, Fillol had taken the first set and led 5-3 in the third, but he has a long history of faltering in the clutch, and he did so again in this match. (Since the coming of Har-Tru and longer rallies, the men now play



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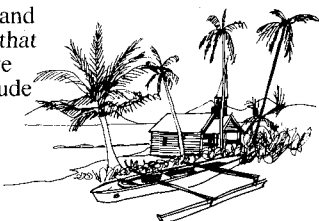
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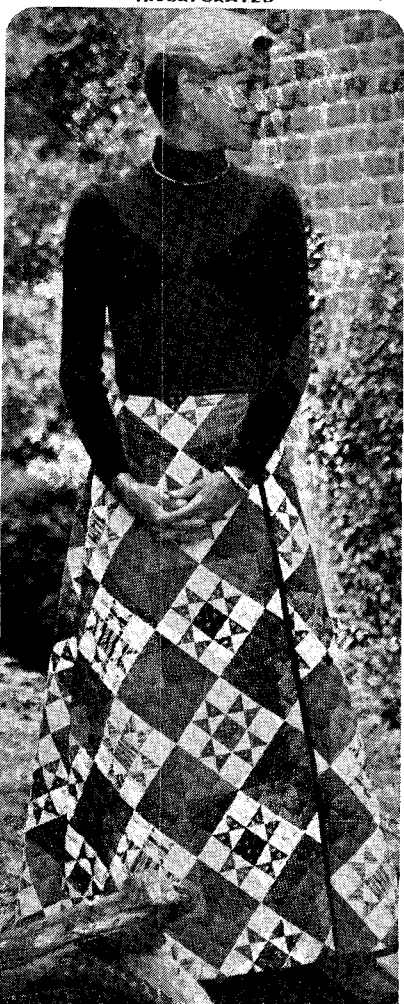
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the best of three sets in the first three rounds. From then on, it's the traditional best of five.) In the second round also, Nastase just scraped by Hans-Jurgen Pohmann, of West Germany, 7-6, 4-6, 7-6. Granted that part of the crowd was patently pulling for Pohmann, this match gave us Nastase at his worst. For a while, he limited his act to such minor antics as scolding linesmen and turning his back when Pohmann was serving, but under the heightened tension of the third set he lost all control of himself—something that sometimes happens to a man as emotional as Nastase—and began screaming after every call that went against him, cursing the umpire, shouting obscenities, and making vulgar gestures at the crowd, which he had almost completely alienated by then, and smashing a ball at a photographer who he felt had distracted him. After winning the match, he climaxed his exhibition by swinging his racquet at the umpire and spitting at Pohmann. (It is a mystery why Nastase was not defaulted, and no less a mystery why the umpire and referee permitted things to get so wildly out of hand.)

The third of these absorbing early-round matches was between Evonne Goolagong and Regina Marsikova, of Czechoslovakia. They met in the third round, at night, under the four huge towers that light the stadium court. Marsikova, a pretty girl with straight white-blond hair, is very young—seventeen. She is also a very large girl, a broad-shouldered five feet ten, and, as Laura DuPont remarked not long ago after playing her, "she is just as big as she looks." Marsikova uses her size well, bashing her drives with tremendous power off both sides, and for most of the first set she had Goolagong back on her heels several feet behind the baseline. Goolagong then changed her tactics, moving into the forecourt at every opportunity. Once there, she turned the match around with her expert volleying: Goolagong, 7-6, 6-3. Marsikova is typical of the forty or so young women from overseas—a good percentage of them from Eastern Europe—who spent this past winter competing here on our tournament circuits, and who will quite possibly arrive as first-class players in two or three years and give women's tennis, which is very thin at the top level these days—especially since the semiretirement of King and Court—the depth it badly needs.

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place. Nastase and Tanner, a strong young left-hander from Tennessee, met in the fourth round, watched by a gallery of 14,418 spectators—a record for the stadium. It was, in truth, more of a crowd than a gallery—the type of rowdy arena crowd that at a hockey game, say, derives its pleasure mainly from the fights on the ice and not from the skill of the players or the vigor of the game. A good proportion of the spectators had unquestionably been attracted by the reports of Nastase's bullying, intimidating conduct in his match with Pohmann, and some of them were out to give him a taste of his own medicine. Although Nastase was relatively well behaved during the Tanner match, this anti-Nastase bloc yelled at him whenever he protested a call, and generally tried to provoke him into one of his tantrums. When he was in the act of serving, for example, shouts of "Double fault!" and "Foot fault!" frequently cut through the air. On the other hand, at least fifty per cent of the spectators—or so it seemed to me—were as violently pro-Nastase, and they eagerly accepted the challenge of trying to drown out the more vocal of Tanner's supporters with cries of "Come on, Nastase!" and "Let's go, Ilie, let's go!" and the like. In this bizarre, belligerent atmosphere, more redolent of the Colosseum in Rome than of a tennis stadium, Tanner and Nastase proceeded to produce a thrilling match, filled with superbly played points. They divided the first four sets, Nastase winning the first, 7-5; Tanner the second, 7-6, after a tie breaker, and the third at 6-1; and Nastase the fourth, 7-6, after another tie breaker. Incidentally, for the second straight year the twelve-point tie breaker, and not the nine-point version, was used in the championships. If the first twelve points are split 6-6, the tie breaker continues until one of the players gains a two-point margin.

This extended match lasted three hours and fourteen minutes. At about a quarter to one in the morning, under a full moon riding high in a lightly clouded sky, the point that will undoubtedly make this match historic was played. In the fifth set, with the score 4-4 in games, Tanner was serving, only too conscious that if he failed to hold service it could well mean defeat. He saved one break point to get to deuce. He fought off two more break points, but moments later was faced with still another. A medium-length rally took place on this vital point. When Nastase followed a deep approach shot in to net, Tanner attempted to pass him with a

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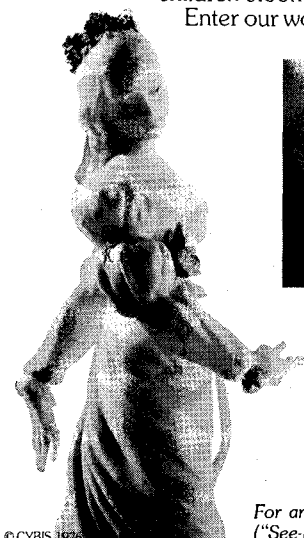


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forehand, but Nastase stepped into it and angled a forehand volley toward the right-hand sideline. Tanner was not able to reach the ball. He obviously thought that it had hit the line, for he kept on running and, without looking back, made his way to his chair at courtside to rest up during the short changeover pause. Had he looked back, he would have seen the linesman at his end of the court, Adrian Clark, signaling that Nastase's volley was out. Merle Irwin, the umpire, must also have missed the linesman's gesture. In any event, he failed to acknowledge it, and announced, "Game, Mr. Nastase. He leads, five games to four." As for Nastase, he had headed directly off the court after hitting his volley, as if there was no question that the point and the game were his. Tanner, for his part, after observing the linesman's protest that the ball was out, might well have gone along with him on such a crucial point—most players would have—but, as a man dedicated to the code of sportsmanship, he stood by his first position: he thought the ball had hit the line, and that was that.

Now a real callithump was under way, since the linesman stubbornly refused to go along with the umpire or the players. One could only guess at the gist of the linesman's argument, but more than likely he was asserting that it was not up to the players to call a ball in or out—that this was his prerogative and he meant to stick to his call. After an emphatic four-way exchange of viewpoints which lasted three or four minutes, the umpire decided to summon the referee to help straighten things out. Hare came bounding through the marquee onto the court. He talked first with Tanner and then with Nastase. Then he spoke with the umpire and had a brief discussion with the linesman. After that, he spoke with the umpire again and went bounding off the court. The umpire then addressed the aroused, bewildered spectators over the public-address system. "The ball was on the line," he stated. "The referee has instructed me to overrule the linesman."

Play was resumed. In the next game, Nastase held service after the score had gone to deuce. This gave him the set and the match, 7-5, 6-7, 1-6, 7-6, 6-4.

Shortly after the conclusion of the match, Hare was asked to explain how he had reached his decision. "I wanted to talk to the players," he declared. "Both of them very strongly said that the ball was good. Then I talked with the umpire, and he also said the ball

was good. That made it three to one, and that's what I based my call on. I think three to one is a pretty good percentage." That is true, and quite a number of the people I talked with were of the opinion that Hare had made the right decision. Other people—and these included many old friends of Hare's—were not so sure he had. Their disagreement with his decision was based on the fact that the umpire had failed to follow the procedure established by the U.S.T.A. for handling such situations, and that the referee had ignored this. The rules do make it clear that it is the linesman who has the authority to decide whether a shot is in or out, and that "his decision shall be final" unless he indicates to the umpire that "he is unable to make a call on a shot that lands within his area of responsibility." If the umpire finds himself not in accord with a linesman's call, the protocol in this country goes like this: the umpire can ask the linesman whether he is sure of his call, and if the linesman says that he isn't, the umpire can make the call himself; if the linesman says that he is sure of his call, the umpire can ask him whether he will yield to the chair, thus implying that he feels the linesman's call to be wrong; if the linesman yields, the umpire can overrule his call; however, if the linesman doesn't yield, there are no provisions in the rules for the umpire to overrule him, nor can the referee (except in Davis Cup or Wightman Cup competition). Accordingly, Clark, the linesman, was understandably miffed when Irwin, the umpire, did not acknowledge his call in the first place and then did not observe the established procedure of asking him whether he was sure of his call or whether he would yield to the chair. For another thing, the persons who were displeased at how the dispute was handled were critical of the role assumed by Nastase and Tanner, inasmuch as it is not the players' right to call the shots. If it were, there would be no need for any officials on the court. While Tanner is to be warmly commended for his sportsmanship—the game can use it—it was not up to him to rule whether Nastase's volley had hit the line or been wide. If he differed with the call, he had a perfect right to make his opinion known to the umpire but should not have implied that his call was the significant one. One more thing: I have an idea that the highest code of sportsmanship in tennis is the one that the great Australian players of the Sedgeman-Laver-Rosewall-Newcombe era followed in their

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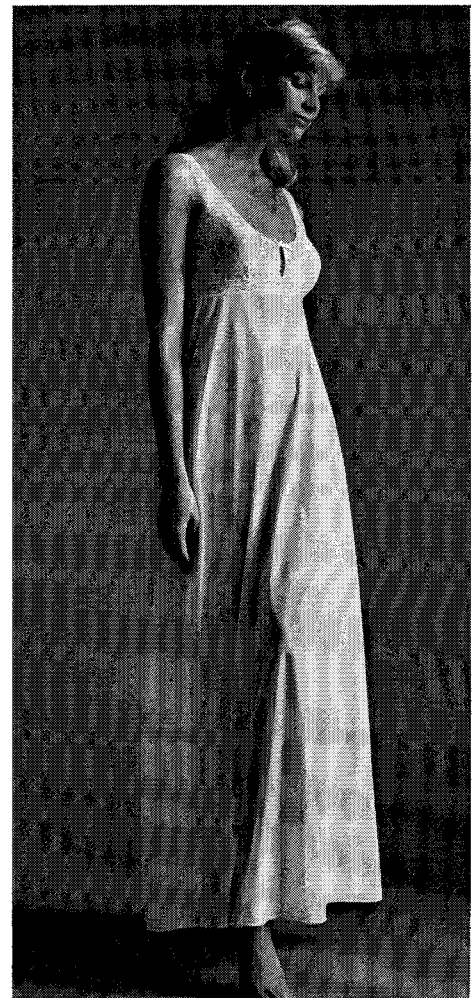
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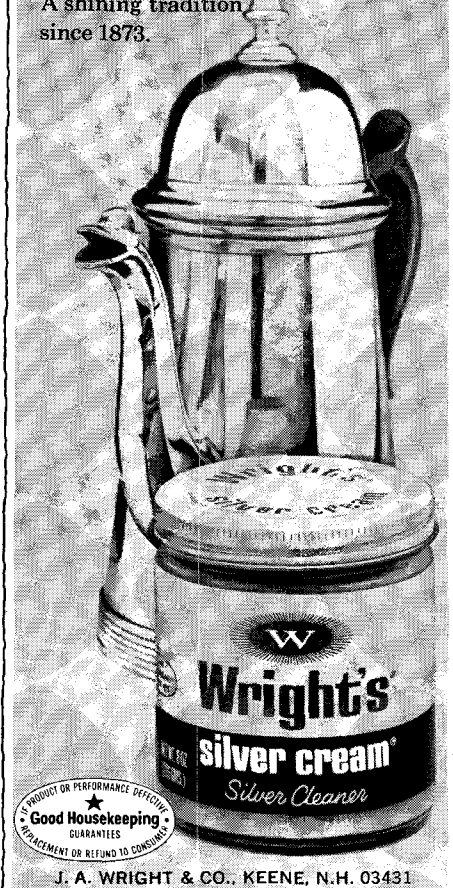
matches. They played every call, whether or not they agreed with it, hoping that matters would even out in the long run, never making an issue of it if they didn't. There is a certain fragility implicit in the structure of tournament tennis—and of other sports as well—and the Australians apparently sensed this danger and preferred to make it a policy to concentrate purely and simply on playing tennis.

Quite a few informed tennis hands thought that Nastase might go all the way, but he didn't; he lost to Borg in straight sets in the semifinals. There was no fire at all in Nastase's play, and since his demeanor on court during this match was exceptionally mild—in truth, almost polite—many of us were reminded that one reason Nastase goes into his act probably is that he usually plays better when he is angry than when he is pacific, and consequently thrives on inciting the wrath of the spectators and then showing them up. (Connors likes to antagonize a gallery for much the same reason. He and Nastase also share a distorted view of their relationship with galleries. Mistaking cause and effect, they would have you believe that tennis fans are hostile because they are a pack of animals—completely bypassing the fact that their own conduct in previous matches, if not in that day's match, is what provoked the hostility.) In the other semifinal, Connors, who had been in top form throughout the tournament and had not dropped a set—though he came close to doing so in his contumacious quarter-final match with Kodes—speedily dispatched Vilas, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1. Evert and Goolagong had earlier won their semifinal matches, and so we had that rare situation in which the No. 1 and No. 2 seeded players in both the men's and the women's divisions—Connors and Borg, Evert and Goolagong—had reached the finals.

Evert, of course, was the favorite to win the women's final, for clay is her surface. En route to the final, she had simply devastated her opponents, losing a total of only nine games. Nevertheless, everyone at Forest Hills expected a tightly contested match and hoped for one that would be filled with the brilliant tennis that had marked many of the meetings between Goolagong and Evert this year. During the opening minutes, just such a match looked to be in the offing, for Goolagong, unbothered by a southwest wind that was swirling around the stadium, moved quickly into high gear, sweeping the first seven points and, in the process,

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holding her serve at love and setting up a break of Evert's serve. In the third game, Evert, increasing the pace of her ground strokes, broke Goolagong's serve, and after that, in retrospect, the match was over. Goolagong encountered all sorts of difficulties, but perhaps the main thing that went wrong was that she missed her first three over-heads; her smash is usually one of her most reliable strokes, and these errors seemed to cut deeply into her confidence. (In the gusty wind, she might have been wiser to let the ball bounce on those shots.) From there on until the end of the match (Evert, 6-3, 6-0), Goolagong did few things right, and her forehand, her most suspect stroke, was particularly shaky. After a while, she was just pushing the ball back with it. Evert can do that to you on clay—destroy you. She started playing tennis, on clay, at her father's club, when she was six, and four years later she entered her first tournament, on clay. It is the perfect surface for her game, which is built on her hard hitting and dreadful accuracy from the baseline. Clay gives her just the extra time she needs to get her body into perfect position so that she can really lean on her fine flat forehand and her vicious two-handed backhand. With her almost unflappable assurance, she just pounds away, swatting one shot after another deep into the corners until her harried, hurried opponent begins to disintegrate. It is now more than three years since Evert's last defeat on clay; that occurred in July, 1973, when she lost to Goolagong in the Western Championships. When Evert defeated Mima Jausovec, of Yugoslavia, in the semifinals at Forest Hills, it marked the hundredth consecutive victory in her incredible streak, and after the match, in recognition of this, a number of her admirers presented her with a green-frosted cake on which "Congratulations Chris 100" was inscribed. (The invariable comment by those who attended the ceremony was "The cake should have been made of clay.") It was a little sad, of course, to see Goolagong lose in the final of our Open for the fourth straight time, but it was almost inevitable. At Forest Hills this year, Chris Evert may have played the best tournament of her career.

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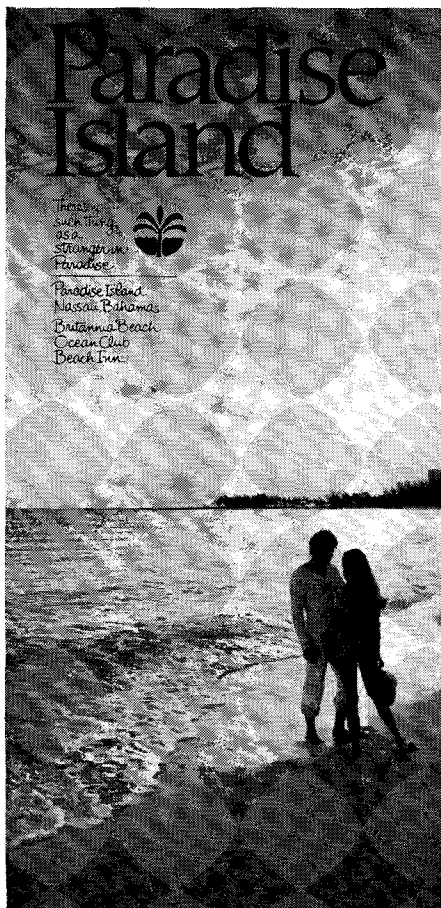
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breaker made its first appearance in our Open, six years ago, as a means of shortening the boring marathon sets that afflicted tournament tennis. The gallery (and what a mannerly, appreciative gallery watched the final!) was held spellbound throughout the extended tie breaker, and from the stands one could sense the enormous pressure that the players were feeling out on the court. We will get to that presently, but there was more to this hard-fought match between two remarkable young athletes. Whereas Connors had not been pushed at all on his way to the final, Borg had trodden a rocky road. Not only had he been on the verge of elimination by Fillo but in the fourth round Brian Gottfried, one of our more promising players, had won the first two sets from Borg and led him 2-0 in the third. Then, in the quarters, Orantes, the defending champion, at long last showing a few glimmers of his 1975 form, took Borg to five sets. The Borg we saw at Forest Hills did not serve with anything like the stunning power of the Borg we had seen at Wimbledon. There is little doubt that even on the slow Har-Tru he could have served and volleyed effectively had he chosen to use this tactic. Evidently, Borg and Bergelin decided that it would be wiser at Forest Hills to go with a medium-speed sliced service and to concentrate on getting it in. For the rest, Borg depended on out-steadying his opponents from the baseline and passing them, if they came in, with high, looping top-spin strokes off his two-handed backhand and his very reliable forehand. However, it was Borg's wonderful physical condition and his poise in the crises, not his shotmaking, that had seen him through to the final. To have a chance against Connors, he would have to raise the standard of his tennis considerably. He did. From the outset, he played with such resolution that Connors had to earn nearly every point he won.

In the first set, for all that, Connors was in control of most of the rallies. He was hitting the ball with absolutely blazing speed—especially with his two-handed backhand, into which he throws so much energy that the force of his swing as often as not lifts both his feet off the ground. Connors, who looks like a junior edition of Pete Rose, of the Cincinnati Reds, won the first set, 6-4, and punctuated this with one of his jack-o'-lantern urchin grins. In the second set, however, he became a bit complacent, and quickly paid the price for it. In the fourth game, when he

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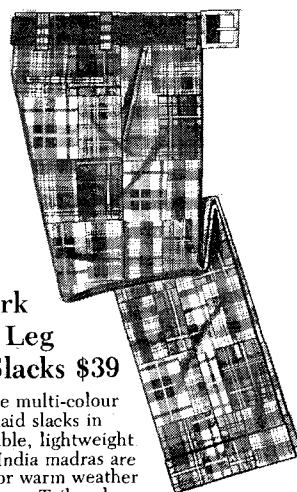
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made four sloppy errors, Borg broke his serve, and went on from there to take the set, 6-3. The third set started like something out of "Alice in Wonderland." There were six breaks of service in the first seven games. The last of these, which enabled Borg to get back on even terms, was the most surprising: Connors, leading 4-2 and 40-0, made five errors in a row, the last four on balls banged into the net. Then the two men steadied down. From the beginning of the match, neither of them had elected to follow his serve into the forecourt. In what was essentially a baseline duel, Connors had worked on Borg's somewhat vulnerable two-handed backhand and Borg had worked on Connors' somewhat vulnerable one-handed forehand. Now, in the crunch, they stuck to these conservative tactics as the set moved to 5-5, to 6-6, and into the tie breaker.

Let us pick up the tie breaker with Borg in front, four points to two, thanks to three straight errors by Connors. A down-the-line backhand placement by Connors: 4-3. Connors serving the next two points. Driven back by a deep forehand by Connors, Borg nets an attempted passing shot off his backhand: 4-4. Borg goes for another backhand down the line and pulls it off this time. He leads, 5-4. Borg serving the next two points. A brisk rally ends with Connors netting a drop volley, not a very wise shot to play at a time like this: 6-4, Borg. Double set point. Connors fights off the first one with a brave high backhand volley rapped into the clear: 6-5 now. Serve to Connors. He fights off the second set point with a forehand approach shot to Borg's forehand, which slides by for a winner: 6-6. Connors follows with an ace on an American-twist kick serve wide to Borg's forehand: 7-6. Now he holds set point. Borg serving. Connors, under pressure, sails a backhand several feet long: 7-7. Then another error by Connors—an overhit crosscourt forehand: 8-7 for Borg. He is at set point for the third time. Connors serving. A forehand whipped down the line draws a short lob from Borg, which Connors smashes away: 8-8. On the next point, after a lob by Borg chases him back behind his baseline, Connors hits a loose smash over the other baseline. He now trails Borg, 8-9. For the fourth time, Borg holds set point. Borg serving. A big chance here. A hard-hit drive by Connors, a weak return by Borg, a perfect smash by Connors. Off the hook again: 9-9. A good rally climaxed by a marvellous shot by Connors—a backhand taken on the rise and cracked



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crosscourt for a clean placement; Connors at 10-9 now, at set point for the second time. Connors serving. A fairly long rally on this point. Connors, on the defensive in the early exchanges, plays a deep, forcing backhand that catches Borg slightly off balance. Borg tries to go down the line with his backhand, but the shot is wide. That settles it: 11-9, Connors. Loud exhalation on the court and in the stands.

This definitive tie breaker decided not only the third set but the match, for Borg, in his disappointment, could not regather his hopes or his physical resources, and Connors played a shade the better tennis in the fourth set, to wrap up the match, 6-4, 3-6, 7-6, 6-4. Although for sheer velocity of stroke Connors may have been even more impressive in overwhelming Ken Rosewall in the finals at Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1974, his conquest of Borg stands, in a way, as the finest victory of his career. He had devised a sound game plan and had executed it superlatively against a tough opponent, never permitting himself to become disheartened by his own bad patches or by Borg's tenacity, displaying immense courage in hitting out hard at many junctures when the loss of a point might have been fatal, and—yes—conducting himself that day like a champion. In many ways, Jimmy Connors still hasn't grown up, but this triumph, which he wanted so badly, could be of inestimable value in helping him shake off one of the longest adolescences in the history of sports.

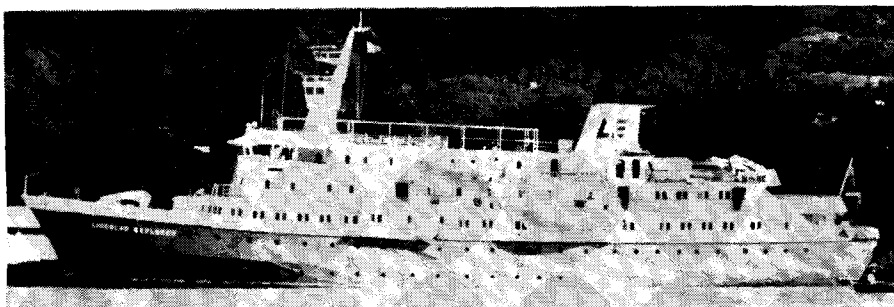
WHEN Forest Hills was over, one heard on every side what a tremendously exciting tournament it had been. This needs some qualification, I think. There were many rousing matches, such as the men's final, with its stirring tie breaker. However, on quite a few days this year we had the wrong kind of excitement at Forest Hills—excitement akin to that which is generated by a street brawl or an automobile accident. Nastase's compulsive destructiveness in his battle with Pohmann and the crude clowning of Connors in his grudge match with Kodes in the quarter-finals made the tennis that was played on these occasions almost incidental. That is the key to the trouble. The reason that sports have long held such a strong appeal is that they take place in a special world that in feeling and function is quite a bit better than life often is. In this age, in which so much of the spirit of sports is going out of sports, it is not at all pleasant to realize that for many fans

the main attraction of Forest Hills this year was not the tennis but the dubious glamour of an "in" spectacle. Watching the great players compete against one another—that is where the excitement should lie.

At any rate, our national championships this year were not a suitable expression of American tennis. This was the fault not only of the Nastase-Connors axis and the bellicose crowds (tennis doesn't flourish in an arena atmosphere) but also of the game's governing bodies. Sometimes it seems that everyone in tennis is preoccupied with making money and no one is bothering about running the game properly. To cite just one glaring deficiency in the championships, the line-calling in many matches this year was so bad that maybe the U.S.T.A. should, as has frequently been suggested, consider using professional linesmen—not that this is a guaranteed panacea. Certainly there is no reason Nastase or any other player who willfully disrupts a match should not be defaulted right then and there. It is only too typical of the International Professional Tennis Council that it suspended Nastase after the tournament for twenty-one days and fined him a piddling thousand dollars. Why the Council did not also pass a resolution calling him a bad boy is hard to understand. In any event, the U.S.T.A. is in a position, if it chooses, to make our national championships what they should be, for the organization has just signed a new television contract that calls for it to receive between seven and eight million dollars over the next three years for the rights to the U.S. Open. Consequently, if the U.S.T.A. elects to keep the Open at the West Side Tennis Club, and the club agrees with its proposals, it now has the wherewithal to renovate the stadium and the tawdry area surrounding it and improve the setup of the grandstand court and the field courts—in short, to bring Forest Hills much closer to Wimbledon in its facilities, in the proficiency of its operation, and in its aura of tennis at its best. (Some thought should also be given to whether the Har-Tru courts ought to be replaced by hard composition courts, such as Laykold or Grasstex, which are about halfway between grass and clay and, as such, a fair surface for all players.) This is the time to get on with things. The game is booming as it never has before, and the conditions here today are rather similar to those that prompted the All England Club fifty-five years ago to move from Worple Road to Church Road.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Operas in Italy

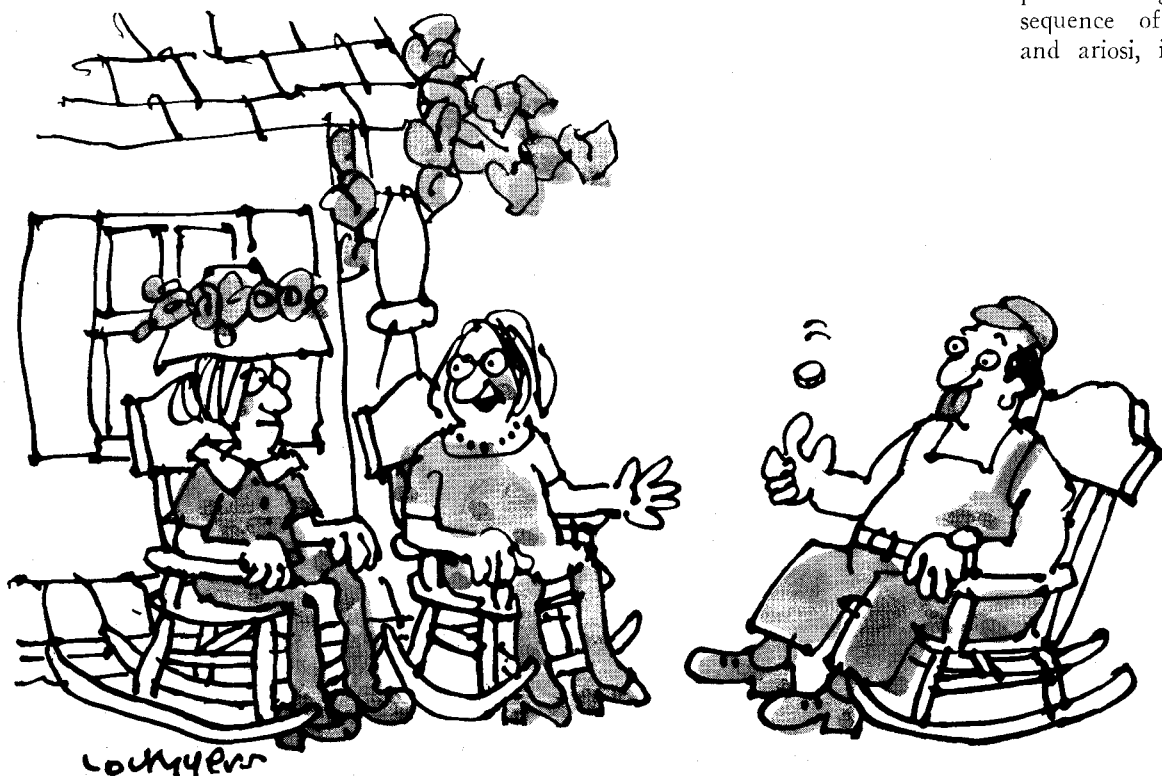
IN summer, Europe's musical season becomes more intense. There may be fewer concerts and recitals each night in the large cities, but everywhere there are festivals; new works, new productions of unfamiliar works, and, for that matter, new productions of familiar works abound. London has year-round opera: Covent Garden's 1975-76 season closed on July 22nd, and the English National Opera's 1976-77 season opened a week later; the gap was bridged by the London Opera Centre, playing Offenbach's "Robinson Crusoe" and Wolf-Ferrari's "I Quattro Rusteghi" at Sadler's Wells, and by the nightly performances at Glyndebourne. The Henry Wood Proms (fifty-six different programs of music new and old), the Festival of the City of London, and the festivals in Munich, Bayreuth, Salzburg, Verona, Aix-en-Provence, Edinburgh are but some of the large summer events that claim an earnest music lover's attention; the Lucerne Festival produced a new completion of the important choral work "Atlántida," left unfinished by Manuel de Falla—again a version by Ernesto Halffter, but different from his 1961 score. Away from all those centers, living quietly for two months in the Tuscan hills

between Arezzo and Siena, I nevertheless discovered that, given the readiness to drive an hour or so, I was still within reach of an interesting opera or a concert just about every night (and, in addition, could hear all the Bayreuth productions, all the Salzburg operas, and most of the Salzburg concerts via Italian Radio, and most of the Proms via the BBC's European service). But ears need a rest after a busy New York season, and so, passing up things like Emilio de' Cavalieri's sacred drama "La Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo" a mile or two up the road at the Castle of Gargonza, "Pia de' Tolomei" (not Donizetti's opera but a *bruscello*, a form of "folk opera," done by amateurs) a mile or two down the road at Monte San Savino, and Rossini's "Moïse," grandly cast, over at the Perugia Festival, I limited my live attendance almost entirely to performances of eighteenth-century operas, and heard five—none of them in regular repertory, and three of them quite new to me.

BATIGNANO is a small Tuscan town not far from Grosseto. Some years ago, the Australian designer Adam Pollock bought an abandoned monastery there, and for three years he has

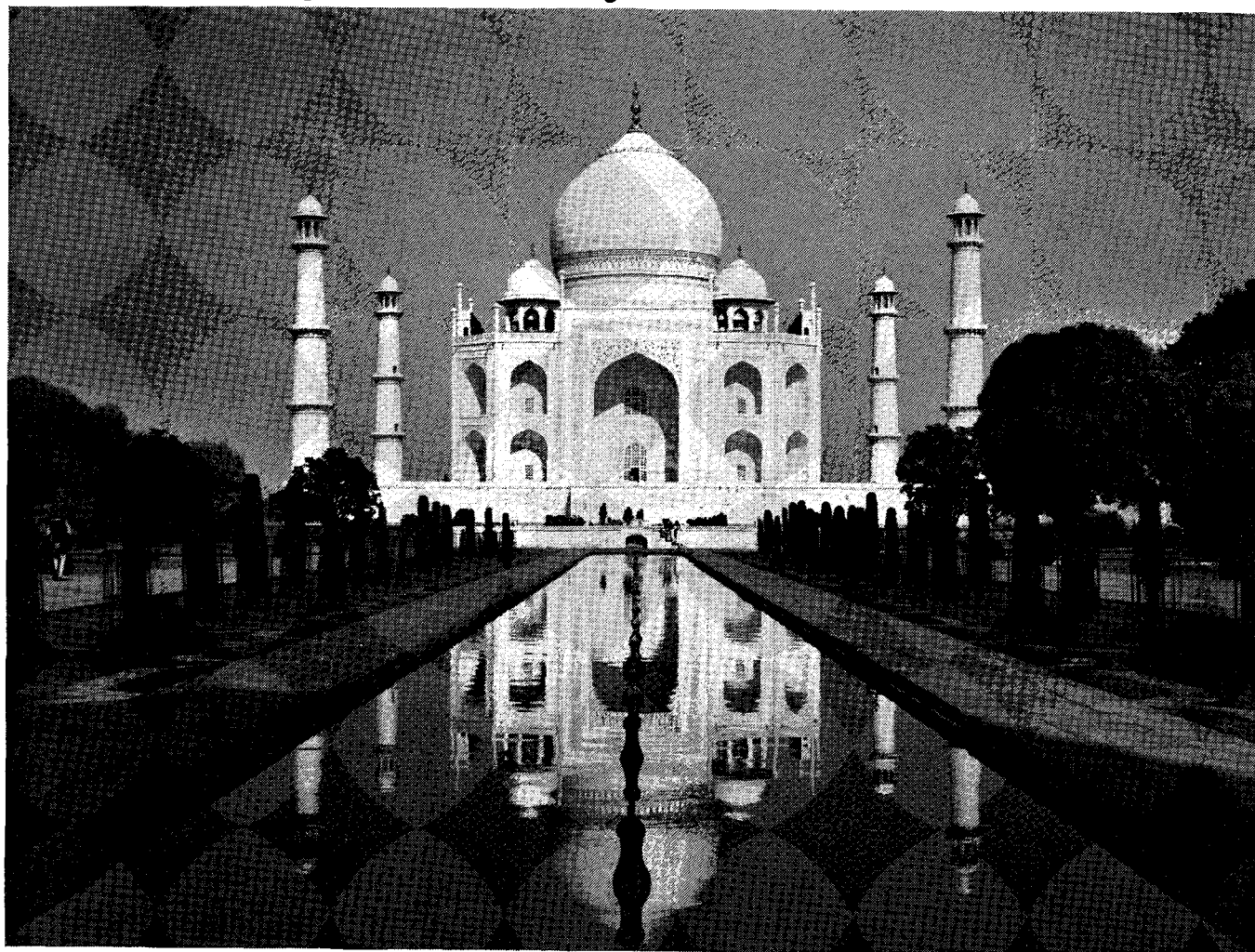
presented a brief summer season he calls Musica nel Chiostro, consisting of recitals and an opera. In 1974, the opera was Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," last year it was the Leppard-Cavalli "Ormindo," and this year it was Handel's "Tamerlano." "Tamerlano" (1724), together with "Giulio Cesare" and "Rodelinda," which came before and after it, marks a peak in Handel's career. Like them, it is an opera of arresting characters powerfully and consistently drawn. Act II is high drama, in which the conventions of opera seria, so often a mere sequence of coming and going, are given theatrical shape. The princess Asteria, daughter of the captive Bajazet, has declared her readiness to share Tamerlane's throne and bed—to the distress of her father, of her lover, Prince Andronicus, and of Irene, a Trebizond princess, whom Tamerlane has jilted for Asteria. The five principals are assembled. Asteria flings a dagger onto the steps of the throne, declaring that Tamerlane would have received it at his first embrace. The situation explodes in a trio, and the angry Tamerlane leaves. Is she, Asteria asks, an unworthy daughter, a faithless lover, an ambitious rival? Bajazet, Andronicus, and Irene reply in three brief exit arias, each starting with the word "No," and thus Asteria is left alone to sing an extended and noble aria-finale. Act III is tragic; Bajazet takes poison and expires in a long monologue—an eloquent sequence of accompanied recitatives and ariosi, in which his defiance of Tamerlane, his tender affection for his daughter, and an invocation of avenging furies collapse at last into broken, almost incoherent syllables. Asteria sings a Bach-like lament. There is a happy ending of sorts, as Tamerlane ordains a pairing of himself and Irene, and Andronicus and Asteria, but Handel sets the conventionally optimistic final words ("Gloomy night yields to splendid day") to an E-minor chorus that has, in Winton Dean's words, "a flavor almost of Shakespearean tragedy."

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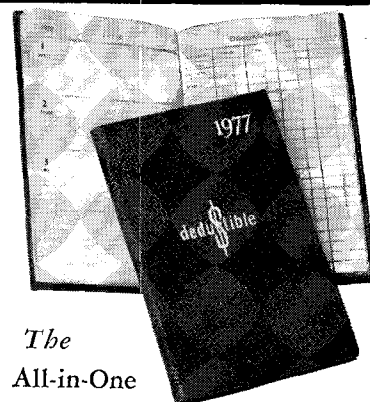
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effect. Elsewhere in the opera, there was much cutting; of the twenty-seven arias in the score, ten were omitted and eight reduced to A-section only. Until audiences are prepared to devote to Handel the time they give to Wagner, some abridgment of his operas is no doubt inevitable; but in "Tamerlano" there is nothing that can readily be spared. Alexander Young, who has made the role of Bajazet—one of the few tenor leads in Handel opera—pretty well his own ever since he took part in the first modern revival of "Tamerlano," in Birmingham in 1962, once again sang it affectingly. Mr. Young is head of vocal studies at the Royal Northern College of Music, in Manchester, and from that college (which might be described as England's Juilliard) came an expert young orchestra (including oboists who doubled on recorders, eighteenth-century fashion) and three of the other singers: two talented countertenors, Christopher Royle and Brian Gordon, for the castrato roles of Tamerlane and Andronicus, and Rachel Gettler, a gleaming and passionate Irene (one of Janet Baker's early roles). Asteria was that experienced Handelian soprano Eiddwen Harrhy. (Two weeks earlier, I had heard her as the heroine of Handel's "Lotario," at the Festival of the City of London.) Her voice, although not yet quite smooth through its registers, is charged with emotional colors, which she uses with uncommon skill and conviction. She is a singer who makes one listen to everything she does. Jane Glover conducted, with a sure feeling for the pace and character of each number and the dramatic progression of each act.

Between the walled monastery garden and the main building Mr. Pollock had designed a vertiginous open-air setting of gleaming steel scaffolding. Bajazet was caged at stage level; Tamerlane made his entrances high, high above. Patrick Libby's stage direction cunningly harmonized the dramatic talents of the two women and the limited acting prowess of the men. Since the player of Tamerlane was plainly not fierce by nature, Mr. Libby had him stand still while a posse of black-armored guards, stepping forward in silence, silhouetted against the stars, added the touch of menace that Mr. Royle himself lacked. The various levels of the set were used skillfully to define shifting dramatic relationships. The performance began at ten and ended about one, and it was a cold night. (Summer was slow to touch Tuscany this year.) Tamerlane's boy slaves shivered, with only a film of



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grease between them and the biting air; the audience snuggled into blankets provided by a thoughtful management. After the show, hot soup was served to all; the monastery's chief cook earned a credit in the program.

VITERBO, in the heart of Etruscan Latium, about fifty miles from Rome along the Cassian Way, is in aspect a medieval city, and famous in papal history. In May and June, the newly formed Center for Medieval and Renaissance Theatre Studies held its first congress there, and monks from St. Anselm's, the Benedictine seminary in Rome, performed medieval music dramas. In August, however, Viterbo is host to a Festival Barocco, and the main production of this year's festival was of Antonio Caldara's "Ifigenia in Aulide," written for Vienna in 1718. Caldara is an interesting and important composer—a Venetian who, in his long collaboration with the Vienna court poets Apostolo Zeno and Metastasio, played a dominant role in operatic history but who in our day has been little studied, published, or performed. Like Dr. Burney when he wrote his "History," I had heard none of Caldara's operas before but "from his other productions which have come to my knowledge" had formed a high opinion of his "harmony, contrivance, great effects, and every species of learning." The Viterbo "Ifigenia," even though it had been put through the mangle of a modern performing edition, confirmed that opinion.

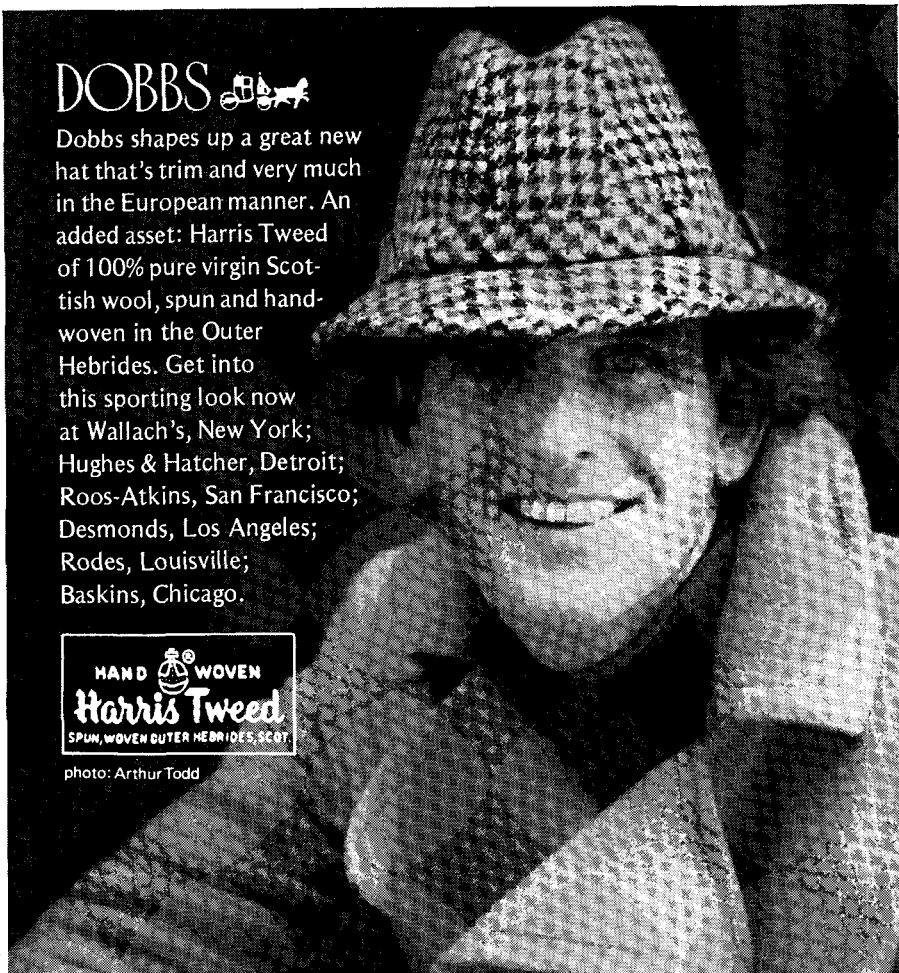
Zeno's libretto is based loosely on Euripides but adds two new characters and a new, almost Gilbertian final twist: Elisena, Princess of Lesbos, in love with Achilles and therefore eager for Iphigenia to be sacrificed; Teucer, the Greek captain, in love with Elisena; and the last-minute revelation that Elisena's real name is also Iphigenia, so when Elisena/Iphigenia kills herself in a fit of despair, the letter of the oracle (which called for the death of an Iphigenia) is fulfilled, the titular Iphigenia is saved, and the wind sets fair for Troy. Here and there, Zeno's text catches some of the Euripidean freshness and force—particularly in the long speech, close to the original, in which Iphigenia accepts her cruel fate, bids her mother not mourn her, and offers herself as a martyr to the Greek cause. For the rest, he provides a sequence of arias in varied moods: Agamemnon's anguish, Clytemnestra's anger at him and grief for her daughter, Achilles' chivalrous

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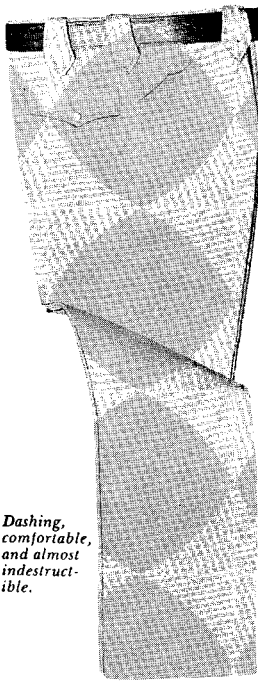


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protestations, Teucer's gentle wooing, and so on. Of Handelian music drama there is no trace. But Caldara set these arias to touchingly beautiful, supple, eloquent melodies, excellent in every vein and especially successful in the tender. The melodic beauty, which is the opera's most striking feature, arises from grace of contour and is given an individual quality by Caldara's rhythmic fancy. Some words are set syllabically, to longish notes; others suddenly flower in melismatic divisions, in an unpredictable fashion that banishes regularity, creating delicate tensions between expectation and outcome, and between the verbal and the musical paces. Several arias begin with a tune in the bass which then winds its way, in whole or in part, variously transposed and transformed, through what follows. Caldara, like Niccolò Jommelli, like Richard Strauss, was a master of *Fortspinnung*—never at a loss how to devise delightful new extensions of a motif or a melody. And so, although his and Zeno's "Ifigenia" is opera seria unreformed, and although the clear, sharp lines of the classical drama (which Gluck, fifty-six years later, handled with noble neoclassical simplicity) are embellished with amorous arabesques, the opera held its listeners rapt. A second visit proved as enjoyable as the first.

Whether, as in Caldara's sacred music, there is rich instrumental interest, too, was unrevealed. Marcello Peca, who also conducted, had made his performing edition from what he described, vaguely, as a copy score bearing a few orchestral indications. He scored every aria for full strings (no oboes, no flutes, no bassoons, and in several numbers no continuo), in an unvaried texture. Of the eighteen arias retained in his edition, a few were in binary form, and of the others only five were allotted the necessary da capo. Otherwise, the singer was left high and dry after the B-section. Sometimes the orchestra restored the tonic with a scrap of ritornello, sometimes things broke off abruptly in the wrong key; either way, the result was lopsided. Achilles, the principal castrato role, was dropped an octave, and suffered accordingly, despite the bright singing of Gianni De Angelis, a promising young baritone. Teucer, left at pitch, was attractively taken by Giuseppina Dalle Molle. Gabriella Novielli (Iphigenia), Maria Borgato (Clytemnestra), Silvia Silveri (Elisena), and Massimo Panzironi (Agamemnon) all proved acceptable young artists. The piece was mounted simply on a stage

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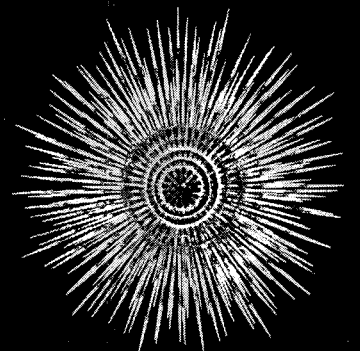
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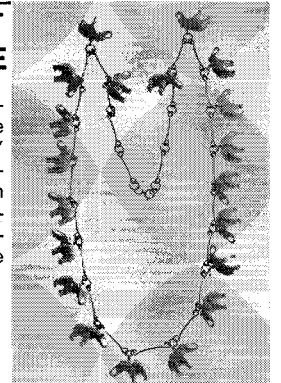
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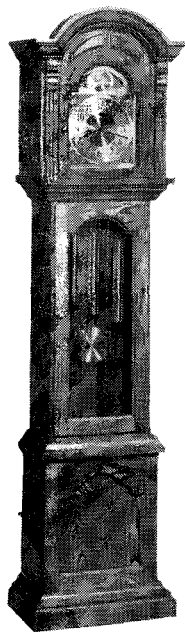
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tucked between the wings of the nymphaeum that crowns the great gardens of the Villa Lante, at Bagnaia, outside Viterbo. After the show, the garden walks and the fountains were lit by hundreds of small flares.

MONTEPULCIANO, in the words of the Italian Touring Club guide to Tuscany, "is a city of most noble aspect, thanks to the richness of its Renaissance buildings, of markedly Florentine stamp." The place looks patrician. The civic administration, like that of most Tuscan towns, is Communist. And here, for eight days in August, the composer Hans Werner Henze and the dramatist Giuseppe Di Leva set up their Cantiere Internazionale d'Arte, or International Construction Site for the Arts, working in a blaze of publicity from Italian, German, and British television crews. Henze explained in a program note, "The form, content, and character of this little didactic festival are the result of numerous meetings with the citizens and of public debates. Each event has been prepared with the intention of creatively involving the public. Young people collaborate in the shows, artisans have offered their aid... schoolchildren have designed costumes and scenery and worked as librettists, children have composed a song about Don Quixote, the town band has studied the Paisiello numbers transcribed for it... Our desire was and is to offer a small example of what the cultural world could be or perhaps one day will be."

Peter Maxwell Davies held a course in composition, and Julian Bream and Aldo Minella one in guitar, and in the piazza the guitar students played pieces written for them by the composition students. Mark Furneaux held a course in mime, and his charges went mopping and mowing through the streets at all hours. The Hinz und Kunst ensemble, fifteen talented graduates of the Hamburg Music Academy, who are champions of politically committed music—a Speculum Musicae of the left—played several new pieces, among them Henze's quintet "Amicizia!," a set of lyrical and finally resolute instrumental fantasies spun around Hanns Eisler's "Song of the United Front." Montepulciano has a delightful late-eighteenth-century theatre, named for the playwright Politian (who took his pen name from the town; the citizens are called Poliziani), and here two operas were produced. One, "The Zoological Palace," had a libretto written by London schoolchildren, translated into Italian by Politian



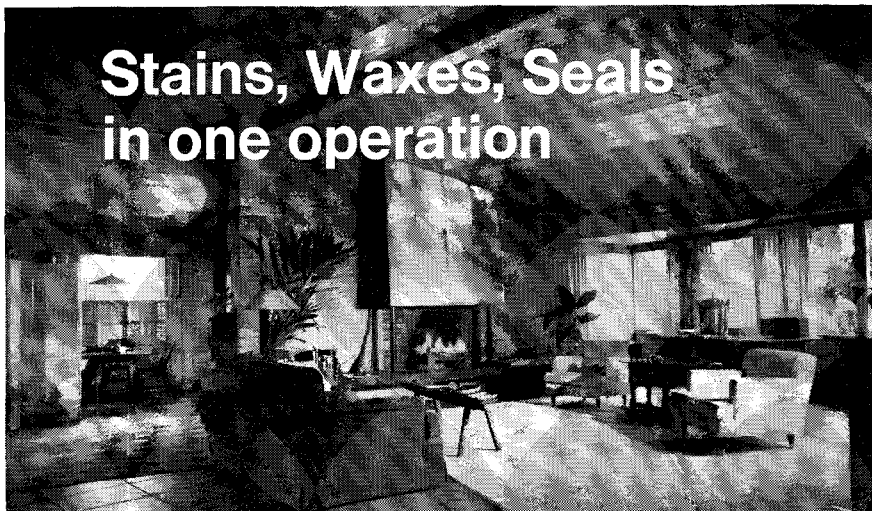
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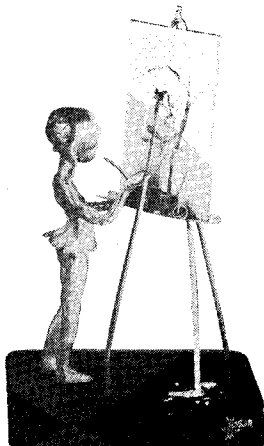


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schoolchildren, and a score by Thomas Jahn, of Hinz und Kunst. It was a childish charade, with sketchy music. The other was Rossini's "Il Turco in Italia," one of his most elegant creations, to a libretto, by Felice Romani, of Pirandellian ingenuity. Sandro Sequi, a director whose usual fault (as in the Metropolitan's "Siège de Corinthe" and "Puritani") is dull conventional-ity, destroyed the grace, charm, wit, and character of the piece; he sought to present it as a critical study of "Italian petite bourgeoisie (1815 as in 1950 or 1976)," and set the mimes scampering through it all to illustrate "a frenzy of movement unjustified by realistico-psychological reasons."

The hit of the week was "Don Chisciotte della Mancia," Giovanni Paisiello's opera of 1769, "recounted" by Di Leva and Henze. Paisiello's strong point was an ability to write simple, graceful, catchy tunes. Several of them remain in Henze's score, and so do some elements of the original plot, but essentially the piece is a new creation, an opera for modern piazza performance. Borges provided an epigraph: "Why should it be disturbing that Don Quixote might read 'Don Quixote,' and Hamlet watch a performance of 'Hamlet'?" At Montepulciano, a Don Quixote and Sancho Panza drove into the square in a battered Cinquecento, and then settled down to watch an opera about their exploits, occasionally intervening. The Countess sang her first phrases from the piano-nobile windows of the Palazzo Nobili Tarugi, an imposing Sangallo pile; windmills ready to whirl stood all around; the action romped through the *piazza grande* in a lively, high-spirited spectacle. Henze had rescored not only arias but also recitatives for a modern chamber ensemble, amplified, and had done so with impudence, wit, and affection. At big moments, the massed town bands of Montepulciano and Abbazia San Salvatore broke in as well. There were some extra numbers by Henze himself and by others. Gerald English sang the title role, and the athletic Australian baritone Lyndon Terracini his squire.

As a people's opera, this "Don Chisciotte" was an evident success. All the town seemed to be there enjoying it; it made the effect of a popular celebration, yet there was no question of condescension to a musically unlearned audience. I observed as a visitor; one would have to be a Poliziano, or else one of the young artists, mainly from England, Germany, and Italy, who "gave up their holidays and



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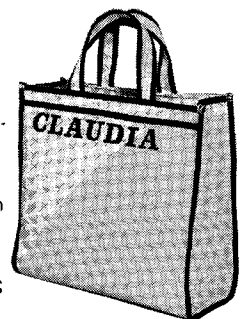
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worked harder than ever"—without any pay, incidentally—"seeking to lessen and maybe one day abolish the gap between the artist and his public," to assess how fully Henze realized his aim of "a *cantiere* for all: artists, peasants, workmen, artisans, old and young alike." The artists, he declared in his program note, "are fighting to help this city in its struggle against reaction, against civil death, in its struggle for a happy future and an improvement in social conditions." In Cuba and in Germany, Henze has sought to take contemporary art to the people. In several of his recent compositions, he has set to notes the musings of an essentially lyrical, personal artist ridden by a quickened social conscience—no longer kin to "The Composer" of Auden's early sonnet, whose notes are "pure contraption," who, unlike a painter or a poet, is "unable to say an existence is wrong," but, rather, a musician who does ask what doubtful deed allows his picnics in the sun. In his grand operas "The Bassarids," commissioned by the Salzburg Festival, and "We Come to the River," commissioned by London's Royal Opera, Henze has been "concerned . . . with extending our knowledge of good and evil, perhaps making the necessity for action more urgent and its nature more clear." The quotation is from Auden's introduction to the 1935 anthology "The Poet's Tongue;" the personal field of Henze's artist-and-society struggle was often plotted in the thirties—by Auden, Spender, and Day Lewis, by Brecht and Weill, by Clifford Odets and Marc Blitzstein, among many. But the public field has changed. Whereas those creators worked in the shadow of impending war, Henze and his like-minded colleagues work in a Europe moving erratically but inexorably left. "How should I act?" has been the troubled artists' regular question. By acting in Montepulciano, a Renaissance hill town ringed by agriculture, they retreat from the pressures and cultural problems of industrialized cities and build a model that could hardly be reproduced on a Milan, London, or New York scale. Retreat from the bustling world is traditionally a way to find answers to the hard questions it poses.

The *cantiere* came to a confused close. The Teatro Poliziano was filled by an audience awaiting the second performance of "Il Turco." The mimes came before the curtain and, finding lively tongue as well as eloquent gesture, declared that they would not go on unless their travel ex-

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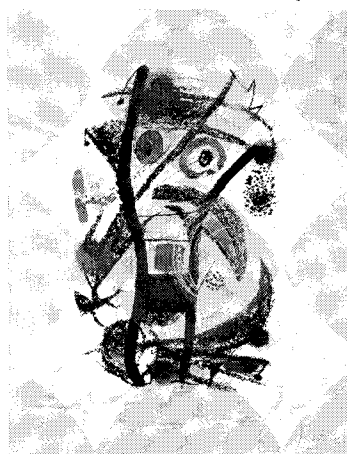
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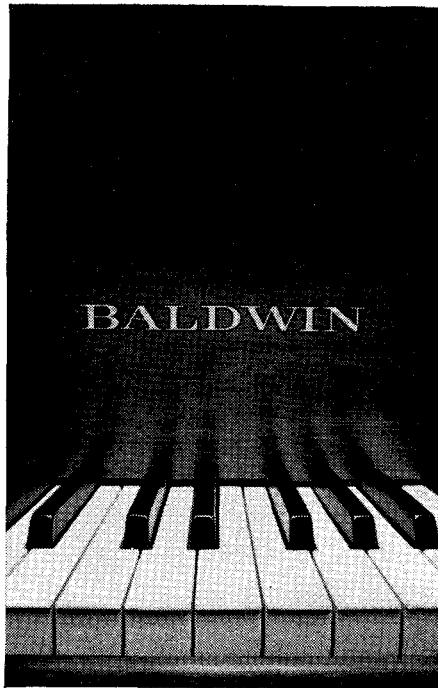
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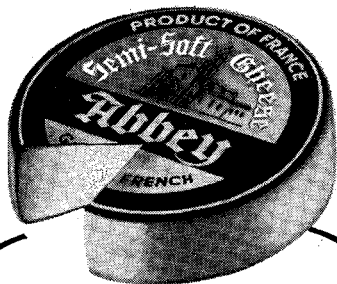
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penses to and from Montepulciano were paid. There was perhaps an hour of noisy public argument. The mayor attempted placatory speeches; the mimes were implacable. The well-known music critic Fedele D'Amico mounted the stage to propose that the audience should pay the fares, but only on condition that the mayor resign. Singers wandered on from the wings; a performance without mimes nearly took place. At length, Henze himself appeared, but only to announce that the orchestra would strike in solidarity with the mimes. The *cantiere* was over—until next year.

SIENA also devoted its Musical Week, the thirty-third Settimana Musicale Senese, to revolutionary art this year. The theme of the annual congress promoted by the Chigi Musical Academy and Siena University was "Between Revolution and Restoration: Links Between French and Italian Musical and Theatrical Culture," and the large musical offerings were two Cherubini operas, "Lodoiska" (1791) and "Les Deux Journées" (1800). They are the direct ancestors of "Fidelio." "Lodoiska," first played in Vienna in March of 1802, and "Les Deux Journées," which was given two different Viennese productions later that year, started a wave of enthusiasm, in which Beethoven shared, for energetic, high-minded, by intention elevating music drama. Both pieces are "rescue operas"—dramas in which perils are faced with high valor, wickedness is opposed with constant virtue, and not a *deus ex machina* but a courageous mortal effects the happy ending. In the first scene of "Lodoiska," the fierce Tatar chieftain Titzikan says to his band, "Never forget, brave fellows, that one cannot serve one's own interests at the expense of justice and humanity." The final chorus of "Les Deux Journées" proclaims that "the foremost charm of life is to serve humanity." Mendelssohn described the essential features of rescue opera in a letter to the librettist J. R. Planché. A London commission was in prospect, and Mendelssohn said, "A subject between 'Fidelio' and 'Les Deux Journées' would suit me best, more like the first with regard to the internal plot and the development of passion, and like the second in the historical basis, the activity of the choruses, and the serene atmosphere that breathes through the whole, notwithstanding the perils and narrow escapes. In short, if you could find me a subject in which some virtuous heroic deed was celebrated, which represented the triumph of some

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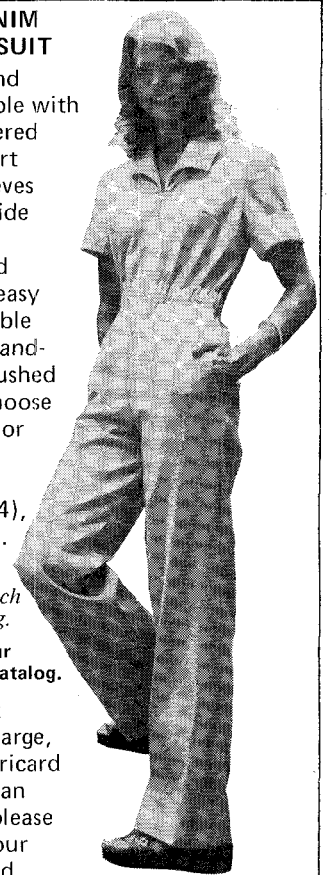
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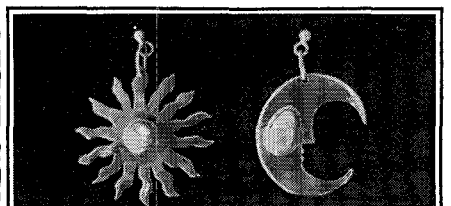
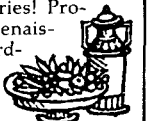
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noble, aspirant feeling equally known to every one of the hearers who knows any feeling at all, who could then see his own internal life on the stage, but more concentrated, translated into poetry; and if that story happened in a country or time that could provide a lively background to the whole, one which, in reminding us of history, could at the same time remind us of our present day (as in 'Les Deux Journées'); and if every act had its own effects, its own poetical point, which come to issue in the finale (again, as in 'Les Deux Journées')—if you could find such a subject, that would be the one I wish for."

Cherubini did not originate the genre—Grétry's "Richard Cœur-de-Lion" (1784) is an evident precedent; Henri Berton's "Les Rigueurs du Cloître" (1790) is sometimes claimed as the first true rescue opera—but he filled it with more powerful, vigorous, and extended musical numbers than his predecessors had done. "Lodoiska," described as a "*comédie héroïque*," is almost too insistently thorough in its musical working. Everything is clear-cut, sharply defined, emphatic, incisively scored. The plot, set in Poland, is simple. Lodoiska has been imprisoned by the wicked Dourlinski; her faithful Floreski comes to rescue her, but he, too, is captured. Titzikan and his band storm Dourlinski's castle, and, amid scenes of battle and general conflagration, accompanied by a noisy *symphonie guerrière*, Floreski saves Lodoiska from a burning tower and Titzikan saves Floreski from Dourlinski's dagger. Lodoiska, Floreski, and Dourlinski are vocal and dramatic counterparts to Beethoven's Léonore, Florestan, and Pizarro, and are musically characterized, by melodic line and by instrumental texture, in similar ways. However, they bear the sort of relation to Beethoven's figures that the personages of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" do to those of Verdi's "Don Carlos": in the one case, carefully fashioned embodiments of virtues, vices, and high emotions; in the other, individuals who "live and breathe." Some light relief is provided early on by Varbel, Floreski's squire, who has a hint of Leporello about him. Romance touches the first-act finale, when Lodoiska's voice rings out from a tower in solemn phrases of warning, unaccompanied, punctuated by sonorous wind chords, and Floreski responds eagerly, Varbel apprehensively, and the strings with agitated figuration. All in all, "Lodoiska" is a noble, strenuous, but slightly too schematic composition.

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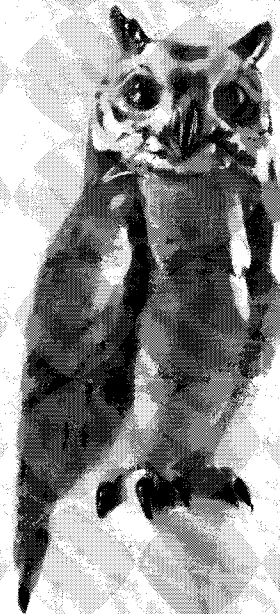
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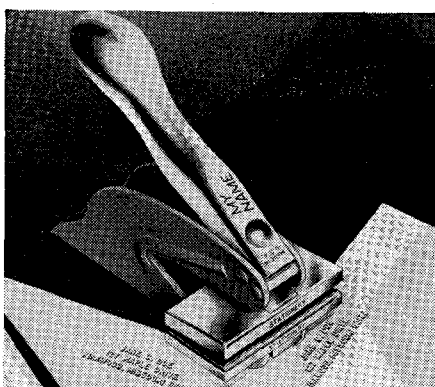
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Pierre Gaveaux's "Léonore" (1798; it provided the material for "Fidelio") have admirable librettos, by J. N. Bouilly, based upon true incidents—"faits historiques," from the Reign of Terror—and so both are closer to real life than are the adventures of "Lodoiska." Bouilly recast the originals of his Léonore and Florestan (who could have been present to watch the opera about them) in seventeenth-century Spanish dress; and the escape from Paris of two aristocrats, the matter of "Les Deux Journées," he moved back to the time of Cardinal Mazarin. Count Armand, president of the Paris Council, has refused to ratify some of Mazarin's harsh decrees, and there is a price on his head. Mikéli, a water carrier, whose "supreme joy is to help a brother, and succor the innocent," twice saves Armand and his wife, Constance, from arrest. But on the second day they are captured at last; in the nick of time Mikéli runs on with the news that a general amnesty has been declared. That, of course, is a dramatic weakness; it smacks of conventional deus ex machina, or the Royal Messenger who rides on at the end of "The Threepenny Opera" to save Macheath from the gallows. But Mikéli's earlier resourcefulness and his generous spirit, Armand's courage, and Constance's constancy have been strongly enough portrayed to carry the piece through to a happy ending that does seem to be deserved, not merely fortuitous. "Les Deux Journées" has a charm lacking in "Lodoiska." There are domestic scenes for the water carrier and his family; the last act plays at a country wedding, where Mikéli's son marries a farmer's daughter. Throughout, there is a feeling for ordinary people whose lives are suddenly brushed by great events and who are then forced to decide for the good or the evil side. And Cherubini has learned to relax: in this score, the heroic, the domestic, and the pastoral are easily and effectively blended. Although "Les Deux Journées" has a large cast, none of the roles are exceptionally demanding. It is a piece worth smaller companies' attention.

"Les Deux Journées" was staged simply and well in Siena's attractive mid-eighteenth-century Teatro dei Rinuovati (created originally by Antonio Bibiena, within the great council hall of the Palazzo Pubblico). Like nearly all rescue operas, it proceeds, variously, in plain speech, melodrama (words spoken over music), and recitative as well as song. With happy results, Luciano Alberti, who directed, had

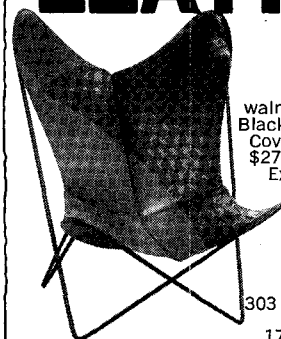
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paid especial attention to the pacing and relation of spoken dialogue and music. Emanuele Luzzati had designed simple, satisfactory scenery. The young Chigi Academy singers were on the whole pleasing. "Lodoiska" was given a concert performance, without dialogue, in Santa Maria della Scala, a rectangular church with full, bright acoustics. It was billed as the "first revival in the original edition" but was not that. When La Scala presented "Lodoiska," in 1951, with Delia Rigal as its heroine, the edition was certainly not original but decked out by Giulio Confalonieri, Cherubini's biographer, with numbers from other Cherubini operas, and with sung recitatives instead of speech; in 1962, however, University College, London, staged the piece in authentic form. In Siena, the principal roles were sung by the American soprano Lynne Strow, a Lodoiska of broad, powerful line; the American tenor Lionel Stubbefield, a strong Floreski with an edge of metal in his tone, which was likened—favorably or not, according to taste—to Aureliano Pertile's; and the Hungarian baritone Lajos Miller, a ringing and forceful Dourlinski. Alessandro Corbelli doubled the roles of Tizikan and Varbel; this meant that numbers in which both characters are prominent were cut, but it was good to hear Mr. Corbelli in two contrasted veins, for he has one of the finest baritone voices I know—pure, precise, and very beautiful in timbre. The Prague Conservatory Orchestra played, none too precisely, for both operas, and both were conducted by Gabriele Ferro. As in Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" in Siena last year, Mr. Ferro combined passion, energy, and intensity of phrasing with firm rhythms and unhurried, athletic tempi. He is one of Italy's most impressive young conductors.

—ANDREW PORTER

Mr. Hotchner, indicating his friendly influence over the years, testified that he had persuaded the novelist to delete an anti-Semitic characterization from "Across the River and Into the Tress."

—The Times.

That was a sequel to "The Old Mane and the Sea."

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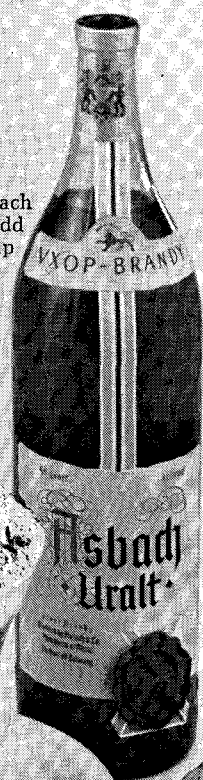
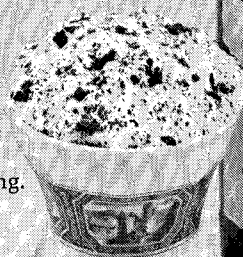
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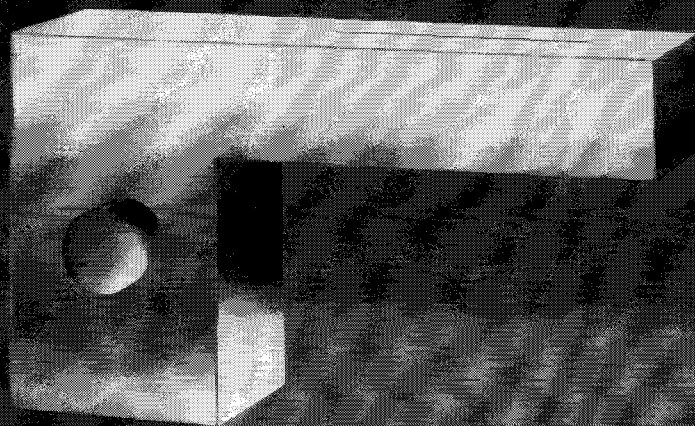
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Running Into Trouble

"**M**ARATHON MAN" starts with the amplified sound of breathing. What is it? Some rough, snuffling beast? With embarrassment, one recognizes the nasal-clogged exertions of Dustin Hoffman running around the Central Park reservoir. Has a parodist taken over the sound controls? No, it's just that "Marathon Man," a project that seemed a lead-pipe cinch to be the kind of visceral thriller that makes audiences almost sick with excitement, has fouled up right from the word go, and nothing in it works quite the way it was meant to.

Hoffman isn't an ideal choice for the runner, Babe Levy—a poor but brilliant Jewish graduate student at Columbia, the younger son of a famous historian driven to suicide by charges made against him during the McCarthy era. This script takes Hoffman back to the age range of "The Graduate," and someone like the tall, skinny Lenny Baker (the hero of "Next Stop, Greenwich Village"), who exactly fits the description William Goldman gave in the novel, might have been fresher, more convincingly naïve. Yet Hoffman

acts young, has never before looked so fit, and there isn't a bum note in his performance. It doesn't come to anything, though. The way the Goldman book is constructed, we watch a giant trap being set: on three continents, various agents, couriers, and big-time hoods are engaged in a vast criminal action converging on the defenseless student. Babe is unaware of the impending horrors, but the suspense operates at all levels for us, since we see the malignancy closing in on this joking patsy. The book was a best-seller because Goldman is an unconscionable master at squeezing the reader; he involves us in the hero and turns the heat higher and higher, making the forces arrayed against Babe so hideously ruthless that anything Babe can do in retaliation will seem justified. The chase story is infused with righteousness, since the head conspirator, Szell (played here by Laurence Olivier), is a surviving Nazi war criminal, obscenely rich and arrogant, with a fortune derived from robbing the Jews in the death camps, and the student is a symbol of intelligence, moral strength, and endurance. Babe is punched around, tortured, and de-

ceived, and then, when he's on the run and doesn't seem to have a chance, he shows what's in him. It's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish boy getting his own back from the Nazis. It's a Jewish revenge fantasy. But in the movie our curiosity is never stimulated. Instead of setting up the situation and showing Babe's encirclement, the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there's no suspense. There isn't the clarity for suspense.

It's understandable that Schlesinger might be too proud to reproduce Goldman's sweatbox techniques, but those techniques are integral to the story. If you're hoping for elegance, don't begin with William Goldman. Probably a director like William Friedkin ("The French Connection," "The Exorcist") could have believed in the material and engineered an equivalent of the book—a movie that would have pounded audiences to a helpless pulp. And if a gullible talented director wasn't available, a crude hack could have done the dirty deed. But Schlesinger is a Faust who just couldn't live up to the pact he made. His fantasies may or may not be more sophisticated than William Goldman's, but they're certainly different. For Goldman, competitive fraternal badinage spells love, and the relationship between Babe and his older brother, Doc (Roy Scheider), is like the male gamesmanship in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and most of his other scripts. Schlesinger is probably too aware to play these games, but when the central brotherly-love relationship is cut to a minimum, there's nothing much left except Babe's victimization, suffering, and revenge. And even that doesn't hold together. Like Schlesinger's "The Day of the Locust," "Marathon Man" seems to have lapses of attention, as if the director had lost track of the action.

Schlesinger keeps the cast under control, and his work is professional, yet he never gets a grip on how the scenes should play. We don't have the fun and excitement of being tantalized by terror. Babe's meeting with Elsa (Marthe Keller) and their love idyll lack the frightening undertones that are needed, and the film



"No, Pamela, you do not have 'a right to sing the blues.'"

shows the two being mugged by Nazi henchmen without ever explaining why. Babe's neighbors—Puerto Rican kids who rib him—are directed with the same heavy spirit and unvarying rhythm as the rest of the action. When the movie retains Goldman's zingers, such as the revelation of Doc's relationship with the government agent Janeway (William Devane), Schlesinger seems to back away from them, and with the cheap kick gone there's nothing to take its place.

The advance stories on "Marathon Man" have been about the lavish care taken by its perfectionist producer, Robert Evans, yet seven million dollars and two years of planning haven't bought even a very good-looking movie. A producer's care may be greatest after the irredeemable mistakes have been made. In preparing the film script, Goldman apparently wasn't warned off some of the most troublesome aspects of his book, and since Schlesinger doesn't get the viewer's insides knotted, the holes in the plot are big and gaping. Why is Doc in an unholy alliance with the Nazi villain, Szell? Szell's fear that Doc means to rob and kill him sets the whole plot in motion, yet there's no indication that Doc does intend to, so Doc's character is left an utter cipher. And though the best sequence in the movie is Szell's stroll through New York's West Forty-seventh Street diamond market (it was the best passage in the book, also), what the devil is he doing there? The explanation we're given—that he needs to ascertain the price of a carat—is so tacky it's a howler: he's been living off the sale of diamonds for thirty years. Even worse is the false expectation set up by the mysterious political crimes of which Babe's father was accused. Apparently, this is just a moral flourish meant to provide a background for the brothers, but such a point is made of the McCarthy persecution that we keep expecting it to have some connection to Szell's ring of thieves. There's more background than foreground in Babe's character, and the actors have so little time for characterization that the people in walk-through roles (such as Marc Lawrence and Richard Bright, as Szell's gunmen) actually come off best.

Goldman's imagination must have been fed by movies like "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," in which sticks were driven under Gary Cooper's fingernails and set on fire but he never betrayed his comrades-in-arms. "Marathon Man" has to have been conceived in this same boys'-book rites-of-manhood



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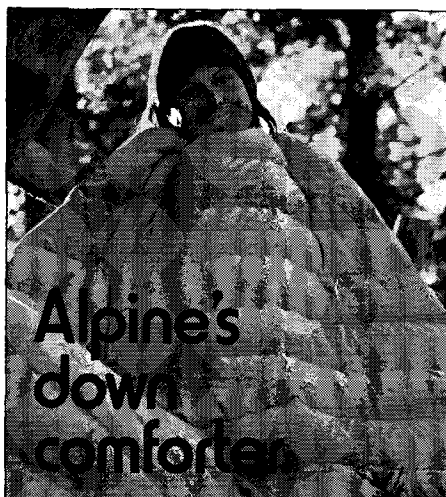
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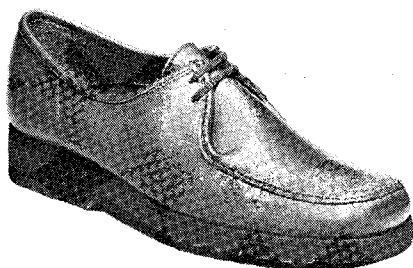
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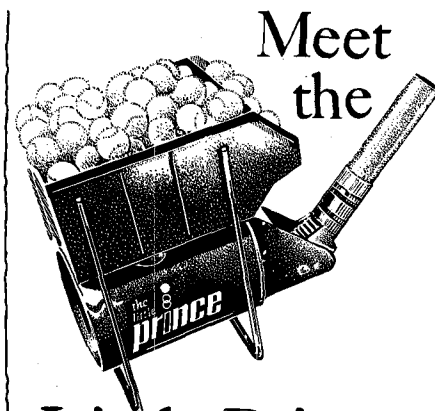
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universe. (The hero of "The Great Waldo Pepper," which Goldman also wrote, dreamed of fighting an air battle with the No. 1 German ace; there's considerable consistency in the writer's fantasies.) Babe is no more than Destry Riding Again as a Jewish pain freak. His heroism is proved by the amount of punishment he can take, and Szell has been made a dentist so that he can torture Babe by cutting live nerves. Dentistry has never been very photogenic, and, because of one's indifference to the outcome of this scene and of the other, more gruesome bloodlettings, the only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the general unpleasantness. There are enough Schlesinger films by now to provide ample evidence that he has no talent for violence. (Jon Voight's assault with a telephone was the most grotesque piece of staging in "Midnight Cowboy.") A director doesn't have to be able to do everything, but he should have some idea of what he can't do. Still, it's not hard to guess why Schlesinger attempts material that lesser directors can do better. Directors working on action films they don't believe in haven't necessarily "sold out." This may be the only work they could get, or their best chance for a box-office hit that would put them in the winner's circle and buy them a little freedom to operate in. You don't work for Robert Evans these days unless you work on a thriller. That's fine for some directors, but not for Schlesinger, and when he stages a chase, with Hoffman on foot being pursued by a car full of killers, his heart, understandably, isn't in it. "Marathon Man" is his worst film ever. To cap it all, running around with cut nerves gives Hoffman more of an excuse for that gasping sound. Can you imagine what he'd do if he played in "Humoresque" or "Golden Boy"? With a violin to breathe to, he'd be the Paganini of snufflers.

MARCEL OPHULS is one of the few directors who work on projects they do believe in, and after years of difficulties he has managed, finally, to obtain control of his four-hour-and-thirty-eight-minute "The Memory of Justice" and release it. Much has already been written in praise of this mammoth documentary on the Nuremberg Trials, and no doubt much more will be; I wish I could join in. I feel a pang of guilt, because I think it's a very bad film—chaotic and plodding, and with an excess of self-consciousness which at times Ophuls seems to mistake for art.



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In "The Memory of Justice," the definitions of war crimes formulated by the Allies at Nuremberg are examined in terms of the atrocities committed in Dresden, Hiroshima, the Soviet Union, Algeria, Wounded Knee, Latin America, and, especially, Vietnam—which, in a sense, the whole thing is about. The film raises the question: Were the Americans who deserted in Vietnam treated as criminals because they refused to carry out orders that, according to the principles set down at Nuremberg, it would be a crime to carry out? The film attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt and of guilt in general, with an ironic look at the tendency of nations to judge their enemies differently from the way they judge themselves. It serves to domesticate evil. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extended his inquiry in so many directions that he lost his subject. It's obvious that an investigation of any issue can reach out to include the whole world, but the demonstration of that extension is better left to parable. When Ophuls is searching for a woman doctor he wants to interview—a woman who was tried at Nuremberg—he meets people along the road who tell him that she no longer lives in the village where he thought she did, and he proceeds to interview them. Now, it's true that what they say has *some* connection with the subject, but so would the conversation of almost anyone he chose to talk to; indeed, in the course of the film he brings in his film students from Princeton, Robert Jay Lifton discussing the shame felt by the surviving victims at Hiroshima, Yehudi Menuhin (because he was the first Jewish artist to perform in Germany after the war), and dozens of others with a tangential relation to the issues, as well as Albert Speer, Telford Taylor, Lord Shawcross, and many others actually involved in the Nuremberg Trials.

The atrocities that are described or shown are often devastating. As was apparent from Peter Davis's "Hearts and Minds" (which I also thought a poor film, though for its hammerlock on simplicity), an American soldier beating a helpless Vietnamese boy is even more distressing on the giant movie screen than on the TV screen. We're affected in a different way: we feel it closer, bigger—it achieves a mythic, classical, inescapable horror. But when a film uses such footage in the course of an inquiry into moral issues, the argument is likely to be swamped by this emotional and kinesthetic response. That didn't happen in

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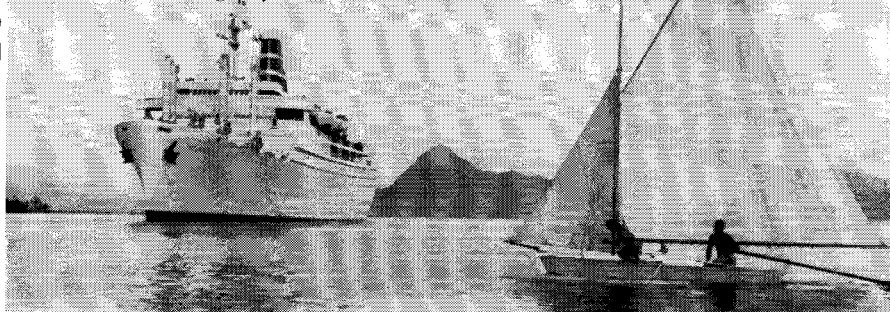
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Ophuls' "The Sorrow and the Pity," but here the director never finds a rationale for the probing, and the painful identification we make with the victims seems to be the only answer to all the moral dilemmas. After a few hours, we develop a numb impatience with the new issues Ophuls introduces, as he brings in more and more data and keeps cutting back to people he interviewed earlier. The case that Ophuls develops—that it's by no means as easy to determine what war crimes are as the prosecutors at Nuremberg thought, and that the Americans, the French, and many others have committed crimes indistinguishable in horror from those of the Nazis—is not as complicated as the crosscutting makes it appear. It could be set out in an essay of a few thousand words, along with the alternative conclusions expressed here by Daniel Ellsberg and Telford Taylor: Ellsberg says that the Americans in Vietnam were no different from the Nazis, while Taylor makes a distinction between premeditated murderous policies and rash, rancorous actions. At "The Memory of Justice," we wait hour upon hour while the obvious is pointed out to us, and finally the issues, instead of being made clearer, are muddled, as if this rendered them more subtle.

Ophuls took on much more than he knew how to handle, and then he kept taking on more, and at the same time he tried to be autobiographical and open—an effect he sought to achieve by pinning his German wife in close-up so that we see her insecure expression while she answers questions about her days in the Hitler Youth. At one point, he asks his family what kind of films they would like him to make. His wife answers, "A Lubitsch film, or 'My Fair Lady' all over again," and then we hear "New Sun in the Sky" and "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," from the soundtrack of "The Band Wagon." Ophuls here presents himself to us as a driven man who must do the unpopular, and so—unwittingly, perhaps—"The Memory of Justice" becomes a put-down of frivolous escapist films, and of his wife besides.

Collecting atrocity footage could easily have an overpowering effect on a filmmaker's judgment. Ophuls tries to combine his newsreel and archive film with such material as a clip from an old happy-go-lucky Hans Albers movie, photographs of his own father and of Max Reinhardt and Richard Tauber, an interview with the widow of the refugee actor Fritz Kortner, scenes



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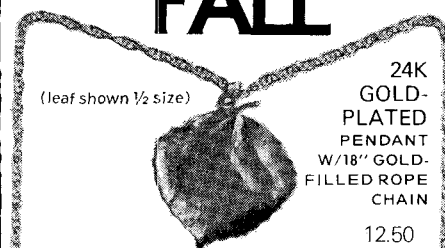
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from a stage production of "The Devil's General," and such oddities as a sequence involving Germans of both sexes nude in a sauna discussing anti-Semitism, Joan Baez singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" in German, a discussion of Nixon's tapes at Kent State, and a scene of German girls at a swimming pool while the song "Bel Ami" is heard on the soundtrack. I doubt if the greatest editors around could fit all this footage together and give it rhythm and shape. And Ophuls isn't even a good editor. That was evident in his last film, "A Sense of Loss," about Northern Ireland, where he kept piling on data after we were so exhausted that we waited for the end as for a liberation. Yet "A Sense of Loss" had an emotional core. We could actually see that the long history of injustice went on festering in the souls of the people. And the subject of Ireland brought out Ophuls' compassion. The subject of "The Memory of Justice" brings out his unresolved feelings, and they take the form of clumsiness and a certain stiffness of attitude. He presses down too hard, and sometimes—as with Edgar Faure, the president of the French National Assembly, who was a prosecutor at Nuremberg—he's reproving, and pedantically opaque. There are some remarkable interviews—one with the widow of a German judge who doled out death sentences to anti-Nazis—and there are hair-raising stories. But there are also sudden cuts to a close shot of a person's hands to show you nervous stress, and other forms of banal visual editorializing. This is more than four and a half hours of collage without the transformation that an artist's technique should have brought to it. It is ambitious, it is earnest, yet so are films by Stanley Kramer and Joseph Strick, who also aim high and wide.

"AMERICA AT THE MOVIES," a compilation film shaped in terms of some amorphous idea about the American people and the American spirit as they have been shown on the screen, was put together by the American Film Institute for the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration. The picture reeks of sycophancy, as if the head of the Institute, George Stevens, Jr., had thought that he was finished if he didn't come up with a giant World's Fair movie, certified by Charlton Heston, properly disembodied, intoning the message that America began as "a dream—a candle burning in the mind." Usually, this kind of official film wants something from you: you're to stand up

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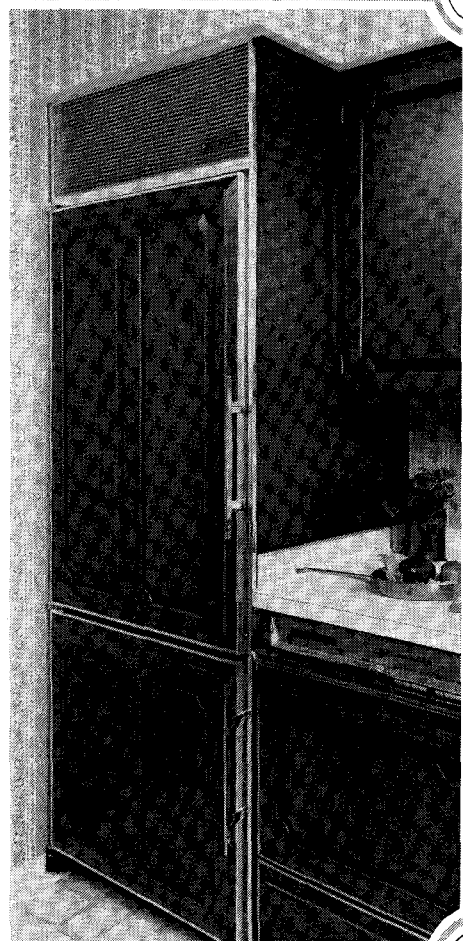
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straighter and develop a firmer resolve to serve your country's ideals, or, at least, determine to do better on your next report card. But you can't tell why "America at the Movies" has been made. It has some of the clean patriotism of the propaganda films for overseas consumption which Stevens used to produce when he was with the United States Information Agency, and you can feel the latent wish to be upbeat. Yet the assemblers weren't sure what response to aim for; the film is anxiously inspirational.

There is no sense to the transitions: James Stewart in distress in "It's a Wonderful Life" giving way to Marlon Brando contorted with agony in "A Streetcar Named Desire," thirty seconds from one film, a minute from another, scenes from "Plymouth Adventure," "Drums Along the Mohawk," "A Raisin in the Sun"—bits of eighty-three films in all. Technically, the assemblers knew what they were doing. The sound level and the visual dimensions of the original prints are respected; the film isn't a cacophonous mess, like the recent "That's Entertainment, Part 2" (the Gene Kelly Memorial Service, conducted by Gene Kelly). "America at the Movies" is smoothly put together but impersonal. The Institute's preferences in movies are much like Mussolini's taste in architecture—grand, public, inflated, a series of gestures toward an idealized past. Static cloud formations imply the source of Heston's voice, and in the clip from "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" Heston's redundancy competes with Max Steiner's. The only meaning I can extract from "America at the Movies" is that cultural bureaucrats develop imperial tastes—or is it that people who love pomp become bureaucrats? The few glimpses of spitball comedy—Fields disgustedly pushing his overaffectionate daughter away from him, the child actress Jane Withers playing mother by beating her doll—seem the last traces of sanity.

You can't just enjoy the clips as reminders of the movies they're from, because the whole enterprise is so prestige-laden. I did notice that a tiny piece of "Life with Father" looks as bad as the whole film did, that a bit of "The Godfather, Part II" had me wanting to see the whole again, that Jennifer Jones makes you feel her physical need of her lover in her romantic scene in "Since You Went Away," and that Elizabeth Taylor acts much better in "A Place in the Sun" than she does in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" But the films aren't even identified for



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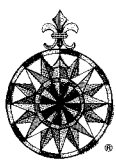
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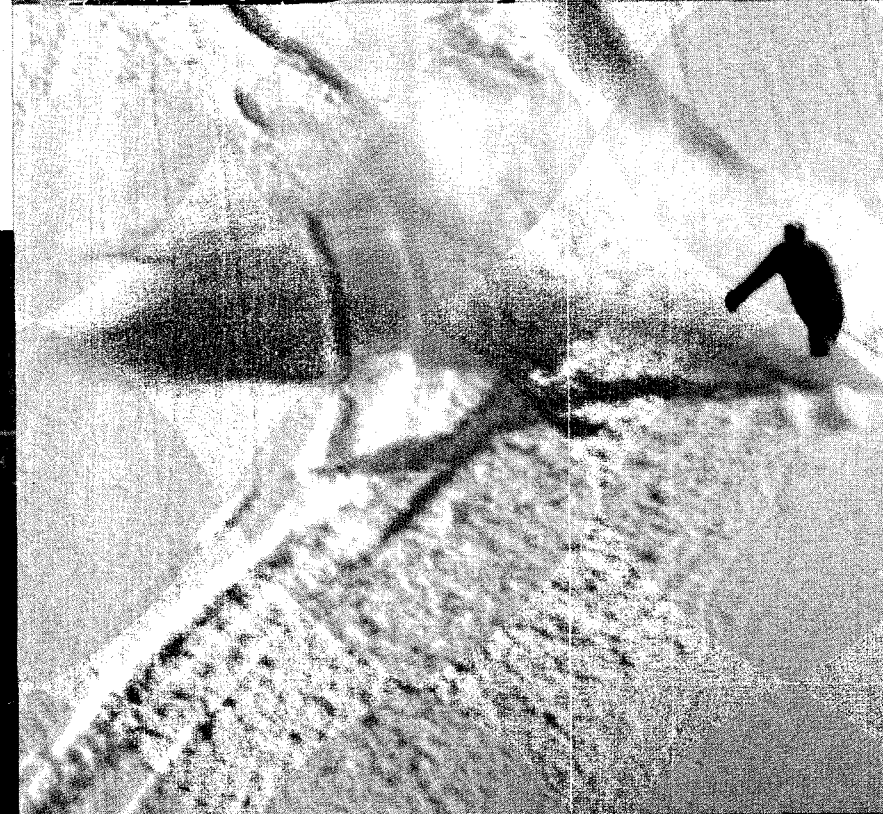
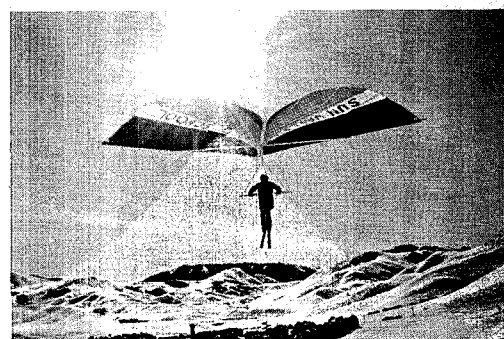
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those who won't recognize them; the clips are presented seamlessly, as if what they said about America were far more important than the contexts from which they're torn. Stevens may have a U.S.I.A. hangover; he may think it's the function of the American Film Institute to sell America. The Institute people ought to stop lighting candles in their skulls; they're burning their brains out.

The big thought that Heston delivers is that the America of the movies is "a country existing only in the imagination, but that, after all, is where America began." (The Indians might disagree.) If you're going to talk about the America of the movies as a country of the imagination, shouldn't you ask whose imagination? The story of the movies is the story of how, by the grandeur of its aspirations and the lowliness of its taste, a small, stunted community—intermarried, interacting, full of crown princes, and run by favoritism—affected the whole world. That community was dominated by a group of tyrant dreamers who imposed their wills on producers, directors, and writers. They were pirates, ransackers of other people's ideas, talents, and inventions, and they were merchants. They imposed their own unexamined cultural and sexual wish-fulfillments on us all and had a marvellous time doing it. The pieces of film in "America at the Movies" have lost their narrative charge; they've lost body—they're dried, pressed flowers. Without weeds. This compilation leaves out the juice, the vulgarity, the energy, the adoration of conformity, and the morbid infatuation with royalty, wealth, and high birth. "America at the Movies" represents the potentates' scrubbed-up side and the establishment status they aspired to. They were tough men; they lived a long time, and their strength is reflected in their movies—which still have money in them, because they still have life in them. What those men did will literally influence mankind forever. It's a worldwide culture (virus?) that can't be destroyed—perhaps the first.

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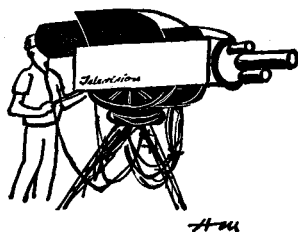
Notes on the New Season

AS time passes, it gets harder to say anything about television that isn't a Media Commonplace. Whether the subject is television and sports or television and violence or television and politics, there is a growing appetite, even a demand, for new perceptions about television, and a correspondingly diminishing likelihood that such perceptions will be providable. Even Marshall McLuhan—asked about the Ford-Carter debate in the *Times*—said that he was bored. In fact, there seems to be a feeling everywhere of people being bored or disappointed by the first Ford-Carter debate, but this is surely in part because of the romantic misconception that existed in many people's minds of what such a debate might accomplish. That is, imaginations were focussed backward on the Nixon-Kennedy debates, because they seemed at the time to have exploded—or at least rearranged—the existing political situation. The debates (so it was reasoned) contained powerful television magic. Doubtless it is true that the 1960 debates shifted the balance by shifting a small number of voters from Nixon to Kennedy: the debates seemed to reveal some mystical appeal of Kennedy's and some mystical non-appeal of Nixon's. But this was never likely to happen in the same way now, for the simple reason that people today keep a more vivid television image in their minds even of local politicians than the voters of the country had in 1960 (with only fifty-four million sets) of Senator Kennedy and Vice-President Nixon. The possibility of an image-making or image-breaking surprise no longer really exists on a national political level.

Naturally, that is also a Media Commonplace.

THERE'S a new comedy series by Norman Lear, called "All's Fair," which has started out pretty well. The hero is an opinionated, conservative Washington columnist; the heroine is a tart, aggressive, and pretty Washington photographer. The dialogue is heavily sprinkled with supposedly topical Washington-type gags. For example: "Nixon may have said it, but Kennedy *did* it," she says at one point. Or: "What a shame, they're towing away the

wrong Ford." The he-and-she byplay walks the well-trodden path that leads back from Tracy-Hepburn through "Private Lives" to "The Taming of the Shrew." Still, that's not a bad path to travel, and the opening episodes struck me as being a cut above most of the competition. I hope Mr. Lear's



writers won't insist too much on that Washington humor. "[Justice] Burger reminds me I have time to stop at McDonald's for a Big Mac" is the kind of electronic-borscht-circuit gag that in the end

makes all comedies sound alike. The leading actors, Richard Crenna and Bernadette Peters, are fine, and perhaps they'll carry things for a while.

AN interesting melodrama serial is "Executive Suite," which has been reworked from the best-selling business-oriented novel of that name which came out some twenty years ago. Then, as I remember it, the mise-en-scène was the Tredway Corporation, a sturdy old furniture company that was seeking a new president. Would the new boss be the cold, statistical-minded vice-president—played in the movie version by Fredric March? Or would he be the slightly rough-hewn vice-president, who really worked with his hands and who cared about quality—played by William Holden? Yes, you guessed it. Now, however, things have changed for the Tredway Corporation. In the first place, it is called the Cardway Corporation, and it apparently makes chemicals. Also, the hero-and-villain situation has changed even more. True to the temper of the times, and to the trendiness of television producers, business itself is now close to being the villain. In the first episode, badness was represented by an old-style businessman on the Cardway board who was too single-mindedly devoted to profits. The good guy was a younger, slightly long-haired, slightly rough-hewn fellow, in charge of public relations, who believed (naturally) in corporate responsibility to the public. Despite the romantic notions of the story line, this seems to be a better-than-average popular series, with generally well-done, professional acting, and with some promising melodrama possibilities in the new defensiveness of business.

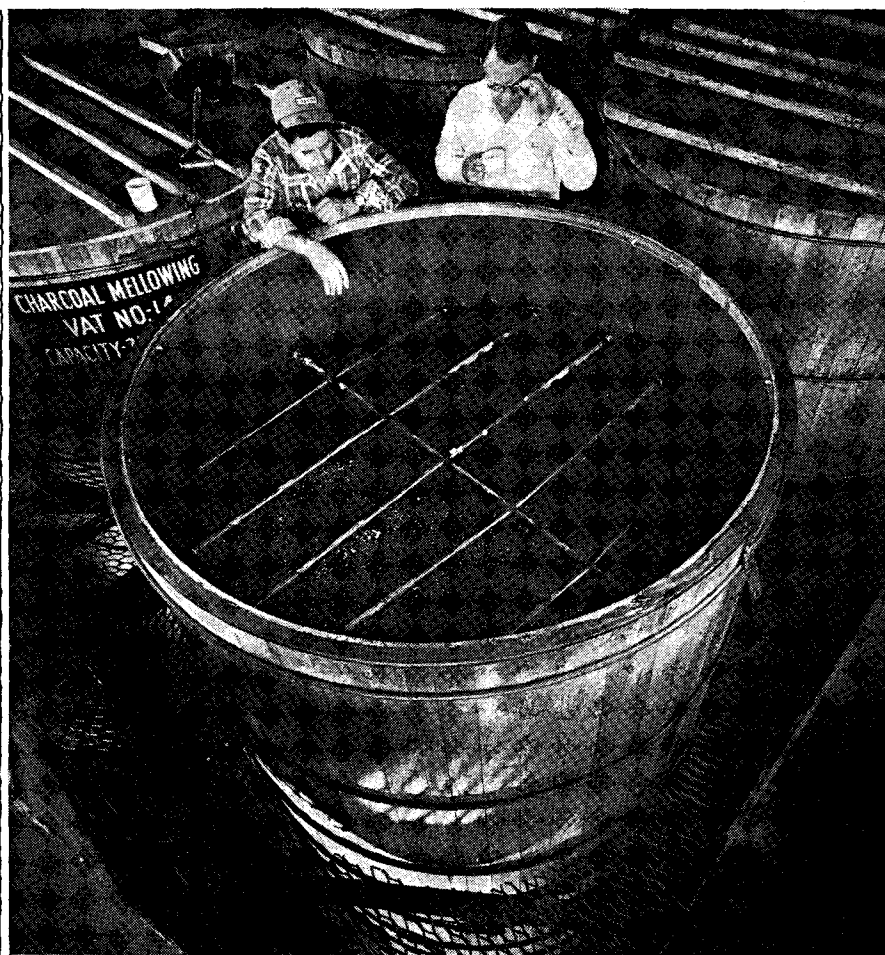
Unfortunately, there is always a danger with such manufactured entertainments of their undermining even their own tiny moral positions. Thus, the businessman on the defensive becomes quickly transformed into an automatic villain, and the dramatic ambiguity of his position disappears into stereotype. The wicked, old-fashioned vice-president remarks in the new "Executive Suite," "This corporate responsibility is an invitation to anarchy!" And "The public doesn't have to like us. They have to *need* us." And, most evilly, referring to some lab tests on a dangerous product, "Those mice get cancer every time you look at them." Apparently, his one socially redeeming feature is that he jogs. What was all that fuss about the Hollywood Ten?

I WISH I enjoyed the "bionic" programs more than I do, since ordinarily I like science fiction. The trouble is that neither "Six Million Dollar Man" nor "Bionic Woman" can properly be called science fiction. Indeed, I read in an article about ABC in *New Times* that it was the network's deliberate policy to deemphasize the scientific side of these bionic characters in favor of strong human relationships. In the words of ABC's vice-president for research services, "If you think of a robot or six-million-dollar man as a bionic person and you don't have any personal involvement with him, he's just a machine." Too bad. What I suppose the bionic man and woman most resemble are those old comic-book standbys Superman and Wonder Woman, who, in turn, seem to have been modern, classless versions of those turn-of-the-century schoolboy heroes who invariably won crucial athletic contests in the final minutes of the game as a result of superb physical conditioning and sheer pluck. I watched the bionic woman the other evening trying to deal with a bionic (and very hairy) creature called the Sasquatch, and she was nothing if not plucky. Fortunately, in this episode the devotees of science hadn't yet totally surrendered to the ABC research department. "What's the status of the magneton?" asked one wicked fellow in an orange-colored jumpsuit. "We're well into Stage Three, about to integrate the boron isotope," replied his colleague. In the end, what is most endearing about these programs is the notion they express that the insertion in a body of artificial organs and bits of wire and microcircuits and so forth will only make that body *stronger*.

Thus, the old and the young are finally linked by wishful thinking—at least, by the implication that the way for Dink Stover to fly faster than a speeding bullet is to stick a pacemaker under his shirt.

IF “Executive Suite” is trendily anti-authoritarian on the subject of business, “Baa Baa Black Sheep” is trendily anti-authoritarian on the subject of the Second World War. In some ways, after the japery of “Hogan’s Heroes” and “McHale’s Navy,” it’s nice to have the dreadful old war back with us—in this case, the War in the Pacific, with those stubby-winged airplanes, and the pilots with their thumbs-up signs and crackly radios, and machine-gun bullets sending Zero after Zero to its watery doom. Fortunately or unfortunately, here the war serves largely as a backdrop—a rather noisy backdrop—for yet another in the current genre of romantic-rebel fables: the institutional misfit rebelling against the institution. The episodes of “Baa Baa Black Sheep” are drawn from the more or less factual exploits of Major Gregory (Pappy) Boyington and his squadron of maverick fliers in the Pacific in the early nineteen-forties. But the spirit and thought behind them are not much different from any number of recent depictions of appealing anti-social rebelliousness, such as “The Dirty Dozen,” or “One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest,” or even “Robin Hood.” The episode I watched was very competent in its mean-spiritedness, and though one gets tired of too facile a setting-up of stuffed-shirt officers merely in order to knock them down, there was a certain gritty substance to the story which was not completely obliterated by airplane noises and sounds of gunfire. It wasn’t exactly *likable*, but then most of the likable programs are not likable, either. Perhaps, too, there is a good reason that streaks of meanness run through so much of today’s popular melodrama, and one might as well attend to them as look away or keep waiting for Ronald Colman.

I DON’T know what to make of a series called “Ivan the Terrible.” Plainly, this is yet another shambly, amiable, synthetic-Jewish-family comedy. But, just as plainly, it is a new American entertainment series that purports to be set in contemporary Moscow and concerns the trials and tribulations, kicks and heartbreaks, etc., of a contemporary Soviet family. So



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far, the programs I've seen have been neither very unfunny nor very funny. Instead, they more or less *exist*, in a good-natured, gag-ridden fashion, in that cheery limbo of American mass-produced family comedy. Father loses his temper. Mother is confused. The children are attractive and disrespectful. In a sense, there is no reason this all-purpose entertainment family should be confined to these shores, or even to the Soviet Union. Why not further programs set in Ireland? South Africa? Japan? As a matter of fact, now that you asked, there is a similar program that is not actually set in Japan but concerns the trials and tribulations, kicks and heartbreaks, etc., of a Japanese family living in America: "Mr. T and Tina." I prefer "Ivan the Terrible," which doesn't try more than halfheartedly to be Russian. Perhaps this strange genre is part of a new détente ploy of Dr. Kissinger's, so that at this moment citizens of the Soviet Union are being forced to watch a new Soviet comedy called "Uncle Sam," about a funny Jewish family living in Forest Hills, and containing many boffo one-liners about the military-industrial complex and defective Alaskan pipe welds.

THE silliest shows of the new season seem to be these: "Spencer's Pilots," "Ball Four," and "Holmes and Yoyo." Yoyo is a humorous robot policeman. A mature and thoughtful person would probably include in the above list "Charlie's Angels," which has to do with the vaguely crime-fighting activities of three strikingly nice-looking girls, each "with police-academy training," as the program guide notes, though a mature and thoughtful person wouldn't be watching most of this stuff in the first place. My children, of course, say that "Charlie's Angels" is a really wonderful show—which strikes me as pushing things a little far. I say "of course" since no child in my household has yet to voluntarily turn off or walk away from or otherwise disapprove of any television program that is not (1) "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report" or (2) in Spanish. On the other hand, as far as I can tell, most current programs on evening television have been designed expressly for children. Even the supposedly evil, grown-up programs (such as "Baretta") are evil only in the eyes of the parental beholder, who worries that the young will be made either sick or criminal by watching them. But the young themselves appear to cheerfully wade right


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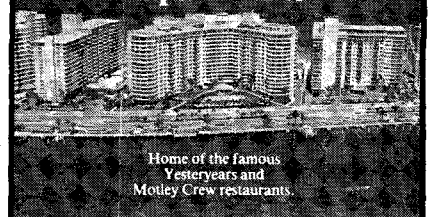
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through them, accepting ambulances, police sirens, and homicidal maniacs for the comic-book items they are. The real problem, it seems to me, is not the harm that is being done to children by tough-guy and mayhem dramas but the short shrift that is being given to anyone over sixteen by the near absence of programs designed for *them*—except, perhaps, on public television, whose executives have clearly been hijacked by a group of British provincial university dons and are not to be released until the entire body of British genteel literature has finally been broadcast.

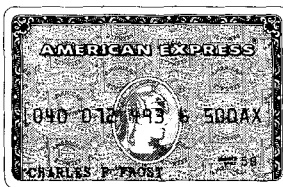
By the way, a passable new crime drama is "Delvecchio," which is neither very adult nor especially novel, being concerned, as it is, with the usual big-city-police shenanigans. But in the role of the policeman Delvecchio it has Judd Hirsch, who appeared two years ago in one of television's few original and interesting dramas, "The Law," and who was recently one of the mainstays of Jules Feiffer's play "Knock Knock," on Broadway. Hirsch is the kind of actor who can make even routine cops-and-robbers stuff interesting for a while.

AFTER watching a great many new programs, as well as old programs, I find that a sort of dim purpose behind all this effort and clatter begins to shine through. In general, I have always thought that the dominant goal of most television programming was to sell goods, to move products. The ads were the purpose; what went in between was supposed to be an appealing bridge between the ads. Of course, that is still true—in some ways, truer than ever. But there remains something beneath all the strenuous efforts to sell and control and entertain; and, though it is hard to state precisely what this is, it seems to me that one might almost say that each evening, across the nation, a great event takes place which is only in part the activity of a small set of people trying to sell goods to a large set of people. This great event—in some ways almost a poetic event—is surely the vast spectacle of members of an advanced, articulate, communicative country not wishing to talk very much to one another. To talk a *little*, perhaps; but *very much*, almost never. It is as if, having invented or developed the era of compulsory conversation—of the relentlessly verbal relationship—we had also, perhaps on the sly, developed the antidote: the television program. After dinner, for example, when Father

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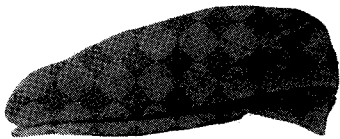
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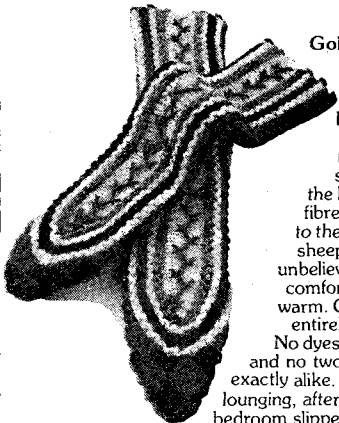
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wanders off from the table and sits down before the set and turns it on, neither is he getting out of the house and going around to the bar (it probably doesn't exist anymore), which would be an openly hostile act; nor is he really *being there*. Similarly, children use television in order not to have to speak or listen to parents, or, sometimes, to each other. Men affect an enormous interest in professional sports which is due only in small part to a genetic interest in athletic contests. In great part, it is because they like being with one another but cannot stand the strain of the conversation that most social situations supposedly require. In fact, most men don't talk much when they're together, even in bars without television sets.

In other words, silence is no longer golden. It is an occasion for someone to ask, "What's the matter, honey?" ("Nothing, dear.") Small wonder, then, that the citizenry—oppressed by intolerable demands of communicative personal babble—has conjured up for itself a steady flow of televised babble: a new kind of visual noise, somewhat louder than the "white" hum of the electric appliances but not so vivid or demanding that it completely obliterates small talk; indeed, having drowned out conversation, television programs seem almost to encourage small talk: the periodic, impersonal transmission of phone messages, homework assignments, or domestic chatter. It's not such a bad way of handling the problem, except that moviegoing has been nearly ruined. For the citizens now chatter amiably in the presence of *anything* that appears upon a screen. "Sarah, did the super call about the shower rod?" a young man behind me in a movie theatre inquired of his companion the other day. "No, what's the matter with it?" she asked while the hero on the screen was struggling to escape from a mental hospital. He told her, too. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

The first order of business for the A.B.S. was to create public apathy for the bison. Magazine and newspaper articles began to flow from the pens of the Society's talented members.—*Desert Magazine*.

Doesn't take much talent.

"It's like Odysseus (the Greek mythical figure) going through Scylla on Charidis," said the 28-year-old who recently graduated from law school.

—*Bergen County (N.J.) Record*.

In a breeze, probably.

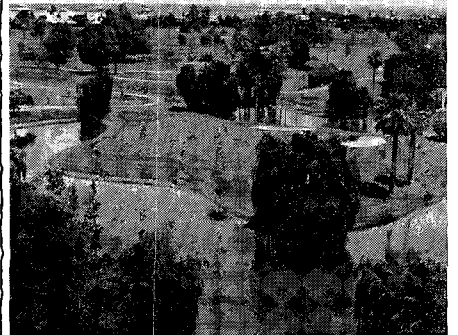


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THE RACE TRACK

A Cup for Forego

FOREGO did it again. Unleashing an amazing burst of speed in the closing furlongs of the Marlboro Cup, as he did in the Woodward Handicap a fortnight before, he won it by inches at Belmont Park last Saturday from Honest Pleasure, to whom he gave eighteen pounds. Father Hogan, to whom he gave twenty-seven, was third, a length behind. This race alone makes the big fellow Horse of the Year in my book. What's more, he carried 137 pounds, and it is many a day since a horse carried that weight in a race on the flat in this country. He also ran over a muddy track—footing he does not like and does not go well on. In fact, Mrs. Martha Gerry, who owns him, might well have asked Frank Whiteley, his trainer, to scratch him rather than see him finish down the course. Happily, she didn't. Incidentally, the mile and a quarter was run in two minutes flat—a tick off the track record. I think that Shoemaker, who rode Forego, summed him up completely when he said after the race, "This has to be the best horse I've ever ridden."

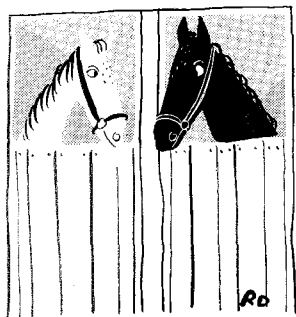
I was surprised at the size of the field that came out for the fourth running of the Marlboro Cup—surprised that ten owners would pay twenty-seven hundred dollars each: two hundred dollars to nominate a runner, one thousand for him to pass the entry box, and fifteen hundred to start against Forego, taking a crack at the quarter-of-a-million purse put up by Marlboro cigarettes, sponsors of the race. Romeo was the first out of the gate at the break, but Honest Pleasure quickly headed him, while Forego was away more forwardly than usual as the field strung out for the long run down the backstretch. However, Shoemaker appeared to be working on Forego to get him into his proper stride. It was easy to follow the colors of Lazy F Ranch—yellow jacket, black sleeves—as Forego warmed to his work. But he was still way behind the leaders passing the far turn. Indeed, Honest Pleasure looked the winner as the field swung into the stretch, just after Forego began his spectacular run. A furlong out, I would not have taken twenty to one against Forego, and as Honest Pleas-

ure, Father Hogan, and Dance Spell passed the sixteenth pole I thought he wouldn't even be third. I don't remember ever hearing such cheering at Belmont Park as when he passed Honest Pleasure in the last few strides.

It seems that the older Forego gets the better he gets. In his first race for the Marlboro Cup, in 1974, he carried 126 pounds and finished third. Last year, he carried 129, led in the stretch, and was beaten by a head by Wajima, to whom he gave ten pounds. The Cup last Saturday was his twenty-ninth victory in forty-eight starts. (He's the show player's delight, for he has been unplaced only five times.) As for

earnings, first money in the Cup, \$170,220, moved his total to \$1,655,217—third place on the list of great money-winners. The weather wasn't kind to the people who put on the show, but the crowd of thirty-one thousand or so that came out saw a race worth remembering.

Belmont's big week began with the fifty-fourth running of the Cowdin Stakes for two-year-olds. Because there were more horses entered than could safely run together, the race was run in two divisions, and the runners were drawn by lot, by numbers shaken out of a Kelly-pool bottle. As chance would have it, Banquet Table, winner of the Saratoga Special and the Hopeful Stakes, headed the first division, and For the Moment, winner of the Futurity, headed the second. In the first, Sail to Rome, with an advantage of seven pounds in the weights, beat Banquet Table by a snub nose, while in the second For the Moment (Honest Pleasure's full brother) was under pressure to wear Ali Oop down in the stretch, but won by a length and a quarter. It was the second victory in ten starts for Sail to Rome, a chestnut colt by Proudest Roman out of Come Ashore, who was bred and is owned by Mrs. Lucille Stephens and is trained by her husband, Woody Stephens. Even if she didn't bet on her horse (he paid a \$60.20 mutuel), she can sail to Rome merrily, for her share of the prize money was \$26,220. For those who make a fetish of split-second watches, For the Moment's time for the seven furlongs in his division of the



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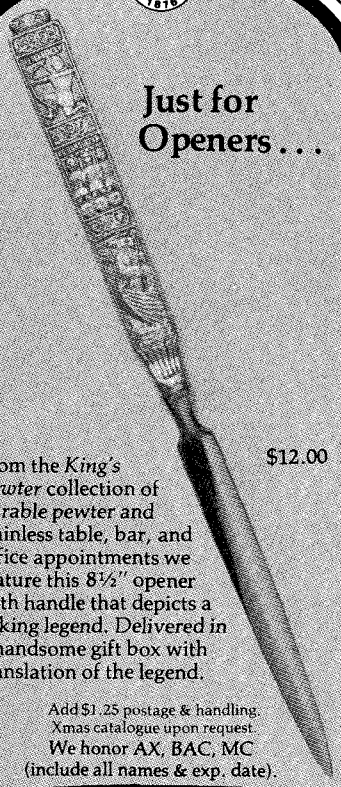
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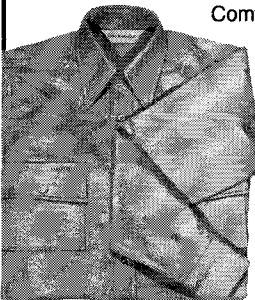
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Cowdin was two-fifths of a second faster than Sail to Rome's in his.

Charlie Whittingham has brought Dahlia, the world's winningest race mare (\$1,543,139), to Belmont Park for another go at the Man o' War Stakes, which she won two years ago, and he intended to give her a winding-up gallop for the race in the Manhattan Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs, on the grass. But she developed a fever, so he saddled Caucasus, whom he'd also brought for the two races, and Caucasus won the Manhattan by half a length in a driving finish with Trumpeter Swan. Kamaraan II, who led until the last few furlongs, was third. It was a perfect prep for the Man o' War. Caucasus, a beautifully bred four-year-old colt by Nijinsky II out of Quill, by Princequillo, was one of the topflight horses in California last summer, winning Hollywood's Sunset Handicap in July—the last time he faced the starter before coming East—and, before that, running a bang-up third to King Pellinore and Riot in Paris in the American Handicap, and losing by only a half a length to Dahlia in the Hollywood Invitational. Caucasus began slowly in the Manhattan, and three furlongs out he was no better than eighth, but from there he moved fast, catching Trumpeter Swan halfway down the homestretch. Before the race, Whittingham thought the colt might be short of work. He wasn't.

This weekend will see the first running of the Ruffian Stakes, for fillies and mares three years old and up (weight for age), at a mile and a half, at Belmont Park. Colonel Martingale likes Revidere. —AUDAX MINOR

He has spent over \$300 on sew-ups since buying his orange Fuji Racer in March.

He lives for the applause at the student center.

Squeezing two pairs of dirty-socked feet into his riding shoes, he puts on a couple more shirts, a sweat shirt, new fur-lined gloves, a leg light, and a ratty bright-red stocking cap. —Bike World.

He rides a tandem bike?

(7) MOVIE

"Fearless Vampire Killers." Meandering comedy-horror story about a professor and his assistant who go to Pennsylvania to obliterate local vampires. Don't expect too much from the yarn.—TV listing in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

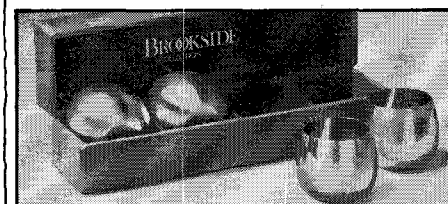
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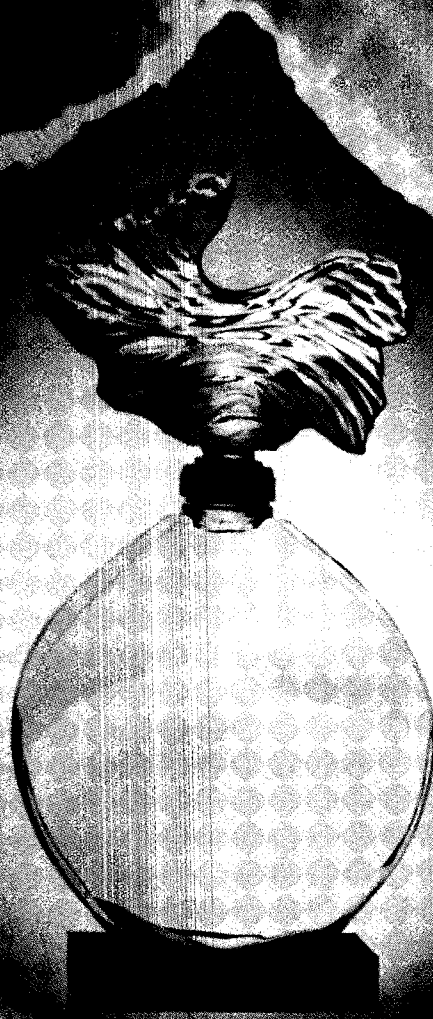


Parure. It is a word which is difficult to translate.
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From Pushkin to Pasternak, the masters of Russian poetry and fiction belong to the world as a whole. Even in lame translations, their lyrics, novels, and short stories are indispensable. We cannot readily suppose the repertoire of our feelings and common humanity without them. Historically brief and constrained as it is in genre, Russian literature shares this compelling universality with that of ancient Greece. Yet the non-Russian reader of Pushkin, of Gogol, of Dostoevski, or of Mandelstam is always an outsider. He is, in some fundamental sense, eavesdropping on an internal discourse that, however obvious its communicative strength and universal pertinence, even the acutest of Western scholars and critics do not get right. The meaning remains obstinately national and resistant to export. Of course, this is in part a matter of language or, more accurately, of the bewildering gamut of languages ranging all the way from the regional and demotic to the highly literary and even Europeanized in which Russian writers perform. The obstacles that a Pushkin, a Gogol, an Akhmatova set in the way of full translation are bristling. But this can be said of classics in many other tongues, and there is, after all, a level—indeed, an immensely broad and transforming level—on which the great Russian texts do get through. (Imagine our landscape without “Fathers and Sons” or “War and Peace” or “The Brothers Karamazov” or “The Three Sisters.”) If one still feels that one is often getting it wrong, that the Western focus seriously distorts what the Russian writer is saying, the reason cannot only be one of linguistic distance.

It is a routine observation—the Russians are the first to offer it—that all of Russian literature (with the obvious exception of liturgical texts) is essentially political. It is produced and published, so far as it can be, in the teeth of ubiquitous censorship. One can scarcely count a year in which Russian poets, novelists, or dramatists have worked in anything approaching normal, let alone positive, conditions of intellectual freedom. A Russian masterpiece exists in spite of the regime. It enacts a subversion, an ironic circumlocution, a direct challenge to or ambiguous compromise with the prevailing apparatus of oppression, be it czarist

and Orthodox ecclesiastical or Leninist-Stalinist. As the Russian phrase has it, the great writer is “the alternative state.” His books are the principal, at many points the only, act of political opposition. In an intricate cat-and-mouse game that has remained virtually unchanged since the eighteenth century, the Kremlin allows the creation, and even the diffusion, of literary works whose fundamentally rebellious character it clearly realizes. With the passage of generations, such works—Pushkin’s, Turgenev’s, Chekhov’s—become national classics: they are safety valves releasing into the domain of the imaginary some of those enormous pressures for reform, for responsible political change, which reality will not allow. The hounding of individual writers, their incarceration, their banishment, is part of the bargain.

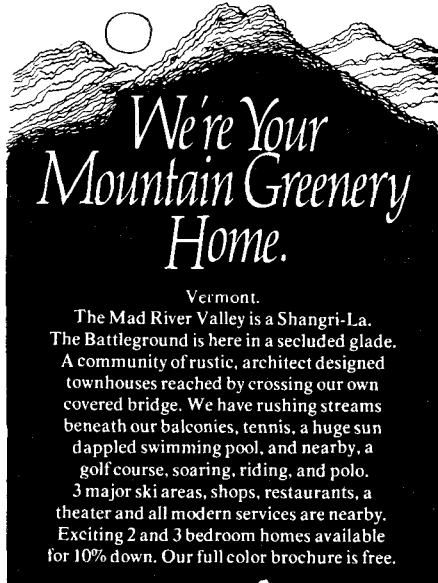
This much the outsider can make out. He looks at the harrowing of Pushkin, at Gogol’s despair, at Dostoevski’s term in Siberia, at Tolstoy’s volcanic struggle against censorship, or

at the long catalogue of the murdered and missing which makes up the record of twentieth-century Russian literary achievement, and he will grasp the underlying mechanism. The Russian writer matters enormously. He matters far more than his counterpart in the bored and tolerant West. Often the whole of Russian consciousness seems to turn on his poem. In exchange, he threads his way through a cunning hell. But this grim dialectic is not the whole truth, or rather it conceals inside itself another truth instinctively apparent to the Russian artist and his public but almost impossible to gauge rightly from outside.

Russian history has been one of nearly inconceivable suffering and humiliation. But both the torment and the abjection nourish the roots of a messianic vision, of a sense of uniqueness or radiant doom. This sense can translate into the idiom of the Orthodox Slavophile, with his conviction that the Russian land is holy in an absolutely concrete way, that it alone will bear



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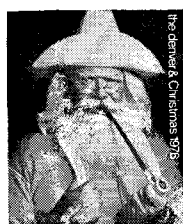
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the footsteps of Christ's return. Or it can be metamorphosed into the messianic secularism of the Communist claim to a perfect society, to the millenary dawn of absolute human justice and equality. A sense of election through and for pain is common to the most varied shades of Russian sensibility. And it means that there is to the triangular relationship of the Russian writer, his readers, and the omnipresent state that enfolds them a decisive complicity. I had my first inkling of this when visiting the Soviet Union some time after Stalin's death. Those whom one met spoke of their survival with a numbed wonder that no visitor could really share. But at the very same moment there was in their reflections on Stalin a queer, subtle nostalgia. This is almost certainly the wrong word. They did not miss the lunatic horrors they had experienced. But they implied that these horrors had, at least, been dished out by a tiger, not by the paltry cats now ruling over them. And they hinted that the mere fact of Russia's survival under a Stalin, as under an Ivan the Terrible, evidenced some apocalyptic magnificence or creative strangeness of destiny. The debate between themselves and terror was an internal, private one. An outsider demeaned the issues by overhearing it and responding to it too readily.

So it is with the great Russian writers. Their cries for liberation, their appeals to the drowsy conscience of the West are strident and genuine. But they are not always meant to be heard or answered in any straightforward guise. Solutions can come only from within, from an inwardness with singular ethnic and visionary dimensions. The Russian poet will hate his censor, he will despise the informers and police hooligans who hound his existence. But he stands toward them in a relationship of anguished necessity, be it that of rage or of compassion. The dangerous conceit that there is a magnetic bond between tormentor and victim is too gross to characterize the Russian spiritual-literary ambience. But it gets nearer than liberal innocence. And it helps explain why the worst fate that can befall a Russian writer is not detention or even death but exile in the Western limbo of mere survival.

It is just this exile, this ostracism from the compact of pain which now obsesses Solzhenitsyn. For this haunted, powerful man, there is a real sense in which reincarceration in the Gulag would be preferable to glory and immunity in the West. Solzhenitsyn de-

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ests the West, and the oracular nonsense he has uttered about it points as much to indifference as to ignorance. Solzhenitsyn's theocratic-Slavophile reading of history is perfectly clear. The French Revolution of 1789 crystallized man's secular illusions, his shallow rebellion against Christ and a messianic eschatology. Marxism is the inevitable consequence of agnostic liberalism. It is a characteristically Western bacillus that was introduced by rootless intellectuals, largely Jews, into the bloodstream of Holy Russia. The infection took because of the terrible vulnerabilities and confusions of the Russian condition after the first great military disasters of 1914. Communism is a travesty of the true ideals of suffering and brotherhood that made Russia the elect of Christ. But 1914 saw another Russia fatally dishevelled and defenseless against the plague of atheistic rationalism. Hence the tremendous importance that Solzhenitsyn attaches to the first year of the World War, and his resolve to explore every material and spiritual aspect of 1914 and of the events leading up to March, 1917, in a row of voluminous "fact-fictions."

But in this demonology Lenin poses a problem, of which Solzhenitsyn has long been aware. Marxism may have been a Western and Hebraic disease, but Lenin is an arch-Russian figure, and the Bolshevik victory was essentially his doing. Already in Solzhenitsyn's earlier writings there were traces of a certain antagonistic identification of the author with the figure of Lenin. In a sense that is only partly allegorical, Solzhenitsyn seems to have felt that his own uncanny force of will and vision were of a kind with Lenin's, and that the struggle for the soul and future of Russia lay between him and the begetter of the Soviet regime. Then, by a turn of fate at once ironic and symbolically inescapable, Solzhenitsyn found himself in Zurich, in the same grim, scrubbed, chocolate-box arcadia of exile in which Lenin raged away his time before the 1917 apocalypse. He had left out a Lenin chapter in "August 1914" and had much Lenin material in hand for later volumes—or "Knots," as he now calls them. But the Zurich coincidence was too rich to be left fallow. From it comes the interim scenario "Lenin in Zurich" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

The result is neither a novel nor a political tract but a set of vignettes in depth. Solzhenitsyn aims to establish Lenin's fallibility. News of the Russian Revolution takes the Bolshevik leader totally by surprise. What he has been

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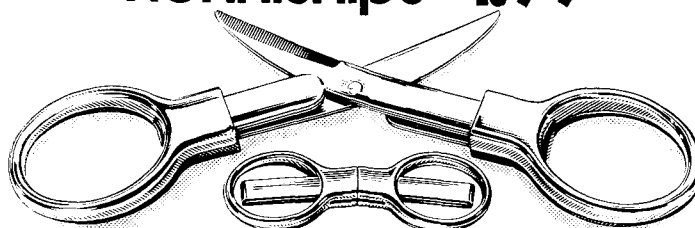
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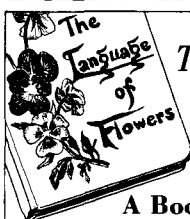
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concentrating his conspiratorial genius on is a wildly involuted and harebrained scheme to involve Switzerland in the war and consequent social unrest. Lenin worries over his breakfast. He dabbles fastidiously in each and any contrivance that may secure funds for his embryonic movement. He aches for the other woman in his austere life, the thrilling Inessa Armand, and accepts ideological deviations from her that would bring down anathema on any other disciple. Above all, like Solzhenitsyn himself, he finds the antiseptic tolerance of his Swiss hosts maddening:

All Zurich, probably a quarter of a million people, locals or from other parts of Europe, thronged there below, working, making deals, changing currency, selling, buying, eating in restaurants, attending meetings, walking or riding through the streets, all going their separate ways, every head full of thoughts without discipline or direction. And he stood there on the mountain knowing how well he could direct them all, and unite their wills.

Except that he lacked the necessary power. He could stand here up above Zurich, or lie in that grave, but he could not change Zurich. He had been living here for more than a year, and all his efforts had been in vain, nothing had been done.

And, to make matters worse, the good burghers are about to stage another one of their tomfool carnivals.

Lenin will get back to Russia in the famous "sealed carriage," with the connivance of the German imperial government and general staff (anxious to get Russia out of the war). But this brilliantly ambiguous escapade is not the product of Lenin's cunning or political means. It springs from the teeming brain of Parvus, alias Dr. Helphand, alias Alexander Israel Lazarevich. Despite a full-scale biography by Z. A. Zeman and W. B. Scharlau, "The Merchant of Revolution," much about Parvus remains unclear. He was an amateur revolutionary whose foresight sometimes exceeded Lenin's own. He was a fundraiser of genius for the Bolsheviks, but also a double or triple agent acting as go-between for Turkish, German, and Russian parties. He was a dandy and cosmopolite, at once fascinated and amused by the fanatic asceticism of Lenin's ways. The opulent villa that Parvus built for himself in Berlin, and in which he died, in 1924, was later used by Himmler to plan "the final solution."

The meeting between Parvus and Lenin is the crux of Solzhenitsyn's book. There are fine touches in it, as two kinds of corruption, that of worldly intrigue and that of an agnostic will

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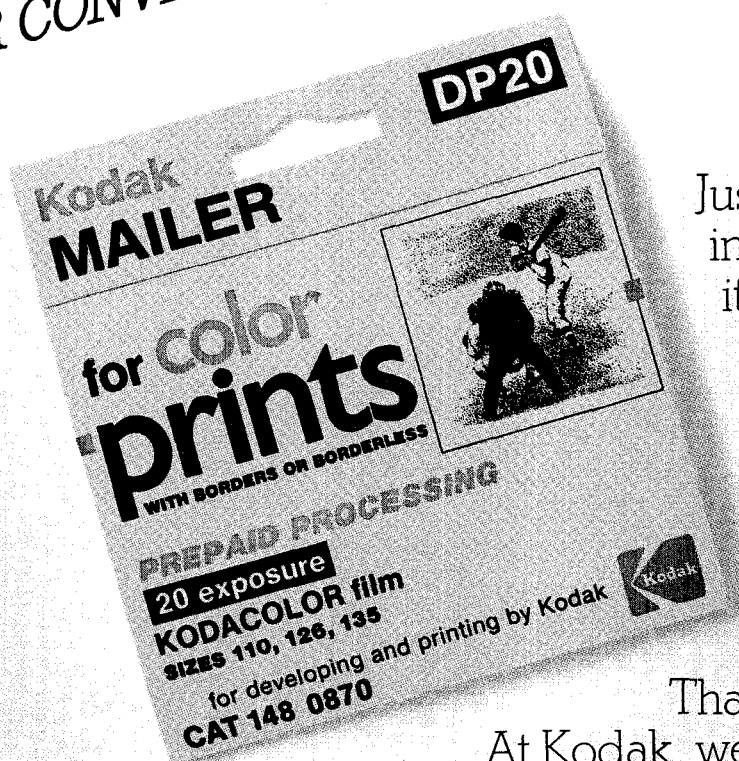
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to power, circle each other. There are also grating undertones. Parvus is the wandering Jew incarnate, the supreme fixer. He invests in chaos as he does on the bourse. Without Parvus, Solzhenitsyn intimates, Lenin might not have succeeded. Lenin, with his own Tatar strength, becomes the carrier of a foreign virus. In the original, these ethnic-symbolic allusions are, one suspects, underlined by the analogies between the Lenin-Parvus dialogue and the great dialogues on the metaphysics of evil in Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov." Indeed, if "August 1914" can be said to illustrate, not altogether coherently, Solzhenitsyn's Tolstoyan side, his epic vein, "Lenin in Zurich" is a frankly Dostoevskian work, drawing both on Dostoevski's Slavophile politics and on his dramatic pamphleteering style. It is intriguing but scrappy and, in many respects, very private.

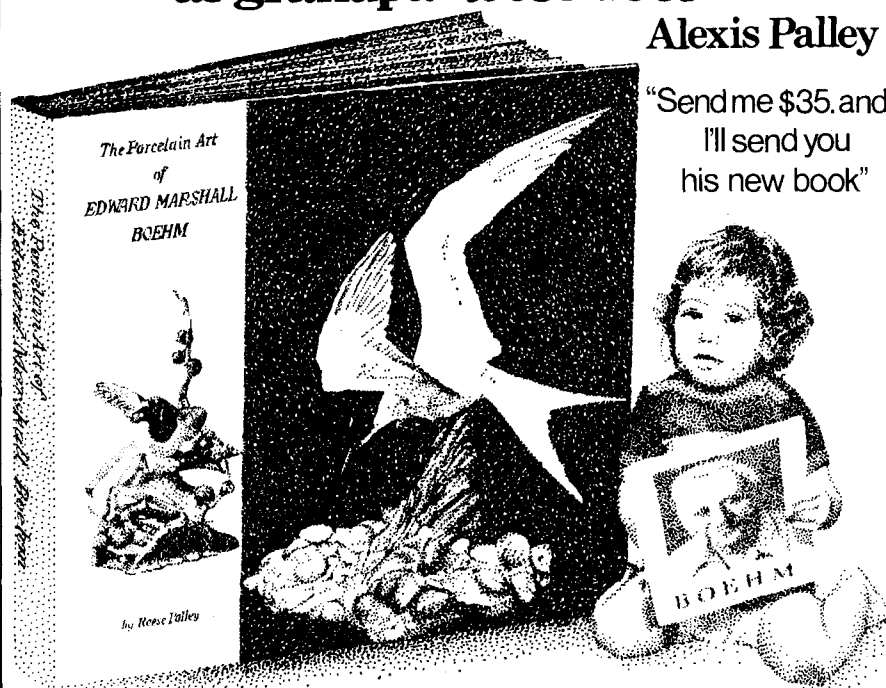
THE privacy of Abram Tertz's "A Voice from the Chorus" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is of an entirely different order. Tertz is the pen name of Andrei Sinyavsky, who became famous with the publication in the West, from 1959 to 1966, of a series of critical essays and fantastic tales, blending surrealism with acid political and social satire. It was the work and example of Pasternak, at whose burial in May, 1960, he took a prominent part, that seem to have compelled Sinyavsky toward opposition and the dangerous road of publication abroad. He had begun, like so many of his generation, as a Communist idealist or even utopian. "Doctor Zhivago," the revelations concerning the true nature of Stalinism in Khrushchev's Twentieth Party Congress speech, and his own sharp-eyed observations of Soviet reality disillusioned Sinyavsky. By means of critical argument and poetic invention, he sought an alternative meaning of Russian existence.

For a time, "Abram Tertz"—the name is that of the hero of an underworld ballad from the Jewish thieves' quarter of Odessa—protected Andrei Sinyavsky. But the secret leaked out, and Sinyavsky, together with his fellow dissident writer Yuli Daniel, was arrested in September, 1965. The trial, in February, 1966, was at once farcical and of extreme importance. The crime of the accused lay in their writings. This fact, added to the ferocity of the sentences imposed, unleashed a storm of international protest. More significantly, it gave impetus to the widespread intellectual dissent and

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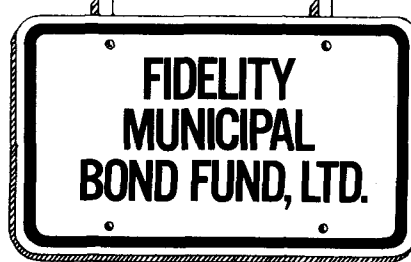
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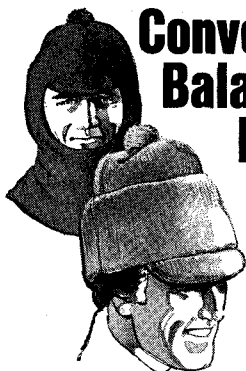
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From 1966 to 1971, Sinyavsky served his term in a succession of forced-labor camps. Twice a month, he was allowed to write a letter to his wife. Oddly, these letters could run to any length (the inmate having to use all the cunning and good will available to him in order to get paper). References to political topics or the literal horrors of camp life would be instantly punished. But within these limits the prisoner could let his mind and pen roam free. "A Voice from the Chorus" is based on Sinyavsky's missives from the house of the dead.

But this is no prison journal. There are few dates or circumstantial details. What Sinyavsky has kept for us is a garland of personal meditations on art, on literature, on the meaning of sex, and, principally, on theology. Sinyavsky's literary range is prodigious: he sets down his reflections on many of the major figures in Russian literature, but also on Defoe, whose "Robinson Crusoe" assumes a direct, evident relevance to his own estate, and on Swift. His inner eye of loving remembrance passes over Rembrandt's "Prodigal Son" and the holy icons, whose magic reflection of suffering becomes clearer and clearer to him. Though the actual details of the play are no longer certain in his mind, Sinyavsky writes a miniature essay on what he now takes to be the core of "Hamlet"—what he calls "the inner music of his image." Over and over, he ponders the creative, fictive genius of human speech, its power to shape worlds.

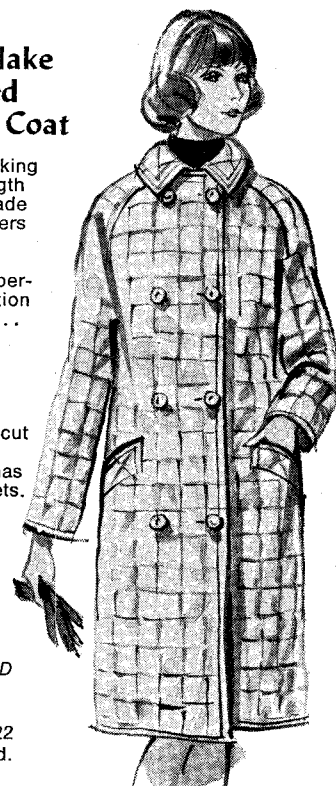
In the camps, Sinyavsky meets members of various religious sects dogged nearly to annihilation by Soviet repression. They range from strict Orthodoxy to Christian fundamentalism (he records prisoners speaking in tongues) and the Islamic faith as practiced among the Chechen people of the Crimea. These encounters and his own sensibility impel Sinyavsky toward an ever-deepening religiosity. He studies Church Slavonic and the martyrs' chronicles; he meditates on the unique place Orthodoxy assigns to the Assumption of the Mother of the Lord; he seeks to make out the possible relations between the Russian national character and the special focus of Orthodox theology on the Holy Ghost. Above all else, Sinyavsky bears witness that

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cause it is obscure, but because there is so much, and because the meaning is too bright—it blinds us. You can turn to it all through your life. Its light never fails. Like the sun's. Its brilliance astounded the Gentiles and they believed.

It was doubtless this ecstatic piety, and its specifically Russian Orthodox flavor of accepted suffering, which enabled Sinyavsky to endure his sentence with something akin to zest. He comes to cherish the slow tempo of camp life: in it "existence opens its blue eyes all the wider." Such is the radiance of spiritual revelation that "when all is said and done, a camp gives the feeling of maximum freedom." Where else do the woods, seen beyond the barbed wire, glow with such pentecostal flame or the stars throw down their spears before His coming?

Punctuating these homilies are the literal "voices from the chorus"—brief interjections, snatches of song, oaths, anecdotes, malapropisms selected from the babble of camp speech. Max Hayward, who with Kyril Fitzlyon has produced what is obviously a brilliant translation, tells us that these fragments are among the most fascinating to come out of modern Russia. He adds that their quality is accessible only to a Russian ear. This is certainly the impression one gets. There are haunting exceptions ("Buy yourself a nice pair of shoes—and you'll feel just like King Lear" or "Till our children's dying day!"), but most of the phrases are poignantly banal.

This is a profoundly moving testimonial by a man of exceptional strength, subtlety, compassion, and faith. Deliberately, perhaps, it leaves a rather dreamlike, muted impression. Sinyavsky read a great deal in the camps. In fact, he wrote a dazzling study of Pushkin while incarcerated. How was this made possible? Did his reading include the prohibited texts of Pasternak, Akhmatova, and Mandelstam to which he makes extended reference? One jotting alludes to what must have been an ideological discussion between a camp commander and the condemned. Was this an exceptional lapse of the usual discipline? One of the voices from the chorus makes a highly significant remark: "There used to be more fun in the camp in the old days. Someone was always being beaten up or hanged. Every day there was a special event." What are the metamorphoses in the politics of hell? There is so much more one would want to learn about from a witness of Sinyavsky's stature. But, again, his message is intended for Rus-

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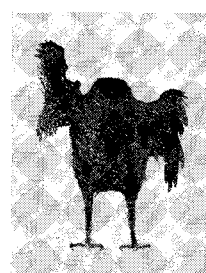
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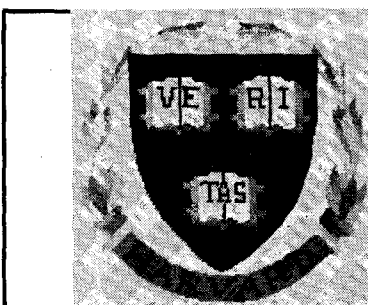


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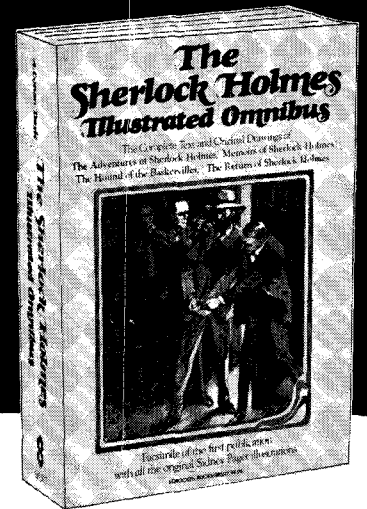
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sian consumption. We eavesdrop. And Sinyavsky's exile—he now lives in Paris—makes this process the more uncomfortable.

LYDIA CHUKOVSKAYA's novel "Going Under" (Quadrangle) is far more accessible to the Western reader than either Solzhenitsyn's polemic fragment or Sinyavsky's memoir. The paradox is that Miss Chukovskaya is still "inside," in the twilight zone assigned to writers, artists, and thinkers who have offended the regime and are barred from normal professional life. In the Soviet Union, Chukovskaya's writings circulate, where at all, by clandestine mimeographs. Thus there is a sense in which "Going Under"—pellucidly translated by Peter Weston—is meant for the outside. It is we who are to extract the message from the bottle.

The time is February, 1949, and the *zhdanovshchina*—the purge of intellectuals by Stalin's culture hoodlum, Andrei Zhdanov—is beginning. The action takes place at a rest home for writers in Russian Finland. Nina Sergeyevna, a translator, is one of the fortunate few to whom the Writers' Union has granted a month of pastoral repose away from the stress of Moscow. Ostensibly, she is to rest or get on with her translations. What she is actually attempting to do is to set down an account of her husband's disappearance during the Stalin manhunts of 1938, and thus free herself, at least in part, from a long nightmare. Nothing very much happens at Litvinovka. Nina becomes more or less involved in the lives of Bilibin, a writer who is attempting to come to terms with the demands of his Stalinist masters after a spell at forced labor, and of Veksler, a Jewish poet and war hero. In the drawing room, the literati come and go, spitting venom on Pasternak, their nostrils quivering at the latest rumor of repression in Moscow. The snow glows among the birches, and just beyond the neat confines of the rest home lie the inhuman deprivation and backwardness of rural Russia in the aftermath of total war. Nina's bad dreams draw her back to the infamous queues of the nineteen-thirties, tens of thousands of women waiting in vain in front of police stations for some word of their vanished husbands, sons, brothers. (There are echoes here of Akhmatova's great poem "Requiem.") Bilibin would make love to her, out of the gentleness of his desolation. The N.K.V.D. come for Veksler. War heroes—Jewish war heroes in particular—are no longer



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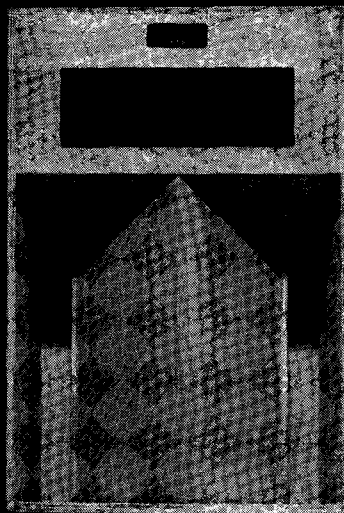
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wanted. Soon it is March and time to return to Moscow.

Set in a minor key, this short novel echoes and reechoes in one's mind. Every incident is at once perfectly natural and charged with implication. Walking in the white woods, Nina realizes that the Germans have been here, that the snow masks a literal charnel house. To have fought the Nazis in order to save and consolidate Stalinism—the ironies are insoluble. When the suave hack Klovov denounces the obscurity of Pasternak, Nina's spirit writhes. But in her solitude she is shadowed by the conviction that very great art can belong only to the few, that there is, sometimes in the greatest poetry, an exaction that cuts one off from the common pace and needs of humanity. The narrative is both spare and resonant. Pushkin, Akhmatova, Mandelstam, Pasternak, and Turgenev are obliquely present—especially Turgenev, whose play "A Month in the Country" seems to counterpoint Chukovskaya's scenes. This is a classic.

Under Eastern eyes—Solzhenitsyn makes the point relentlessly—much of our own concerns and literature have a trivial mien. Seen from the Gulag, our urban disarray or racial tensions or economic hiccups look Edenic. The dimensions of cruelty and of endurance in which the Russian imagination works are, to most of us, almost unimaginable. So, even more strikingly, are the mechanisms of hope, of exquisite moral perception, of vital enchantment that produce such books as the memoirs of Nadezhda Mandelstam or the tales of Chukovskaya. We don't really understand the daily breath of terror, and we don't understand the joy. This is because the indissoluble bond between them is for us, at best, a philosophical abstraction. "Driven into a cage," writes Sinyavsky, "the mind is forced to break out into the wider open spaces of the universe through the back door. But for this to happen it must

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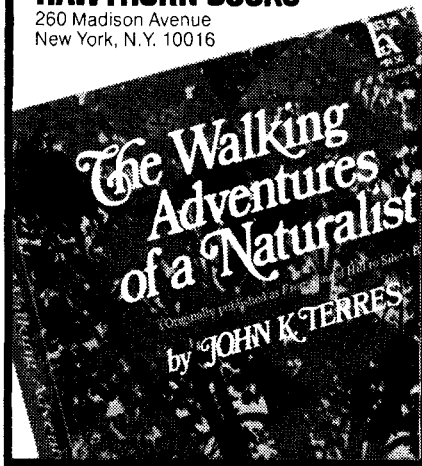
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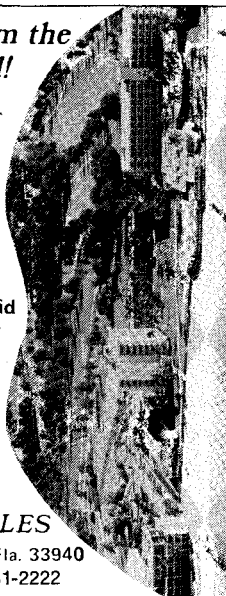


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first be hunted down and brought to bay." The "cage" happens to be the name for the barred compartment of Russian railway coaches in which prisoners travel to the camps. Within it, the Solzhenitsyns, the Sinyavskys, the Chukovskayas seem to find their freedom, as did Pushkin, Dostoevski, and Mandelstam before them. They would not, one suspects, wish to trade with us. Nor is it for us to imagine that we can penetrate, let alone break open, the prison of their days.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EASTER PARADE, by Richard Yates (Delacorte). The devastations caused by the unravelling of family ties are alarmingly portrayed in this brief, sad story about two ill-fated New York girls, Sarah and Emily Grimes. Sarah and Emily's mother, Pookie (as she insists they call her), divorced their father when they were young girls, and for most of their childhood dragged them from suburban town to suburban town and from school to school in an unsuccessful attempt to find an ideal environment. A sentimentalist and a hard drinker (she eventually becomes an alcoholic) with a fuzzily defined taste for the finer things, the mother gives neither girl much help in preparing for life, and there are no friends or relations in the background. Sarah early marries a man who looks like Laurence Olivier and seems to satisfy her mother's fantasies but turns out to be a ne'er-do-well and a wife-beater. Emily, the free spirit of the family, becomes a competent, if somewhat bored, advertising copywriter, who drifts from affair to affair until she suddenly finds that she has become middle-aged and desperately lonely. As the years pass, the sisters grow more and more out of touch with each other and with their mother, and their responses to each other's problems become more and more automatic and untouched by feeling. When Sarah dies, Emily hasn't seen her or talked to her for months, and when Pookie dies Emily tells her current lover that he needn't accompany her to the funeral—she can "handle it" herself. Deft and lucid, Mr. Yates' book says more in two hundred-odd pages than several shelves of sociological tomes about the helplessness of isolated modern families whose ideas of the world

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come primarily from the faces they see across the kitchen table. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

MOTHER IRELAND, by Edna O'Brien (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). An illustrated portrait—part history (violent, romantic, mythic) and part bittersweet memoir—by a native of the rural west of Ireland who, like so many of her kind, has chosen to live in England. It is an immensely moving and reverberating likeness ("The country is breathlessly beautiful but there is too an undeniable sadness, the sadness of being cut off"), whose quality may well, as Miss O'Brien suggests, derive from her expatriation: "The further I went away from the past, the more clearly I returned inwardly picturing meadows, grasses, some animal caught under briars, cuckoo spit, nightfall and the way the dogs used to wear paint away off the back door begging with their bodies to be let in." It is an inward vision that casts its sorrowful light on village life, with the church at one end and the pub at the other, on plain food and wild imaginings, on penitential convent school, on movies and their salvational dream life. "Hickey was whistling and the evening being calm and gentle his song went out across the field," she records. "A stranger going the road might have thought it was a happy place." The illustrations are photographs by Fergus Bourke, and since he is no stranger to the scene, they are both beautiful and grim.

ISLAM AND THE ARAB WORLD, edited by Bernard Lewis (Knopf). The editor, a noted Arabist, has assembled an all-star cast of scholars to write brief essays on their specialties, which range from music to war to architecture to mysticism. In recognition of the fact that Islam is as varied as Christendom, the work includes pieces on such non-Arab Islamic civilizations as Iran, the Ottoman Empire, and Muslim India. The last chapter, "Islam Today," by Elie Kedourie, puts forward several striking ideas that help make sense of contemporary politics. More than four hundred illustrations; twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents.

DOCK ELLIS IN THE COUNTRY OF BASEBALL, by Donald Hall, with Dock Ellis (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). A lively, original book about the former Pirate pitcher

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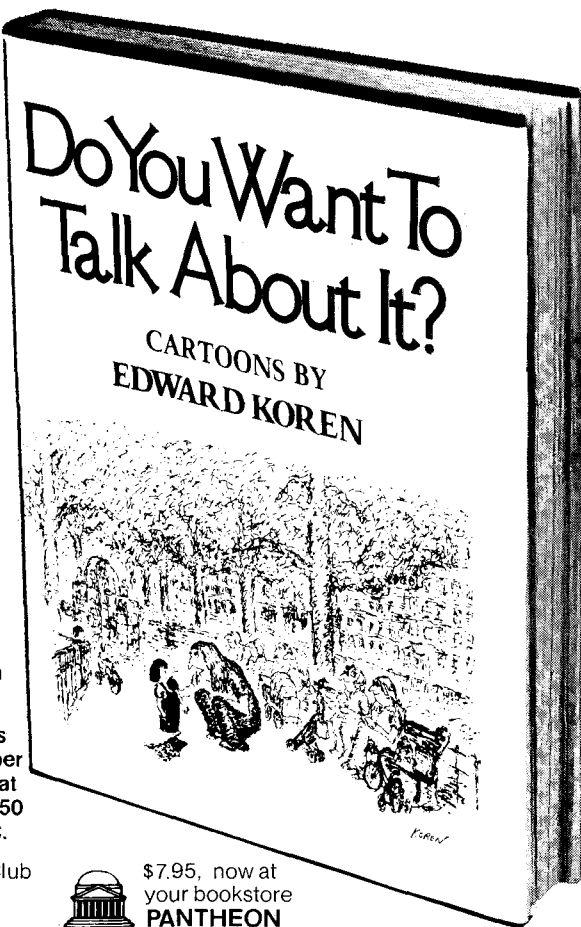
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(now a Yankee) who almost from the moment he came up to the majors has been one of baseball's most controversial figures. In his major-league career, Dock Ellis has, among other things, hurled a no-hitter while suffering from a hangover, intentionally hit three batters in a row, and accused professional baseball of being racist and reactionary. Ellis has always said exactly what is on his mind, and, in fact, an impromptu speech he delivered in the Pittsburgh locker room last summer lambasting manager Danny Murtaugh may explain why, after eight often brilliant seasons with the Pirates, Ellis is wearing a Yankee uniform this year. Donald Hall, a poet and a professor of English at the University of Michigan, is a friend of Ellis's, and he describes him with candor and affection, showing Ellis to be cool, proud, articulate, sensitive, occasionally haughty, and often troubled. (At several points, Ellis talks movingly of being tired and depressed—of days when he wants nothing to do with baseball.) The book touches all the bases of the standard baseball bio—the childhood pranks, the teen-age brush with the law, the rescue by a kindly ex-ballplayer, the difficult years in the minors—but it does so in prose that is brisk and energetic. Some of the best passages are those in which Hall describes the eccentric little duchy that he imagines to be the Country of Baseball—a pastoral place, inhabited largely by boys and young men, where time passes differently and ghostly figures from the past sometimes take an occasional lap around the outfield.

NOTE: "Husbands, Wives, and Live-Togethers," a collection of William Hamilton's cartoons, has been published by Putnam. Many of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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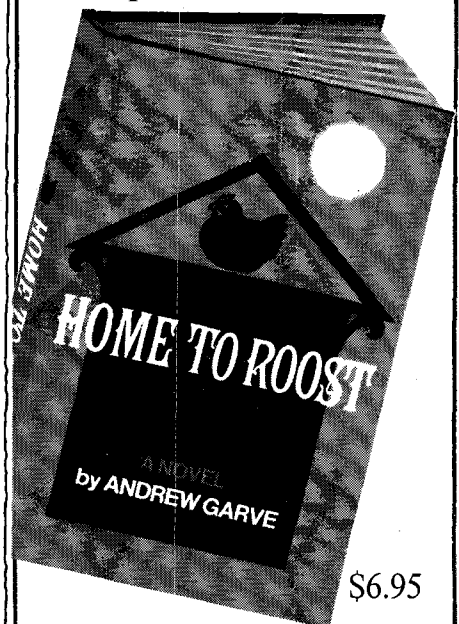
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(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

SHERYL HANDLER

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 29

PROFESSION: Urban and natural resource analyst

HOBBIES: Horseback riding, skiing, scuba diving, piano, oriental and primitive art collecting.

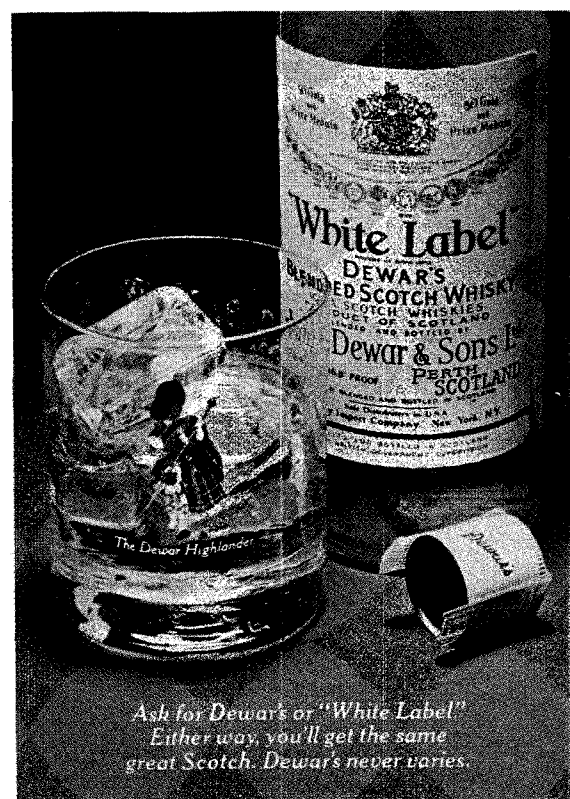
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Kristin Lavransdatter" by Sigrid Undset

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded nonprofit corporations which provide resource management and urban development services to governments the world over.

QUOTE: "My feminine instinct to shelter and nurture contributes to my professional perspective. Instinct, as much as analysis, is required to rationalize the use of natural resources with economic growth."

PROFILE: She has a unique ability to mobilize experts in many different fields to attack the problems of people from areas as diverse as small New England towns and large Asian cities.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Ash for Dewar's or "White Label"
Either way, you'll get the same
great Scotch. Dewar's never varies.